

AN IRISH GENTLEMAN

GEORGE HENRY MOORE

HIS TRAVELS
HIS RACING
HIS POLITICS

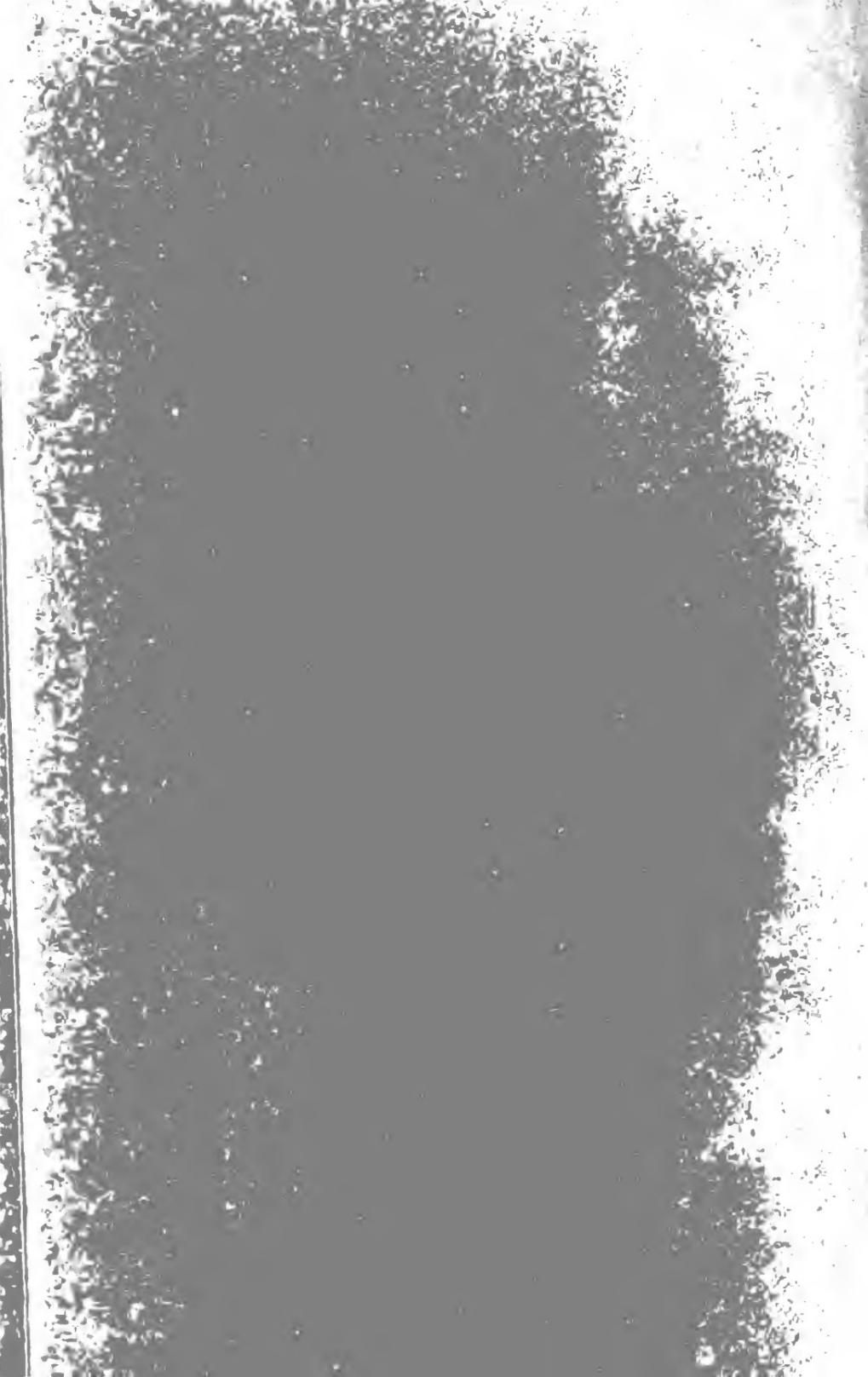


M. G. MOORE

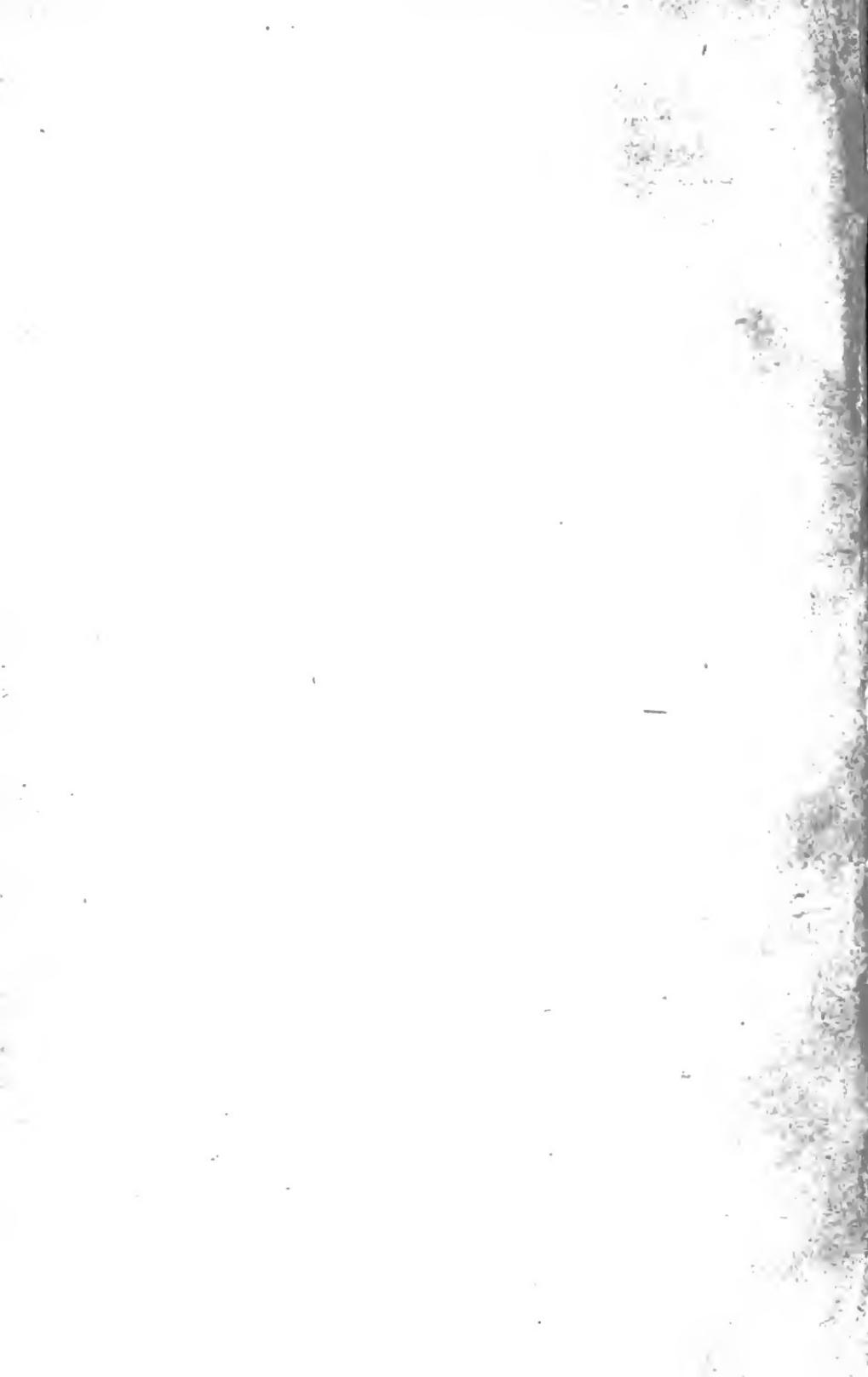
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AN IRISH GENTLEMAN GEORGE HENRY MOORE

HIS TRAVELS
HIS RACING
HIS POLITICS

BY
COLONEL MAURICE GEORGE MOORE, C.B.

WITH A PREFACE
BY
GEORGE MOORE



halla na mairc.

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What the Prefacer writes regarding the mode of his father's death must be taken as expressing his wishes, and not the facts,

The Author,

14476

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PREFACE

I

I HAVE been asked to write a preface for my brother's life of George Henry Moore, and have, in consequence, spent an unhappy week seeking escapement from the very complete and closely woven narrative of the book, trying on my own account to knit together a few personal memories; but as well attempt the knitting of the gossamer in the radiant morning, so fragile and evanescent are the threads. I must look back and back, and it seems to me that I catch sight of him in the deep dusk of my childhood, sitting at the breakfast-table reading the newspaper, and I crawling on the floor, and hear him cry out, "Mary, Sebastopol has fallen." Later, three or four years later, I remember him turning one day from the glass, shaving-brush in hand, and asking me to read to him; a volume of Burke's speeches lay on the sofa printed in the long *s*, and the unusual printing caused me to stumble, as it might do to this day. The governess was sent for and she was asked if she had ever known a child of seven who could not read Burke's speeches fluently, and while she was

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considering her answer he told her that he used to read the *Times* to his mother every morning at breakfast when he was three. She looked a little surprised, and my mother regarded the story as apocryphal, but I am not sure that he may not have read the *Times* fluently to his mother when he was three, i.e. before he was four. A precocious child he was, as his letters from Oscott testify. It is a pity that my brother did not see his way to include many of these early letters; for the sake of the narrative he refrained, but being unburdened with the cares of narrative, I take upon myself the part of Autolycus and print three of these discarded trifles written at the age of fifteen, feeling sure that they will seem wonderful even to those whose schooldays were as brilliant as his, and my instinct tells me that any woman who reads them will say, "I should like to have a son like that."

" OSCOTT COLLEGE,
" 7th June, 1826.

" I received your letter some time ago but have not written to you till now, being to tell the truth a little chagrined at being disappointed in my hopes of the grouse-shooting. I really think, however, there was no necessity for coining or cooking up a scheme for, as they say at Oscott, 'doing me out of it.' I have ever yielded to advice which was evidently dictated by a reasonable prudence, as I certainly think the present to be; and there was no occasion

for introducing my papa as the *primum mobile* of the change, whereas he was only the lever. Did you really think me, dear mamma, blind enough to believe it? However, I yield to your reasons, for yours they certainly are; and though a tear dim my eye at this sad separation, I cheerfully submit. But mark me, dear mamma, if it really be candour, sincerity and truth that prescribes this rule of action, it will show itself in your answer to the following query: will the language I should hear for a week longer at home, instead of spending it (the week) in the mountains, be my ruin? In the language of Avon's Bard, there lies the point. Therefore, though I abstain from the grouse-shooting, the week I willingly will not resign, for I have got first every time this half-year. If you insist I must; but it will wake many a feeling in my breast which else would have slept for ever.

‘But break my heart for I must hold my tongue.’

“Tell my papa he marked the second line wrong; it ought to have been marked:

Pōmpă triūmphālis insēgně quě cūlměn hōnōrum.

“The ‘e’ in *insegne* is short and also the ‘en’ in *culmen*. The ‘is’ in *triumphalis* is made long by a cæsura, as in the following:

‘Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.’

—*Ecclogues of Virgil.*

“P.S.—I enclose my last verses.”

PREFACE

" 1st March, 1827.

" MY DEAR MAMMA,—I received your letter a day or two ago; in it you somewhere allude to my flippant style. Now, however flippant it might have been (I do not think it was), I am sure it was not intended to be at all alienated from the respect a mother expects from her son. By that I mean positively to exculpate myself, not allowing that I am at all deficient in the graces and flowers of flippancy. So much for a Buckingham.

" I am sending a picture of half a dozen foxhounds in colours; I have not exactly followed the originals but made them as like John's dogs as my memory will permit me.

" Sheil it seems is in a pickle, and there is a foolish fellow here who affects to be an Orangeman, whom I have persuaded he is sure to be hanged; he is in great joy at the intelligence. We have had very good skating since I came back, and it is still freezing very hard. I am quite a good skater now; I can skate backward as well as forward, cut the figure of three and tweedle to perfection. You have mistaken the meaning of the strophe to which you allude.¹ It was occasioned by my wrong punctuation. It is as follows:

' Nam tener plumis veluti volucris
 Mollibus nondum coopertus, ausus
 Languidis alis juvenis volare;
 Nubila tento.'

¹ He had sent Latin verses to his father on 4th November, 1826.

It is ‘ausus volare, nubila tento,’ as an active verb.
‘I attempt the skies having dared to fly with languid
wings’; not ‘tento volare.’”

“ 18th May, 1827.

“ DEAREST MAMMA,—I should be rather mortified I confess, if the intelligence concerning my unfortunate muse which your present letter conveys should prove true. However, ‘if so be as it should be so’ I wash my hands of its fate and therefore will not let one angry tear mingle with the stream of oblivion, which, even if it were published, might carry it away. ‘Apparent rari nantes’ I should say with Æneas and with that little of self-complacency I feel like him whom Boileau has thus satirised:

‘Chaplain veut rimer, et c'est là sa folie
Mais bien que ses durs vers, d'épithètes enflés
Soient des moindres grimauds chez Ménage siffrés
Lui même il s'applaudit, et d'un esprit tranquille
Prend le pas au Parnasse au dessus de Virgille.’

As for the ‘consideration,’ as the old miser in Nigel calls it, I care little in itself, but as an earnest or omen of success I acknowledge I feel no little in it. Let that be, however.

“ I have entirely formed my plan of the poem of my own native lake, and have written nine hundred and sixty lines at least, so that though I am very much obliged to you for your endeavour in obtaining information, I could not avail myself of it. Besides neither Ballintubber nor Burriscarra have the least concern with the tale;

the only castles I have to deal with are some situated immediately on the lake, namely Castle Carra, Castle Burke (to which I have given the more metrical name of Castle Cashel), Church Island and Castle Island.

“ The time is the invasion of Cromwell and there is one thing I am sure you will disapprove of in it: my hero kills his own father, not intentionally however, though in a just retribution of Heaven for the wound inflicted on himself and his mother by a heartless parent. This I know you will think too horrible; the die is cast, however, and his death will develop the dreadful Anagonisis or discovery of the poem. I wish I could show you what I have written; I think it the best of all my compositions.

“ I send you ‘ Irene ’ as it is printed in the *Dublin* and *London*. You may not perhaps understand why ‘ Irene ’ was murdered, as I have been told it is very obscure. The reason is that Achmet has been told in reproach that he wasted with her the time he might have employed better in the regulation of the army. Which caused the monarch to give this barbarous proof of his devotion to his people.”

II

His picture of foxhounds has been lost, but there can be little doubt that it would exhibit the same artistic capacities as his long poem composed when he was fifteen in Spenserian stanzas, a most difficult form

which seems to have presented no difficulties to him, so nimbly do the rhymes come up. The temptation to quote is hard to shake off, but ninety years have passed by since my father wrote verses, and Spenserian stanzas have a trick of turning mouldy, however felicitous the versification may be. We will turn instead to his diaries of Eastern travel, filled with numerous drawings of camels.

He seems to have been strangely attracted by the long, shaggy, bird-like necks, the tufted and callous hides and the mobile lips of these bored ruminants, the Nonconformists of the four-footed world; for he drew them with unwearying patience, using a pencil hard and sharp enough to resist the neglect of seventy years in a lumber room. Ruskin would have admired these severe outlines, and my father's portrait of the Sheikh's sister (it should have been reproduced in full page) would attract notice in any exhibition by the sincerity of the drawing and some remarkable handling of water colour. I cannot think of anybody who would refuse it wall space, and himself must have recognised some merit in it, for he allowed it to hang in a bedroom. But to his writings whether in prose or verse he remained constantly hostile. My brother tells how he destroyed the long letters he wrote home from the East; and he would have destroyed the notebooks too, if they had not kindly disappeared into a forgotten box and hidden themselves beneath rubbish of all kinds. It is from these notebooks that my brother prints a text written casually at night when the day's work was done, yet written so well that only one

phrase seemed to need revision. As I revised it my brother said:

"If our father were to come back nothing would astonish him so much as that you should think that you could improve his English."

The alteration did not amount to more than half a dozen words, it was not really necessary; and as I sit recomposing this preface on the proof sheets, I cannot but wonder how it was that a man writing without view to publication should write so perfectly, finding out at once the mould for every phrase and writing so neatly that every letter is as distinct to-day as the day it was written. His handwriting is that of a man who, as the readers of his biography will see, did everything he put his hand to extraordinarily well.

III

News from home brought him back from Damascus—his father had had a paralytic stroke; and one of the most interesting things in this biography is the influence that Ireland had upon him. He was one man in the East and another in the West—in the East he drew and painted; in the West he hung over billiard-tables winning or losing hundreds of pounds, and when tired of billiards he went away to the shires with a great stud of hunters. It is not many years since I read a long article in the *Daily*

Telegraph about his fine riding, and he must have been a very good man across country to be remembered so long. I like to think that he would have won the Liverpool if Anonymous had not turned a shoe the second time round after clearing the water jump. But if he never rode the winner at Liverpool, he won many great steeple-chases in England and Ireland, and he continued to ride steeplechases until '49; then, according to my brother, the latent strain of seriousness in his character was awakened by the terrible spectacle of the famine, else he would have continued racing and never turned his attention to politics. Well, it may be that the biographer is right and the prefacer mistaken. One's prejudices guide one's judgments, and I confess that I like to think that my father went to the House of Commons like Empedocles to Etna, and flung himself over the edge because he wished to know what the interior of a crater was like. I am afraid that this explanation of my father's reasons for going to the House of Commons will appear whimsical to those who, like my brother, take a normal view of our national assembly; all the same my brother does not seem to have escaped altogether the prevalent belief that the House of Commons is an anachronism like the House of Lords. He does not chronicle the debates with the same untiring industry as Lord Morley and Mr Winston Churchill. He is impressed by the importance of the division bell, but not to the extent that they are, and he would have been still less impressed

PREFACE

if he were acquainted with their works—excellent works, full of information, thoughtfulness and literary quality, lacking little, perfect works one would say were they not unreadable. But the dullness of these works should not be charged to the authors; both are brilliant men; the fault is with their subject, politics—an unliterary subject much too impersonal for literature, for notwithstanding the efforts of these excellent writers to make us feel the importance of a certain division in the 'eighties, we remain indifferent. "Seeing," they write, "that the Liberal benches were scantily filled, the Whips scattered in search of members, throwing open every door violently." But the raiding of smoking-rooms and libraries is not very exciting, and the tea-shop hardly more so; it would be better for literature if the Whips could be represented as raiding Cytherea and dragging unwilling members out of siren arms, carrying them away to the House of Commons to save a division while settling their neckties. But, alas for literature! the members of the House of Commons are virtuous men; never did a member of that house think of any woman except his own legitimate wife. There are, it is true, stories about Sir Charles Dilke, that he had, etc., before he was married; but all these stories are going to be repudiated in the biography that Mr Stephen Gwynn is preparing. He is confronted with rumours, and that is something; but the biographers of Gladstone and Lord Randolph had no stories to tell, nothing to chronicle but the tinkle of the division bell; and the biographers

of Lord Salisbury, Mr Asquith, and Mr Arthur Balfour will, during the course of their labours, sigh after a little sin—a very wrong thing to do, but biographers are human after all. Not one of these three has ever called anybody out in a duel nor brought a boat through the desert on the back of mules; nor has any member of the present Parliament ridden in the Liverpool steeplechase, Mr Lloyd George would not turn his head to look at a Syrian girl, of course not. But in the 'fifties men were not so virtuous as they are now, and it is not probable that Mayo would have "hounded my father out of politics" on account of this picture. The girl is not "unclothed," as our newspapers write to-day, avoiding the word "naked"; nor do we know anything of her story; we only have her portrait, and it is impossible to connect it with any immoral adventure. But the diary contains references to a lady whom my father met in Bath. It was for love of her that he ran away to the East, and it was for love of him that she followed with her husband. A very wrong thing to do if we consider the question from an ethical point of view, but if we look at it from a literary, how felicitous, how Byronic!

My father was happy with her, so happy that he forgot his diary. It begins again two years later. The lady has left him and he bemoans his loss. How very shocking! and for this very reason—that he is rather shocking—my father presents as good a subject for biography as ever came to a man's hand: a man of courage, of action, of impulse, in no sense

of the word a parliamentarian; and that is why I regret that my brother has devoted many pages to the Tenants Right Bill, and the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill.

IV

Were it not for the politics there would not be a dull page in this biography, but without dull pages a book would be like a newspaper—a fact known to all great writers, even to those that lived before newspapers were invented. How else can we explain the choking sandy tracts that we meet constantly in the works of Shakespeare, admittedly a great writer? And if we turn from Shakespeare to Goethe, we find the dose of dullness increased. Goethe rises out of the second part of the “Wilhelm Meister,” pompous and sterile as the moon, and our own Wordsworth writes the beautifullest poems in the English language, and the dullest. But the dullness of the great writer is not the dullness of the ordinary; it is deeper, more intense, more virulent, and often more persistent. Jane Austen is less afraid of being dull even than Shakespeare, and Dante wrote thousands of unrememberable lines to preserve the episode of Paolo and Francesca. Heine fled from dullness or he tried to be dull and couldn’t, and he is now spoken of as a sublimated journalist. Dullness is the salt of literature, and one amongst us knows it well; he would sell his soul for

certain pages of Balzac, he prays night and day that the dark God may lift from him his unfailing liveliness. But the God never comes to him; and when the journalist comes to me to ask who this writer may be, and takes me to the top of the mountain and says, "I will give all these things to thee if," etc., I will answer, "Thou shalt not tempt," etc.

With Heine's fate—with my friend's fate before my eyes, how can I blame my brother for having retained his parliamentary history. He retained it in spite of my persuasions, and he did well, for it will set off the racing, giving the reader breathing time, enabling him to see my father in a moment of his real life, when he was training Croaghpatrick, going out every morning in a tall silk hat, which his valet always kept carefully brushed, to the stables to feel if the back sinews and suspensory ligaments could be depended upon. I have heard my mother tell a story that seems to me very characteristic. To relieve the tedium of a day in bed he set the picture of Croaghpatrick on a chair and was discovered lost in contemplation, and very angry he was at being caught out in his little weakness, as everyone is.

Politics, however, drew him away from Moore Hall again. He sold his horses and went to England to compose speeches in the morning and deliver them in the House of Commons at night. But, as if determined to save him from becoming a dull parliamentarian, his tenants rose against him, declaring that they would not pay rent, and he

PREFACE

returned to Mayo to fight the first Rent Campaign. I remember the night he went away, and how he returned from the front door to give me a sovereign. He died killed by his tenants, that is certain; he died of a broken heart. My brother gives a letter which, I should like to believe, points to suicide, for it would please me to think of my father dying like an old Roman. His valet told me that he was quite well the day before; when he came to call him in the morning he was breathing heavily, when he called again my father was dead; and this tragic death seems the legitimate end of a brave life, and in my brother's book he appears to me as wonderful as any character invented by Balzac or Turguenev.

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GEORGE HENRY MOORE

CHAPTER I

BOYHOOD

IT is related that a descendant of Sir Thomas More settled in Mayo and acquired lands near Ballina, and it is known that in the time of William of Orange, George Moore of Ballina held the title of Vice-Admiral of Connaught; his son and grandson were living in Ashbrook, near Strайд Abbey, in 1717, for there is a deed and a tomb of that date.¹

Beyond some deeds relating to landed property, we have few records of these people; indeed, they seem to have been more pugnacious than literary in their character, for recently published historical manuscripts relate, that one of them was rewarded for capturing a notorious highwayman; and stray traditions remained in the memories of the country folk, which show them not to have been possessed of a true Christian spirit. “Scratch a Moore and your own blood will flow,” was a popular saying in those parts.

John Moore of Ashbrook married Jane Lynch Athy of Renville, and thus came into alliance with the “Tribes of Galway,” who had large and prosperous trading colonies in Spain. Their son George, being

¹ Templemore old church near Straid Abbey.

of an adventurous spirit, joined one of these houses in Alicante, and, as is recorded, owing to his great probity and ability, soon placed himself at its head. He made a great fortune, married an Irish-Spanish lady, one of the refugees from the penal laws—wild geese, they were called—returned to Mayo in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, and built a fine Georgian house on the shore of the beautiful Lough Carra.

He had a long and prosperous life, but in old age fortune deserted him; his eldest son John had often caused him anxiety, and being now concerned in the insurrection of 1798, joined the French expedition under General Humbert, which had lately landed at Killala. The force consisted of only nine hundred men and some badly armed Irish rebels, but a rapid march brought it by surprise on a large English army assembled at Castlebar, and such was the skill with which it was managed, that some ten thousand men were scattered and fled. After this victory, John Moore was elected President of the Republic of Connaught, but did not hold his position very long, because a few weeks later another army of twenty thousand English troops surrounded the French and their Irish allies, captured the former, and executed a terrible revenge on the latter.

Raiding troops marched through Mayo, shooting unarmed peasants in the fields and committing such-like atrocities.¹ John Moore was saved by influential friends from the sudden doom of the Court Martial, which disposed of his fellow-conspirators, and his escape was planned in the guise of a groom leading a horse. But he was too generous to desert his friends,

¹ See "Diary of Protest," Bishop of Killala,

and he determined to save a gallant retainer named MacDonnell, who had followed him in his adventure. He persuaded MacDonnell that, being a Spanish subject, he was himself safe, and handing him the bridle, he explained that he must slip through the lines on the plea that he was fetching his master's horse.

The plan succeeded, but Moore was dragged to Athlone to undergo a trial, and then, after some legal difficulties, was remanded to Castlebar. Weary and shoeless, he was driven along the road, and died before his trial began.

His brother George was a philosopher and historian of the school of Gibbon, and belonged to the literary coterie of Holland House, so vividly described by Macaulay. He wrote a "History of the English Revolution," the lives of Cardinal Alberoni and the Duke of Riperda, a system of Logic, and a history of the French Revolution. This last work lies still in manuscript in a large box at Moore Hall, where the historian lived a calm uneventful life in his library, leaving the management of all his affairs to his wife, a strong-minded, dictatorial woman of great business capacity, a granddaughter of the first Earl of Altamont. The marriage caused some bitterness, because there was a family feud, and it was Denis Browne (one of her relations) who had prosecuted John Moore at Castlebar and Athlone, showing much vindictiveness. Of this marriage there were three sons.

George Henry the eldest was born at Moore Hall on the 1st March, 1810, some months after Mr Gladstone. He showed early promise and soon took a foremost place in his school. He seemed to have inherited his father's literary tastes, for when he was

sixteen he wrote verses very easily and very well, so well that they were often accepted by the London magazines, and his letters to his mother containing copies of Latin and English verses are frank and charming.

“ OSCOTT COLLEGE,
1st May, 1827.

“ MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I have begun oil colour, and have sent a poem called ‘ Irene ’ of about five hundred lines to the London and Dublin magazine. I have no doubt of its being inserted, for after I sent them the first part, in the next number they requested their ‘ esteemed friend ’ (pardon my vanity) to send them the rest of the communication ; but that is nothing. The following is *entre nous*, so do not tell my father of the affair till after the accomplishment of the project. I am writing a poem which will be upwards of one thousand lines—I have written more than six hundred already—called the ‘ Legend of Lough Carra ’ which I intend, during the vacation, to offer to Murray or Colbourne for publication. I shall add a few of the best pieces of those I have already written, making up a tolerable volume. It often struck me that Lough Carra must have been the scene of much romantic incident, on account of the number of castles, forts, and churches on the shores and islands. I have chosen Church Island, Castle Carra, Castle Island and Castle Burke as the scenes of the plot ; the time is the invasion of Cromwell and the hero is drawn from nature. I am at present very sanguine in my expectations, and oh ! if I could get one hundred pounds from one of the booksellers for the child of my imagination, how happy I should feel in buying you a pair of handsome

horses for the carriage. But these are, I fear, vapourings of air; however, prepare for rhyme—I'll publish right or wrong."

"Irene" was published as he expected; it was an Eastern poem after the style of Byron's "Bride of Abydos," but what became of the "Legend of Lough Carra" is not known.

Indeed his native lake could not fail to arouse a much more sluggish imagination. Horseshoe in shape, it lies between the rich and fertile land of south-east Mayo and the wild heathery mountains of Partry, a white streak between civilisation and the desert. His own home, standing square and imposing on the borders of the lake, looks over the calm waters on the blue mountains beyond. Woods creep down to the very edge, cover every promontory, and the numerous islands with which the lake is embossed, and encircling it on three sides, give it an air of warmth and luxury which contrasts with the bleak and barren land on the west. What a different aspect must those shores have presented when the old castles were intact, and sheltered behind their battlements warrior chiefs and robber hordes—Burkes, Stauntons, Barrets and Jordens. From the house six of these strongholds and two ancient abbeys may be seen to this day; their histories have melted into legends and their heroes into myths, yet along these quiet shores were enacted many a tragedy, many a bloody foray and desperate resistance.

In another letter he writes to his mother:

"I have learned the odes of Pindar which I admire very much though I think there is a great deal of obscurity in them. I am now reading Demosthenes.

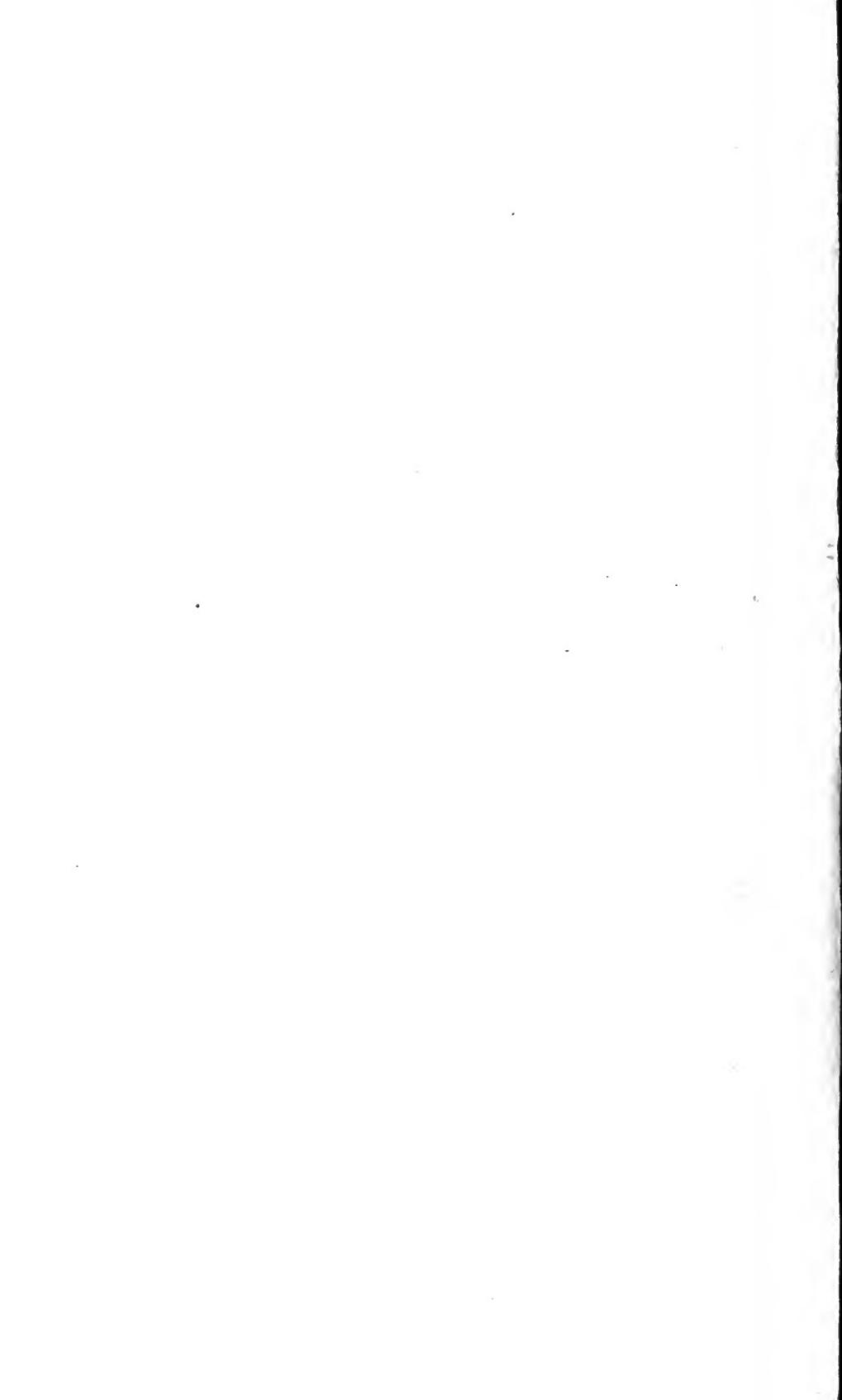
I sat down determined to admire him but I have not succeeded. I think in the present day he would be considered very inferior to Shiel or O'Connell. I have been reading the 'Œdipus Tyrannos' of Sophocles, which is the only ancient composition which in my heart I could say I liked, and that I consider one of the finest if not the very finest tragedy either in ancient or modern times."

He left Oscott at Christmas 1827, and in the next number of the *Oscotian* a tribute is paid to him.

"Among the departures of the last Christmas we have to regret that of G. H. Moore, who has gone to support the pretensions of Oscott ability at Christ's College, Cambridge. In mentioning that this highly gifted young gentleman has ceased to form one of our community, it would be doing him the most marked injustice not to say, that he took with him the good feelings and sincere sorrow of every companion. Never has Oscott sent forth one to whom Heaven has been so bountiful, one who so happily united the art of conciliating the affections of all to the most extensive talents. He was for some time one of the editors of this journal, and during that time he was inferior to none of its supporters in exertion and activity. To him are the public indebted for the articles under the signature of "M—," as also for the editorial paper on the death of Charles Hanford. He corresponded with some of the periodicals under the signature of "G. H. M." and we have little hesitation in saying, that his poetical contributions to the London and Dublin magazine are among the best that have graced that patriotic publication. He was for eight years a student here."



MOORE HALL, CO. MAYO



CHAPTER II

EARLY YOUTH

It happened that at Cambridge he fell into a fast set in the beginning of his University course, and as he was not the man to go a slower pace than his companions he learnt little except skill at billiards, and, having the same facility for this as for more important matters, he soon became an expert. When it became evident that this was the only sort of University education he was acquiring, it was decided to bring him home, and he returned to Mayo with a keen desire for life, for horses, for hounds, for racing, for duelling as we shall see later on, for everything except drinking (the Moores never drank). Even a taste for whisky might have shocked his mother less than his taste for horses, for John, her favourite son, had been thrown from his horse when he was twelve years old, injuring his spine and dying just at this time, when he was eighteen. Since that fatal fall riding horses had been jealously excluded from the stables; but it did not seem to George that because John had fallen from his horse he also was likely to fall and die of spinal complaint. All his friends and relations in Mayo loved horses and proffered them to him at every visit, so that the prohibition became impossible, and very soon riding grew into an absorbing passion.

If the acquaintances he made in Cambridge were bad, the sporting squires of Mayo were worse companions, and it was thought wiser to send him to study law in London.

“ LONDON,
“ *2nd March, 1830.*

“ MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I have settled everything with Mr Metcalfe to-day, and am to be introduced to Mr Blick (law tutor) for better for worse.

“ All my Aunt Ann wrote you about my health is stark staring nonsense. I have still, as ever, the same constitution of steel and nerves of cat-gut which I always had, and have never experienced a day's illness since you left London. I shall therefore take the liberty of not consulting Sir Anthony Cooper about nothing, but set to my law without delay.

“ It was very wrong of you, my dear mother, not to have mentioned the death of my poor uncle¹ to me. I know it by the merest chance in the world. Poor fellow, when I think of his restless spirit, his eager soul, and mad hopes, all struck cold in an instant by the same dreadful hand which is doomed to be fatal to us all, I feel more affected than if he had been like the many quiet, stolid, good men we daily see fall around us. Dearest, dearest mother, it is a cruel fate to which we must all submit; and is not the stroke of death more welcome, is not the cold grave more quiet to those who encounter them in guiltless innocence, than to those in whose hearts the hand of age has

¹ Thomas Moore

implanted shame and guilt? But these are not words of consolation.¹

“ Adieu, my dear mother ; my love to my father and
“ Believe me ever both of you,
“ Your affectionate child,
“ G. H. MOORE.”

“ LONDON,
“ *5th April, 1830.*

“ MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I have not received a letter from you for some time, but I will not be angry with you even if you never write, though I shall not be very well pleased with your conduct if you do not write to me soon. However, I shall write to you under any circumstances twice a week, and when I say twice, my darling mother, I do not mean but that I should be delighted to write to you every day if it gave you pleasure; and if you say you feel pleasure in hearing from me every evening, I am sure you do not doubt that I would devote half an hour in the day to your pleasure.

“ I wish often and most fervently to be with you again ; but that, it seems, must not be, and, though I sometimes feel as though I had not a friend near me, I must comfort myself with the reflection that I have one at least not very far away.

“ I left my cards with the persons you mentioned in one of your letters, but I still feel how few people I know in London. No matter, I should perhaps be only bored with them if I knew more. I have gone two or three times to the theatre since you went. Kean is about the first genius of the age. His

¹ Reference to the recent death of her son John.

Hamlet, which I used to laugh at you for praising, exceeds, in my opinion, as much your praise as it must every other. It was the most magnificent thing I ever saw. The wild grief mixed with the more wild and almost delirious levity of the character was perfectly thrilling, and I could never have conceived the play scene would have afforded scope for the withering sarcasm which came from his lips. His tenderness in the scenes with Ophelia was also perfect, but the enthusiasm of the audience in every part of the play was so great, that I was quite carried away with admiration and could hardly say what part I most admired.

"Talma has been very ill with inflammation of the lungs, but he is now almost recovered. I have been offered eighty-five guineas for him by a horse-dealer in whose yard I leaped him over the bar. The bar was not put above four feet high but the extraordinary part of the leap was, that his spring measured twenty-four feet. They tell me that if he leaps as well as he promises he may be worth three hundred guineas next year. But enough of horses; you know I have quite renounced them as a matter of moment; my hobbies are now Coke on Littleton and Blackstone. I have not the least doubt of being Lord Chancellor one of these days; which day it is to be I have not yet quite determined.

"But, my dear, dear mother, I hope you are now easier in your mind than you have been for some time past. If religion does not bestow more strength of mind, more fortitude and more resignation on those who devotedly and sincerely approach its shrine, can we call its staff of strength more firm and more unfailling than that which supports the steps of the worldly-

minded? But I am sure it is not so—I am very sure that God, Whom you have so faithfully loved and worshipped for many years will not desert you in the hour of trial.

“ G. H. MOORE.”

“ 26th April, 1830.

“ Next week I again commence law with Mr Blick. By way of preparation for study, I go to see the steeplechase on Saturday, and on Sunday I shall make my Easter communion.

“ Your last letter is a funny instance of a person working herself into a passion by degrees. It begins as affectionately as if I had committed none of the deadly sins which you discover as you get on, till at last, indignant at the many enormities which you have at last recollectcd, your letter concludes in the most rough and peremptory manner.

“ I have received a letter from that old fool Catherine MacManus, complaining that she fancies I had cut her (which is one of the shrewdest conjectures she ever hazarded in her life), and saying that you say I am angry with her, on account of her having revealed something (I know not what) to Mrs Somebody. She denies the fact most solemnly. So far—good. But will you believe that her letter concludes by telling me, that she has examined and questioned all the ladies in the house, as to whether she ever told them that I had done so and so, and that they all solemnly deny it? So that, in order to prove how secret she is as to any circumstance, she tells it to the whole world. Now is not such a woman made to be cut?”

Later he writes :

" I have made up with poor Mrs MacManus ; I had resolved upon cutting her, but, on receiving a note from her saying that Bernard was to be in town soon, and complaining of my not having called upon her, my heart softened, and I called upon her this morning. I have seen the embryo solicitor and am sorry to say he is a lout of a lad ; but he is to be polished by mixing in London society. Heaven grant, or P.G. as his pious mother would say.

" I have been studying hard with Mr Blick since Easter. Few of the students, in fact none except myself, have returned from vacation, so that for some days I have been entirely by myself. These solitary hours of study I have cheerfully submitted to as some atonement for a little idleness before the vacation, of which I now confess I have been guilty."

In spite of many protestations horses and racing were more attended to than law ; debts began to mount up and difficulties arose requiring intervention.

The family lawyer wrote from London that he was open-hearted in manner, but unsteady, and his strong inclination for horse racing and riding tended to throw him among blacklegs and men of fashion, who are always ready to prey on the giddy and unwary youths who associate with them. He thought that he might easily run into debt and be ruined before he knew his danger, so he advised his mother to keep him away from such dangers.

Very good advice no doubt, but, like all such, impracticable ; men move and act according to their wisdom or folly, according to the bent of their own

minds and hearts ; advice and restraint are alike unavailing ; the race-horse remained till the end of his life the real mistress of his heart.

George Moore seemed to lack the knowledge (that Scotchmen are never without) of what can be bought with a sovereign. Perhaps he held the opinion of the old Irish priest, whose maxim in life had always been that "the best is always the cheapest." In his own little remote parish in the West where his wants were few this maxim was fairly sound ; but (the story is Moore's own), he one day took a holiday to Dublin, the first visit he ever paid to a city. He asked on arrival which was the best hotel, and was told, of course, Morrison's was the best. He told the cabman to drive him there, as the best is always the cheapest, and for the like reason ordered the best room. In those days Morrison's was used only by country gentlemen with large incomes, who did not inspect their bills very closely. It was Protestant of the Protestant, and, as no Catholic priest had ever been there before, the poor old gentleman caused more curiosity than he knew of. However, he ordered the best dinner, and asked which was the best wine, smiling as he brought out his little homely maxim. He enjoyed himself thoroughly for a week, and then packed his bag to return home by mail coach. He had a last glass of port while he was waiting for his bill, remarking as he eyed the purple fluid, "The best is always the cheapest." Mr Morrison, as was his custom, brought the bill himself, and presented it with a bow. The poor old man, whose whole income for a year would hardly have paid it, dropped into a seat with a sinking heart. But Mr Morrison said : "Sir, you are the first

Catholic priest who has ever entered this house, and you will do me an honour if you will consider yourself my guest." "Mr Morrison," he said, "I thank you. I came to this house because I thought the best was always the cheapest, and I was right."

But other dangers began to gather round this impetuous young man which his mother feared more even than horses or debts. We find him travelling from Mayo to London, and letters show that she had become aware of a love he had tried to conceal, and of which she strongly disapproved.

She was too anxious about him to resist a little espionage, or to turn a deaf ear to the whisperings of her friends; so it came to pass that during the next few months these two—mother and son—were in constant conflict, excited by the strongest feelings of the human heart—a mother's devotion, and a young man's love for a woman.

"*22nd May, 1832.*

"**M**Y DEAREST MOTHER,—I do not exactly know who your spy in Dublin may be, though I have very strong suspicions. Indeed, I should feel almost certain of the identity, did I not think it almost impossible you could have given the implicit credence you have to anything that person said. However, this letter must set your mind at rest for ever, as to believing that person whoever he or she may be again. It ought, I think, rather to incline you to be a little more distrustful of reports coming from any person. Your informant states that I was at Gardiner's Place; that is true. The person also says that I mentioned some

intention of sending Terryalt to Fanny Broughton. That is a broad statement. I must have either said something of the kind or not. Now I declare, upon my honour, and I wish you to send this letter to your correspondent, I positively and unequivocally declare that I never in any way expressed such intention or the shadow of such an intention. I state also that I never mentioned the name of Terryalt or of any horse in conjunction with that of Fanny Broughton, and that I am very doubtful whether I mentioned either of their names whilst I was in Dublin. Here I and your informant are at issue—one of us must have told a broad, barefaced falsehood, and, unless I am the person, your friend must have invented every word of the story, for I not only deny having said what I am reported to have said, but that there is the smallest atom of a foundation for the story you have heard. On one of our heads lie the stigma and the shame. You have also heard that I was gambling in Dublin; that story also has not the smallest foundation to stand upon; it is also a pure invention of the writer. I never hazarded a fraction upon any game of chance or skill—never betted, wagered, or gambled a farthing while I was in Dublin, except one half-crown which I betted with D. Browne upon a game of billiards, and that was the last day of my stay there. So much for spies. In future if you choose to believe everything you hear do so, but first verify what I have here stated. Find out whether I have spoken truth or not; that is, find out whether or not your spy is not a malicious liar. You say you know what I said at Gardiner's Place. I said nothing at Gardiner's Place except such commonplace conversation as usually takes place at a morning visit. I called upon Robert

McAlpine, and it was only by accident that I saw the other person at all.

“With my affectionate love to my father,

“Believe me ever yours,

“G. H. MOORE.”

“26th May, 1832.

“MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I am saluted every morning as regularly as I rise with a scolding letter from you ; I tell you candidly I did not read half your letter of this morning, nor did I even look into the letters of John Browne’s you enclosed. For the future, I do not mean to be disrespectful but I must speak the truth, I tell you candidly when I receive one of your nagging letters I will not make myself nervous as I did to-day with reading it, nor nervous as I am now doing with answering it. I am in low spirits enough, God knows, without any additional torment, and I cannot stand to be a target to the paper bullets I find pelted at me every morning without cessation or mercy. I called on Lady Dillon but could not see her. I got an invitation from her to dinner to-morrow, but was engaged to Lord Sligo. I have settled with the latter about the Levee.

“With my affectionate love to my father,

“Believe me still ever ever yours,

“G. H. M.”

By this time his mother was so frightened at the rumours of an objectionable marriage that she urged him—ordered him in the most peremptory manner—to go abroad ; and when he procrastinated she was

furious. Sometimes, in despair, she attempted to persuade him to marry a girl of her own choice.

" 19th June, 1832.

" MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I thank you very much for the balance of the fifty pounds—it will be more than acceptable as, with all my economy, and I never was so economical, I find one hundred pounds requires great management to last out the three months.

" I am glad you consulted Colles about your *maladie du cœur*. I wish to Heaven I could follow your prescription for its cure; I might perhaps swallow the pill were I sure of the benefit, but where am I to find the herbs you describe. Every virtue under heaven centred in a Catholic, is the magic simple which the fairy declares the only cure for your disease, and I am the enchanted knight that is to find this treasure among dragons and griffins; all I want is a dervish with a white beard to direct me to the castle from which it is to be ravished. I like London very much, and do not think I shall leave England till the beginning of August or the end of July. Do not be cross about my staying in London; no one goes abroad at this season of the year.

" Give my love to my father and

" Believe me ever,

" Your affectionate child,

" G. H. MOORE."

" 28th June 1832.

" MY DEAREST MOTHER,—As I was out when your letter came yesterday and did not return in time for

the post I have been obliged to defer answering you till to-day. I know who your anonymous correspondent is, and I know her motive in writing it; but let her beware of me. She is as much in my power as a mouse under the paw of a lion, and, by the living God, if I can bring it home to her, as sure as the sun dawns each morning so surely will I crush her. What I say is not exaggeration, but literal, open truth. I cannot say more, but with one word I could lay her as low and as contemptible as the worm she treads under her foot. If I spare her now it is not for her sake, but for the sake of those with whom, more than her fair fame is connected. If you have guessed at the person from this description, you have guessed wrong; you cannot know or guess a particle of what I allude to. The only reasons that have kept me in London are, first, that I am very well here and no one goes abroad at this season of the year. Secondly, I am not going to the north. I shall go down the Rhine, through Switzerland into Italy, and this is the worst time in the year for such an excursion. Thirdly, your correspondent is quite right in supposing that I shall not go alone, at least if I can help it, and I am looking for someone to accompany me. Charles Kirwan is here; he cannot come, being engaged at Cambridge, or I should like him very much. Fourthly and lastly, there is the fear of the cholera which keeps everyone in England.

"I tried to laugh at your matrimonial proposition in my last letter. But I confess I am more than hurt at your pressing a subject which you know must be so painful to me. I have sacrificed my happiness to you, but I will never marry; never!"

"I wonder how you can be in dread of impossi-

bilities. If I were ever so much inclined to do the rash and desperate deed you seem to fear, it would be impossible, for I could not get a guinea in the world, if I tried ever so much. Let that be a stronger certainty than the weak and wavering resolutions of a man suspended between two all-powerful passions. I cannot contemplate a thing which it is impossible to accomplish, or even to hope for ; therefore, rely upon that if you cannot upon me. I don't care sixpence who told the story of the pony ; it is false in every possible particular. Whoever told it to you, I am almost sure it came originally from the same source as this anonymous communication you last received—be it so. I am not very happy but I must endure ; it is the lot we are all born to ; but in the name of peace and love, do not, my dearest mother, press a topic which is torture to me.

“ Give my love to my father and

“ Believe me ever yours,
“ G. H. MOORE.”

“ 7th July, 1832.

“ MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I write to say that on Thursday morning I shall set off for Dover. I should start earlier if I could, but it is impossible for me to leave London earlier. Lord Sligo has promised to have all my letters, etc., by Wednesday night, and then, ‘ My native land good night.’ It has cost me bitterness and pain enough—and now I owe it nothing, perhaps not even a grave. For that—but I won’t write tragedy. I have caused you pain and sorrow enough without talking of my own selfish griefs. Away with them. I am going abroad to endeavour to forget them ; at least to persuade others

that I have forgotten them, which I suppose will be much the same thing. Farewell, my dear mother, I will not add with the ghost, ‘Remember me,’ for the remembrance could only give you pain, but if you do not forget me, pray for me.

“Yours in struggle,
“G. H. MOORE.”

The following note in his mother’s writing is at the bottom of this letter:

“When he wrote this letter he had arranged to go on that night to Cheltenham, to see that woman who has broken my heart.”

It happened this way:

She had asked Mr D. Browne, who happened to be in London, to give him a message, and he, calling at his lodgings the day after the above letter was written, found him absent, and his letters lying unopened on the table. He had left no word as to his destination; but it was not difficult for a mother to guess, and she wrote a letter full of reproaches.

“12th July, 1832.

“MY DEAR MOTHER,—I sit down in no even frame of mind to answer your letter, but with very different feelings from those which possessed me when I first attempted it yesterday. It is written in a tone which would be sufficient to drive the coolest mind to distraction, and exhibits a mixture of violent passion and heartless feeling without a parallel in anything I ever saw or read of. I shall say nothing of my feelings, for I see that they are perfectly



MRS. LOUISA MOORE



uninteresting to you. I was softened into a child, melted into the docility of an infant by the account which I received of your violent grief upon my account. I was so softened that at that moment you could have led me with a thread through the world. Your last letter has undeceived me. That grief may be the offspring of a proud, haughty, passionate feeling, but it never could have proceeded from tenderness or affection for me. If your heart had the least spark of the same feeling that was in mine when I wrote my letter to you, you never, after the receipt of that letter, could have written to me as you have done. As for affection, you say you never will forgive me. In return, let come what will, I can never forget the letter I received last night—never! After travelling two hundred miles to bid farewell to the fondest feeling of my heart—on returning, hot feavered, and exhausted, and in a frame of mind bordering on madness—I saw your letter. I snatched it in an instant from among a number of others and read what—that I had in some degree healed the wound I thought I had inflicted? That I had at least been pitied, forgiven, even thanked? No—but that I was hated and despised as a monster; that the pain and the bitter agony I had undergone so few hours before, was treated as a crime, and that every impotent vengeance that could have been inflicted on me if I had taken directly the opposite course, was already poured like a vial of wrath upon my devoted head. I do not attempt to describe my feelings at the moment. I know you would not believe me; that you would not feel for me if you did. All I can say is, that between my previous state of mind and the letter itself, the mad-house was near having

another victim, and the fearful malady that runs in the veins of my father's family was near being the only inheritance of my birthright. You say that I have deceived you, and talk of my black treachery. How? How have I deceived you, when I could avoid doing so? I was so hurried on by feelings that I could not—still I know cannot—control. What would you have me do? Would you have me leave Moore Hall telling you that such were my feelings, and that I was determined not to obey you in your wishes? You cannot blame me; you wished to penetrate into the secrets of my breast. I could not, dared not, unveil them. I had no other course but to deceive you. Perhaps you allude to the settling of the property; there, I declare, before the living God, my conscience is as clear as daylight. Was it I that proposed it? Did I urge it, harbour it, hasten it? No, it was your own wish, your own desire; and it was only in the fear that I might act the mad part you suspected, that you could wish it done at all. It was only in such a case that the transaction could be of any use. All I bargained for was an equivalent for what I, first, was all but induced to do of my own accord, and without any return. Whatever you may say or think, I deny that I deceived you more than I deceived myself at first; more than I thought it necessary to deceive you afterwards. I have no more to say; I am setting off for Dover in a few hours; farewell, forget me. I am at present resolved; but I know that that resolution is but as a thread of silk and may break in a moment; therefore, think of me no more. Love Augustus, he will deserve it; I never can. I know, I feel that before six months are over I shall be in England or in a

mad-house. I feel the black wings of the fell angel already over me; you are driving me into his embraces."

His mother writes at the foot of this letter:

" This letter was in answer to one that was blotted with my tears, telling him he had broken my heart, deprived me of all hopes in this life. I spoke with just indignation and disgust at the base treachery he had been practising on me for months, and told him that, during my absence, his father had made a will leaving a great deal away from him which he had formerly left to him—but that still the door of repentance was open. Mr Hammersley wrote that he was looking very well the same day after writing this to his mother!"

He was away for five months in Brussels, and, if his heart was still sore when he returned, his mood was more calm. The following is the next letter I can find :

" 1st January, 1833.

" MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I received your letter this instant, and, if you have felt pain and difficulty in answering mine, I do not feel less in attempting to reply to yours. It is written in a tone of coldness amounting to repulsion, and that repulsion is the more painful to me from the consciousness that I have deserved it. I have indeed deserved more than coldness, much more than coldness from you; and, however you may write to me, however unworthily you may think of me—I know I have done enough

to merit the suspicion of much that I have not done. But I know not what I have committed of evil or of unkindness to the persons who have assisted your suspicions by their false and gratuitous malice. I know not by what aggression on my part I have provoked any human being to the base revenge of trampling before the eyes of his mother, upon the good name and character of her unfortunate child. If the pursuits of any man of my age, during any five months of his life, were free from the charge of profligacy or debauchery, mine were blameless of that imputation. I acknowledge them to have been idle and worthless. I acknowledge that they were undistinguished by any dignified occupation of mind or body. I own that they were months of torpor and ennui; that they were months of misspent time, to which I shall always look back with pain, and shame, and regret; but that they were spent in debauchery or profligacy is indeed false. You have not mentioned what you particularly allude to; I should, therefore, be obliged to content myself with this indefinite denial, had I not happened to have heard from my aunt one of the instances of profligacy which has been laid to my charge. That charge is plain and palpable; and that charge is a most distinct and groundless falsehood.

" Could I produce letters written by me to intimate friends during the time I was at Brussels, you would see from these pages, written in sincerity and at the moment, with what pain and struggling of mind these few months were passed. But all this is of no consequence; whether I passed my time in quiet or in debauchery, I passed it in defiance of you and of your feelings, in a continual course of conduct which has

caused you such affliction. But I hope that when you see I am changed, not in word and in promise but in deed and effect, you may be induced to believe that if I have not behaved to you as I should have done to my mother, and to such a mother, I am not at least quite the monster that you may perhaps have believed, and which certainly my friends have aided you in suspecting. If there is anything which you wish me to do, anything which would induce you to look on me with confidence and affection, I am ready to do it; ready, whatever pain it might cost me, whatever sacrifice it may require. You tell me you advise me to marry immediately 'some amiable Catholic girl,' etc., but you beg me to do so merely because it may induce my father to alter some will made to my prejudice. Oh my dear, dear mother, do not think so coldly and unworthily of me! I will do anything; that, or anything to give you a moment's hope or comfort; tell me that it will give you comfort, or hope that your heart is not destined to be broken by your children; tell me that and there is nothing that I will not do for you. But, oh, do not speak to me as if nothing but pounds, shillings, and pence could influence me! Whatever I have done that has never been the planet of my adoration. In my days of madness, and wickedness if you will, that certainly did not rule me; and now do not speak to me as if that were the motive most likely to influence my actions.

"I will go with my aunt to Bath, or go to Italy as you please; only tell me that anything I can do will please or comfort you, and I will do it. Why, my dear mother, do you say that you send me the money that you laid up for your own use. I do not ask for

any addition to my yearly allowance. I am satisfied that I can gradually make up the expense that circumstances have occasioned me. You know A. Clendining, if you please, will discount me the amount of my next quarterly allowance, and I promise to make it up as soon as possible. Write to me on the receipt of this; tell me what you wish me to do; and write to me, if not less coldly than in your last, at least not as if you thought me wholly lost to anything but such unworthy views as you have held up to me as motives. Farewell. I am convinced that whatever you may now think of me, you will find that I am still

“ Your affectionate child,
“ G. H. MOORE.”

His mother was of opinion that nothing would keep him quiet but marriage, and constantly urged him to it when he went to stay with his aunt in Bath. He protested always his anxiety to obey, but could never bring himself to face the actual accomplishment.

A few months later he wrote:

“ 19th May, 1833:

“ The gaieties of Bath are now on the wane; nothing could exceed them while they lasted. What with the rattle of riding, visiting, and gossiping all day, and the screaming of fiddles all night; what with dancing, galloping, and waltzing, I have had enough to make my brain reel, and my heart—‘ the heart’—a fig for the phrase! There are pretty girls enough in Bath, and were I furnishing a seraglio there would be very tolerable choice, but for a wife I must again

say with Pistol, ‘A fig for the phrase.’ Not but that I shall be very glad to get one, that is, one that would please you, and not absolutely horrify myself, viz. a Catholic, and not ugly—a Catholic, and not penniless—a Catholic, and not dirty—a Catholic, and not a fool—that is all I bargain for. I have no objection to Catholicity in the abstract, but, since love in a cottage is a speculation which has been long pronounced a failure, I am afraid Catholicity in a cottage would be almost equally unlikely to succeed. Mind, my dear mother, I do not mean to rebel against your judgment in this matter ; I merely mean that I could never get on with a wife upon four hundred a year ; and as for the rich one spending all the money herself, I think by this time you ought to know me too well to believe that I could leave the whole of the sin upon my wife’s shoulders. In short, as Corporal Nym says, ‘things must be as they may’—but I am determined to marry none of His Majesty’s subjects—whether professing the Catholic, Protestant, or Jewish religion—without money : *point d’argent, point de Suisse.* I am not likely to marry for love, and, therefore, the conclusion follows for itself. I do not know what you mean by saying that you have heard that I consider—

“ But it is a sore subject for me to touch upon, and not a very kind one for you to start—but be it so. I suppose it is a kind of penance for my sins that every letter I receive from you should be dashed with gall. All medicines are painful to the palate, and your communications are, I suppose, intended as a sort of periodical powders ; I have just swallowed the last ; I hope you will excuse any wry faces it may have occasioned.

“ G. H. MOORE.”

CHAPTER III

RUSSIA, CAUCASUS, SYRIA

GEORGE MOORE wearied of constant supervision and incessant importunities, determined to go abroad, and in the few note-books which, hidden away by his mother, escaped in after years his destroying hands, we get glimpses of his wanderings and his thoughts.

We find him first on his way to the Caucasus, driving with his friend and neighbour, Charles Kirwan, of Dalgin Park, across Russia.

The first bit of diary describes the Countess of Orloff's stud farm at Krinavaia on the 1st November, 1834, where there were boxes for 1500 horses, Arab, English, Russian, and Dutch; next morning:—

We sallied from our castle, found the village all alive and passed a marriage procession on our way. First came eight or ten *garçons à cheval*, probably the élite of the bridal acquaintance, and most ragamuffin scamps they were; after, in a covered cart, the bride followed, veiled and surrounded by her acquaintances.

The history of a Russian peasant's marriage is as follows:—The lady being wooed and won, the course of true love having run smooth, parents and friends consenting, and all preparations being fully made, on the morning of the happy day some eight or ten of the bridegroom's crack acquaintances proceed on

horseback to the mansion of the bride, to conduct her to the church. The bridegroom himself goes in another conveyance and meets her at the church door. The ceremony is then celebrated, the happy couple, crowned with a pair of mitre-looking crowns, exchange rings, go through the formula of the Greek Church and are made one flesh. After the conclusion of the ceremony the bridal cavalcade halts for some minutes ; two of the most respectable of the party proceed to the house of the bridegroom's parents to demand permission to approach ; these are, or are supposed to be, found praying in the holy corner. They give the required permission, and the troupe once more proceeds. When it arrives at the door the old couple approach, welcome the new-comers, and pronounce their blessing. The two respectables canter round the company, making the sign of the Cross to guard the devil from entering into so happy a marriage, and all enter. The feasting now begins ; the brandy circulates, mirth and gladness crown the board ; the music strikes up, the song goes round, the jest and the *double entente* are flung from side to side ; youths laugh and maidens blush, and the hearts of all beat high with mirth and strong spirits. Presently the scene becomes enlivened. The song grows louder, the jest broader, the laugh more boisterous, and the blush has disappeared. By dark the mirth is at its height, and by midnight every man who values his reputation is dead drunk, and it is said that night more marriages are consummated than celebrated. The fun, however, is not half over. The company separate indeed but meet again at noon, when the awful scrutiny prescribed in Deuteronomy, and still preserved amongst the peasantry of the Greek

Church, is gone through. The result is made known to the anxious assembly. If favourable, as in gallantry we are bound to suppose it to be, the bride, and the bride's father, and the bride's mother are complimented on her virtue and beauty, and no doubt the gallant bridegroom is felicitated on his conquest. The marriage presents or favours, consisting of long pocket-handkerchiefs are distributed, and the subscription for the bride takes place. Two of the most insinuating boys of the company take a handkerchief, and, with the grace and persuasive manner of a Russian peasant, entreat the mite of each of the company. Some give a rouble, some two, or even five, others are contented with forty, sixty or eighty kopeks ; the smallest trifle is thankfully received ; the company pocket the hankiechiefs, and the bride the money.

The company return to the drink and conclude by being as happy, as witty, as merry, and as drunk as yesterday. If, however, the scrutiny alluded to is not satisfactory, as from the known vigilance of the bride's parents, to say nothing of her own virtue, might have been expected, the whole affair assumes a different complexion. At the awful announcement all is terror and confusion ; the bride begs leave to faint ; the bridegroom's father bullies the father of the bride, and the two mothers look volumes at each other ; the young bachelors take the part of the much-injured youth, and the girls of the village (who declare they don't believe a word of it) have matter for scandal for a fortnight. My journal mercifully throws a veil over the fate of the bride, but the mother and father come in for their share of obloquy. The youths of the village make

straw collars and traces, and harness the unfortunate couple. They are presented with drinking glasses with a hole at the bottom, and are the butt of the village for months to come. Such is a general sketch of a peasant marriage in Russia; I have given both sides of the picture. I caught a glimpse of the bride's face under her veil as she passed me this morning, and, judging by that test, I would venture to wager a dinner that the scrutiny in her regard has been perfectly satisfactory.

Thence the travellers passed over the Steppes of the Don, trackless and wide as the eternal ocean itself, at a pace as wild and reckless as Cossack postilions could be bribed to go, or Cossack horses endure; taking sketches at the various stopping-places, at Novo Tcherkash and Axai, to the wonderment of the peasants, who said to the servant, "What a strange way foreigners have of saying their prayers."

We walked by the river-side and saw some women treading mortar, holding their petticoats at an unconscionable height, and disclosing a foot, ankle, calf, and knee, *plus ultra*, which, if they could not vie with those of the Medicean Venus in the beauty and grace of delicate proportion, might contest the palm of redness with the rose, and of strength and solidity with a bed-post. Hard by some laughing youths of the village were conversing in a bantering tone with these fair sirens, and evidently touching on the "promise that their forms implied," but were immediately cut out by a troop of Georgian Cavalry, who, after bandying a few jokes and lumps of mortar by way of flirtation with the ladies, rode away, and we followed their

example. I went home and made a sketch of the scene I had just witnessed, and got quite in love with my own ladies' legs but could not, however, like Pygmalion, warm them into life.

Then with a Russian escort they travelled through the Caucasus in view of the glorious Kasbek, bright as a crystal against an azure sky, through Vladi Caucase to the lovely valley of Arajui:—hills waving with foliage breaking into glades of unfading green, now frowning for an instant into stern grey, and again melting into a smiling woodland or a laughing lawn. Valleys stretching from the mountain's foot to the river's brim, and the river as it dashes along upon its path of thunder, dividing here and there its foaming waters, to allow the beautiful brow of a wooded islet to chafe and brave its headlong course.

There was a long halt at Tiflis, the capital of Georgia, where he admired the Georgian women, and they told him the only secret of their beautiful hair was never to touch it with scissors.

On 27th December, having paid their bills and received the embraces of their friends, they left behind the sunny skies and bright faces, that if sun and beauty could make happiness, ought to render Georgia a terrestrial paradise, and travelled through Tabritz to Teheran, where they had an interview with the Shah. There they remained till March, 1835, treated like princes by everyone, European and native; sketching, dining, and receiving visits.

News from England determined him to leave Persia for Constantinople, and for nearly two years there are neither notes nor letters; but a sketch-book shows him to have visited Athens and the Greek isles, Egypt and Syria.

No doubt he was careful to destroy these records, because it appears from other evidence that, like St Kevin, he did not escape from the woman, the love of his youth; the Syrian desert, like the cave over the lake, was not secure from her pertinacity. What intervened during these years we are unable to recount, because all the diaries and letters have been destroyed; but by December, 1836, they had separated.

Another diary begins sadly on a torn page. He is starting, 5th December, 1836, from Damascus to visit the ruins of Bussora and Djerash in the Hauran.

5th Dec., 1836.—We threaded our way through the thousand gardens, that, in the springtime of their youth and beauty, are considered by Asiatics to be no unworthy type of the glories of a world of hope, but which now, bleak and desolate, were to me a fitting emblem of vanished happiness, of withered memories and days that are no more. The tall poplars shivered as they wept their leaves into the lap of winter, and the broad arms of the walnut and the elm lay bare and naked to every wind that blew—like a lonely and a friendless stranger in a crowded world. The graceful brow of the solitary palm drooped beneath the uncongenial sky, while the humbler, but not less useful, children of the forest, the fig-tree and the vine, shrunk beneath the shade of loftier boughs, and mourned over vanished blossoms and withered leaves. The olive and the cypress alone, like the heartless and the broken-hearted, looked upon the frown of winter as upon the smile of summer, unhumbled and unchanged. I turned from the scene with a sigh, and, as I sheltered my face

from the drizzling mist beneath the hood of my cloak, felt as if anywhere but in paradise.

After a cold and melancholy ride through the desolate outskirts of this lovely valley, with nothing but a few Arabs and half-drowned crows upon the road, we arrived at Kiswee a little after dusk.

At about three hours' distance from Damascus on every side are a circle of little villages which hang upon the skirts of the valley "like fringe upon a petticoat." The muleteers and caravans of the East have an objection to arriving late in the evening at any great town, and as these villages form the last resting-places, a great deal of stir and some little trade is the necessary consequence. A small bazaar and coffee-house afford refreshment to the weary traveller and indicate his approach to the great city.

Kiswee is about three hours south-south-west of Damascus, nestled under the shadow of a parcel of little hills, over which Hermon and his compeers were seen through the clear morning, sitting like giant kings wrapped to the throat in their ermine mantles. The road to-day extended over a gloomy and melancholy waste, swelled to a swamp by the late rains, and flat for the first three hours when it slopes a little among the hills and a small stream murmurs to the valley. I saw some large flights of wild (very wild) ducks, and geese still wilder. About an hour and a half from home we passed through Moatbeen where there are many Roman remains of private houses, built of basalt and curiously roofed with slabs of the same material.

Arrived at Jabob about half-past four. It is six

hours from Kiswee; first two hours a point to the west-of-south, a point eastward for an hour and south for the rest of the day. I found the Sheikh in a large room full of smoke and Arabs, presented my firman, and was received with great ceremony. They insisted on making coffee immediately and nearly stifled me with smoke during the operation. A large circle of Arabs surrounded me at dinner, and were with difficulty persuaded to retire afterwards. Up two hours before, but not started till two hours after, sunrise. There are many Roman remains at Jabob as well as a number of those singular towers which cover the whole of the Plain of the Hauran and exist in no other part of Syria. They are of very old construction and consist of two or three stories which—from the sculptured cornices, lintels, etc., irregularly adapted and evidently of very different architecture from that of the towers themselves—would seem to be posterior to the occupation of the Romans.

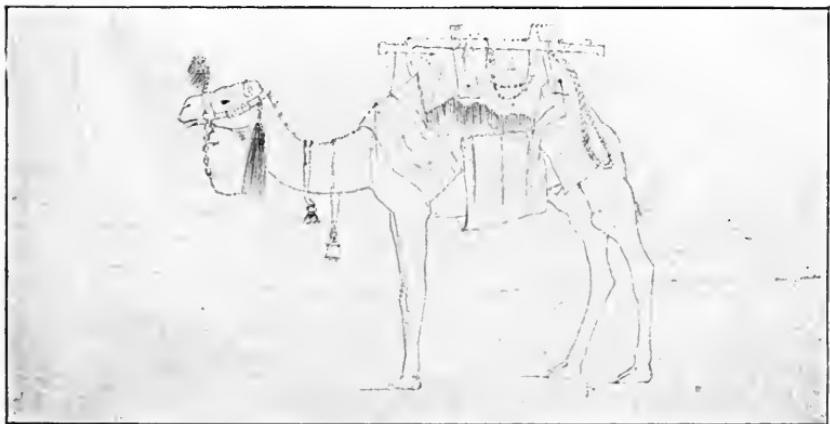
Our journey lay all day along a level plain with a slight range of hills in the distance. Tubbene has some remains, but is a miserable village. M. Hajji an equally deplorable hamlet but shows signs of ancient importance. Ruins of fine stonework are seen filled up with miserable masonry, and the cabin doorways are supported with sculptured architraves, upon which, for want of timber, rude stone doors are contrived to swing. I remarked a curious old building supported by eight composite pillars. It was arched and looked like an old mosque; but its religious occupation had long ceased, and it was full of camels when I passed. The camel is never so striking or so picturesque an object as when stabled

among ancient ruins. He seems like their appointed denizen, and looks the moralist, as he is really the moral, of the place. His long and patient neck, his stolid lip, and the cold, unmoving gaze of his uncomplaining eye, all mock the restless curiosity and sympathy of man, as they do his history and his fate.

About three-quarters of a mile from Esrah remarked a stone near the road with a Greek inscription of the lower empire, very rude.

The Sheikh most attentive; his house like all others in the Hauran is roofed with long basalt slabs; they extend from a projecting cornice on the side walls to an arch in the middle of the room, which is itself supported in the centre by a large pillar of uncouth form and singular sculpture. He is very satisfactory in his account of Savaidah and Bussora, and describes the pillars in both cases as being of extraordinary size. Esrah is still a tolerable village, though lost among the ruins by which it is surrounded.

Off by nine o'clock with two soldiers as guides, whom the Mootselm has sent and declares necessary. On the left, a large building surmounted by two odd-looking minarets which my new protectors described as an old church converted into a mosque. I rode out of my way nearly half a mile to see it, my horse sinking to the fetlocks in the rich loam. The soldiers' account proved correct; but broken columns, prostrate Ionic capitals, and a Roman shell niche comically decorating a Mussulman grave, sufficiently indicated that Jove had bequeathed the fane to Jesus ere the latter yielded it to the fortunes of Mohammed.



FROM SKETCH BOOK



10th Jan., 1837, Savaidah.—Spent the day in drawing and dawdling. I made a sketch of the great temple which was not worth the trouble. The soldiers talk of another village called Ginerost, where there are *ahmood kabeer kateer* and the deuce knows what. Shall go there to-morrow, but am not very sanguine about Hauran ruins. Have been out inscription-hunting without success, but saw heaps of Roman remains about the town, almost all in abominable style. Copied a pretty scroll on the lintel of a cottage door. Were the Romans acquainted with the pine-apple?

About a mile from the village (Ginerost) are the remains of a little temple, beautiful in itself and still more beautifully situated. It stands upon an artificial platform eleven feet high which, with pedestals of six and a half feet, would raise the height of the pillars nearly eighteen feet from the ground.

The peristyle originally consisted of thirty-one columns besides two smaller interior ones. These latter are supported upon octagonal pedestals and seemed to have formed a kind of portico. The materials of the naos itself have been entirely removed; and of the columns of the peristyle only seven remain erect. The capitals are very good, the slope of the shafts graceful, and the bases floridly but not inelegantly sculptured. I may here observe that the bases of all Corinthian columns in Syria, not excepting even those of Balbec, are remarkable for having one member more than properly belongs to the order. This temple must have been a very elegant and stately structure, and in position and general effect particularly imposing. I made a ground plan of the whole, a general sketch, and drawings,

and measurements of the principal details. On the base of one of the columns I found the following inscription:—

KA Y IOCC
ANA OYTO
NH EION

Proceeded to the village and wandered about from street to street examining antiquities and looking for my baggage.

Pursued my course along the edge of a deep ravine, washed by the waters of a feverish torrent that brawled and fussed and bubbled on its nameless journey to the sea, and then, ascending the slope of the northern hill, I wet my feet in a little rivulet that hurried along to join its sister river in the valley, and came to a line of columns, of which some eight or ten remained erect. They are in tolerable Corinthian style, and front two buildings which it would "puzzle a conjuror" to restore. One of them looks like a Christian church dressed for a fancy ball as a Roman temple. The adaptation of the ancient materials is ludicrous beyond description. What once was a tolerable portico leads into a hypothral court surrounded by very wide columns; and that—by a superb gateway barbarously adapted from an ancient temple—into what I suppose was the interior of the church; though, having been altered and re-altered since, to suit the purpose of still more barbarous ages, it would be a difficult and most unprofitable task to attempt to understand or explain its primitive plan. The lintel and door-case themselves are beautifully sculptured with festoons of vines, fruits, and flowers, in a relief of six inches.

The execution is quite equal to that of the celebrated gate at Balbec ; but altered and adapted to its present size and situation with a barbarous ingenuity quite excruciating. It was too late to begin a sketch so I deferred it till to-morrow.

12th Jan.—Up with the lark and worked all day at the gateway. So dreadfully cold that I could scarcely hold my pencil, but extreme admiration urged me on. Took some more measurements and hunted about for inscriptions. Found two in my walks through the village. One was as follows:

ΚΑΛΥΔΙΟCC
A'NAMOYTO,
MNHO EION

The other I have somehow mislaid.

Sat up till late drawing and writing and could not sleep afterwards, Phares and the cats being engaged all night in furious warfare about some eatables or other.

14th Jan.—Bostra, now called Bussora, and sometimes, from an absurd idea prevalent among the Arabs that it was the real site of the ancient Damascus, Eskeh-Shum, must, in former times both Roman and Saracenic, have been a place of great extent and importance. Without any reference to the numberless remains of every description, every religion, and every age which lie scattered around in such amazing profusion, one need only cast the eye, for a proof of this, on one gigantic pile which I have been traversing for hours this morning. In the stupendous remains of the Roman amphitheatre, which form the nucleus and principal wonder of this anomalous pile, we see the most startling and astound-

ing evidence, of the wealth, the taste, and the population of the Roman city;—in the immense fortifications which Saracenic warfare has thrown round it—of the strength and importance which it still possessed in a subsequent age, and hundreds of years after its primitive glories had passed away;—and in the heaps of accumulated ruins under which it is almost buried, of the history and fate of the successive generations which have rolled over its gradual and complete decay. There is scarcely in the world a more interesting spectacle, as regards the philosophy of history, than is exhibited in this stupendous ruin. Here every gradation of human strength and human weakness, human wisdom and human degeneracy, human glory and human prostration lie buried in successive stratas; and in these layers of departed generations, as in so many leaves of a volume, we may read the whole history of fifty generations. Here are the footsteps of the most finished civilisation that ever walked the world; and here, piled above them, are the relics of the moral and physical feebleness into which that civilisation became gradually debauched. Here, again, are both girdled round with the proud and savage energy of semi-barbarous mind; and here are the wretched evidences of human nature in its lowest stage of degeneracy, barbarism, feebleness, and misery, heaped in vile accumulation over politeness, and strength, and wisdom, and glory. Is the historic volume to close here? or is another leaf to be still added to speak the glorious regeneration of this degraded land?

After a world of labour, and the expense of a whole day in measuring and exploring both above

and under ground, I succeeded in making a general plan of the ancient theatre and the outer scarp of the Saracenic fortifications. The theatre itself was two hundred and eighty feet in diameter; the arena one hundred and forty-five feet. There were four or five tiers of benches, and five benches in each tier. Only one tier is now above ground—the rest being buried among accumulated ruins; and I found three or four rows of benches in a subterraneous colonnade, constructed, as I found by an archaic inscription, six hundred and ten years after the Hegira, in the celebrated reign of Mulek-e-Daher. There is a curious resemblance between the architecture of these fortifications and those of the Castel Pisano at Jerusalem. The revealed rustic, the sloping foundations, in short the whole construction "from turret to foundation stone" speaks of the same style, the same architecture, and the same age. And as the era, to which these owe their birth, is in no way doubtful, it equally follows that no parts of the Castel Pisano have an older date than that of the Saracenic conquest. Indeed, I have often been surprised at the generally received idea that this rough stonework was the common mode of Jewish masonry, and that the walls and fortifications of Jerusalem were in this style. Josephus, in speaking of the masonry of these towers, expressly admires the smoothness of the stones and the closeness of the joinings; so that, as he says, they rather resembled one huge stone than a building composed of several. That the Castel Pisano was neither the Tower of Psephinus, as D'Anville and others preposterously supposed, nor that of Hippicus, as others have since imagined, can be clearly proved

from other facts. That it was no tower of olden time at all, but merely Saracenic, I believe anyone who visits Bostra will cease to doubt. However, whatever may have been the history of either building, that of Bostra ceases to shelter aught but the partridge that whirred around us, as our footsteps awakened the almost-forgotten echoes of the place, and the jackal that, fearless of intrusion, had made its den in the niche of a *meurtri  re* that Saracenic warfare had built out of the ruins of Roman pastime. This latter circumstance revealed in a very pleasing manner one of the better and more redeeming features of the Arab character. There is no man less bloodthirsty than the Arab—no heart naturally less ferocious. The poor jackal on being discovered by my guides, and the light approached to her den for the purpose of examination, drew herself back to the extreme corner, her bright eye glaring in the light and her whole frame bristling with terror. If this scene had occurred in England, every eye would have sparkled for sport, every hand would have been raised against the poor defenceless trembler, and for no earthly object but for the pleasure of shedding blood. The Arabs never dreamed of such a deed; they looked at her with a smile of pity, almost of affection, and with a *miskeen, miskeen,* passed on. In the humbling comparison between the Present and the Past, upon which, in such a scene, the mind is so constantly compelled to dwell, there was one consolatory reflection—that we pitied and had mercy on a cowering beast upon the spot that once rung to the shouts of Romans over the agonies of a dying gladiator.

15th Jan.—Besides the fortified theatre, there are

in every corner ruins without end, of every race that has successfully reared fanes, palaces, churches, towers, mosques and hovels upon the site of Bostra.

There are also two remains of Roman art which merit particular attention. The first consists of four columns in line 4' 4" in diameter. They were, however, certainly never reared by Christian hands, and it must have been a stupendous building for those times which would admit such shafts as these within the roofs. But their proportions are good, and their capitals of remarkable beauty. There is a singular fact connected with one of these columns, that it rocks with every high wind. This circumstance is attested by everyone here, and a Turk at Damascus mentioned it to Mr Farrer; adding that when it rocked, he himself had put the blade of a knife between the shaft and pedestal, which, on his return, he was unable to withdraw. I examined the base which seemed to stand very well upon its pins, and quite an unlikely column to play such tricks.

16th Jan.—I am confident that to a traveller among ruins and antiquities it is rather a disadvantage to draw. Except as far as his own pleasure is concerned it occupies a great deal of time that might be much more advantageously employed. I have been nearly all day in drawing those damned pillars and cornices, and a cursed bad drawing I have made after all.

CHAPTER IV

DEAD SEA AND SYRIAN CUSTOMS

IT seems strange that seventy years ago very little more was known about the Dead Sea than could be gathered from the accounts in the Bible; but in this desolate region, thirteen hundred feet below the ocean level, and surrounded by mountains, the heat is excessive and the climate pestilential. There are no inhabitants, and tradition has laid a curse on it since the days of Sodom and Gomorrah.

The first person to visit it in modern times was an Irish traveller named Costigan, about two years before the time of which we speak. He was overcome by exhaustion and died before he could make any observations. The third explorer was Lieutenant Molineux some twelve years later, and he also died from fever and exhaustion.

It will be understood, therefore, that when Moore and Beek, less than two years after Costigan's death, planned an expedition to make a complete survey of the district, the task before them was not so light as it would appear at the present day.

They brought a good boat from Beirut and transported it on mules from Jaffa to Jerusalem and the mouth of the Jordan, where he and his colleague pitched camp near the end of March, 1837. There

had been innumerable difficulties with the Arab porters, and the Egyptian local authorities who then ruled in Syria, put all the obstacles they could in the way. Yet, during the first fortnight, the explorers examined the western shore, collected a number of geological, entomological, and botanical specimens, ascertained the width of the sea, and made a number of observations which showed that it did not extend as far south as had been supposed. They were nearly wrecked in a violent storm when taking soundings, and they found the depth so considerable, and the water so buoyant, that the lead was not heavy enough to reach the bottom; they got soundings to one hundred and eighty fathoms, and had to send for more lead. The water is so salt that the human body will not sink. It does not seem to have been known before this that the level was below the ocean, and their report to the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society* caused considerable surprise.¹

Then came bad news; all the tribes on the east and south-east shore were in rebellion, and some of his friends among the chiefs, on whose help he counted for assistance and protection, were no longer able to afford it.

¹ *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, 1837, Vol. vii., Part 2, Extract V.—This was the first authentic information obtained about the Dead Sea. The voyage is mentioned in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, edition 1876, but omitted in eleventh edition. Costigan and Molineux both failed and the latter was ten years later, yet their efforts are recorded, and they have even given their names to places on the coast. Unfortunately I have not space for this part of Moore's diary; it is a pity he did not publish it at the time, or at least send more than one page of observations to the Geographical Society's *Journal*; he thought little of his own reputation, but the writer of the article in the eleventh edition (Dr McAlister) ought not to have omitted the record.

He writes, "Our friend Ibn Hadeia is in open rebellion against the Pasha; Daoud Aga (our little friend of Courbash memory) shot, and his mare brought back to Jerusalem. Travelling on the eastern shore apparently out of the question. I shall, however, persevere, and see how matters turn up."

Next day, however, the porters and servants refused to stay any longer, and he was obliged to return to Jerusalem to get help. The Governor would do nothing, so he wrote to his friends in Egypt to obtain a firman from the Pasha. Meanwhile Beek gave up the job in despair, and Moore thought of going back to Djerash and the other Hauran cities, but waited a few days in Jerusalem.

4th May.—Riche returned with letters from Damascus; very unsatisfactory—none from home—none from Kirwan—none from anyone. I seem to be forgotten by the world; and yet not so. There is still one heart that loves me, one love that still remains to me, though every other chaplet that Fate or fancy wreathes wither upon my brow. He whose heart and sword is mine to-day may desert me to-morrow, if his interest beckon him away; and the love of a woman, that but yesterday seemed passionate and eternal, may to-day have passed, like a shadow on the waters, from her false and reckless heart; but a mother's love lives on alike through storms and sunshine, follows to the grave and the throne alike with unchanged and unchangeable devotion; and yet for how vile a thing would I once have bartered my mother's heart.

5th May.—Am in a state of villainous prostration,

physical and mental, and must do something to shake it off.

Went out with Giachimo to Clarke's, Zion, Olivet, Easthill, etc., where I took observations.

Commend me to Giachimo as a cure for the blue devils. "Look in his face and you will forget them all," but to talk with him for half an hour is a preventive for at least twenty-four; such a fund of comical and extravagant lies—his adventures and his amours. I listened to all and felt myself five years younger as we rode along.

To-day was a Greek fête—I could not make out what—but the lanes and gardens round were alive with merry parties. The grey arms of the olives bent and groaned beneath a hundred swings that flew to heaven with the dark-eyed rosy girls of Jerusalem who, wild with frolic, their young bosoms glancing bare, and their long tresses floating dishevelled in the breeze, called out to us, laughing, to come and join in the fun. Like a horse that has burst the bonds of a galling curb, with the scrupulous restraint of Oriental reserve, they seemed to have cast aside every other feeling but the enjoyment of the moment. They looked more like groups of young Bacchantes than the shy and sober daughters of the East. Yet to-morrow they will be seen pacing down the Via Dolorosa solemn and demure, muffled almost from the very light of day; or, if the veil be for a moment raised to catch a breath of air, drawn down in an instant at the glimpse of a mustachio. This is Oriental modesty; what is European?

7th May.—Rode out with Giachimo to village, etc., and made observations.

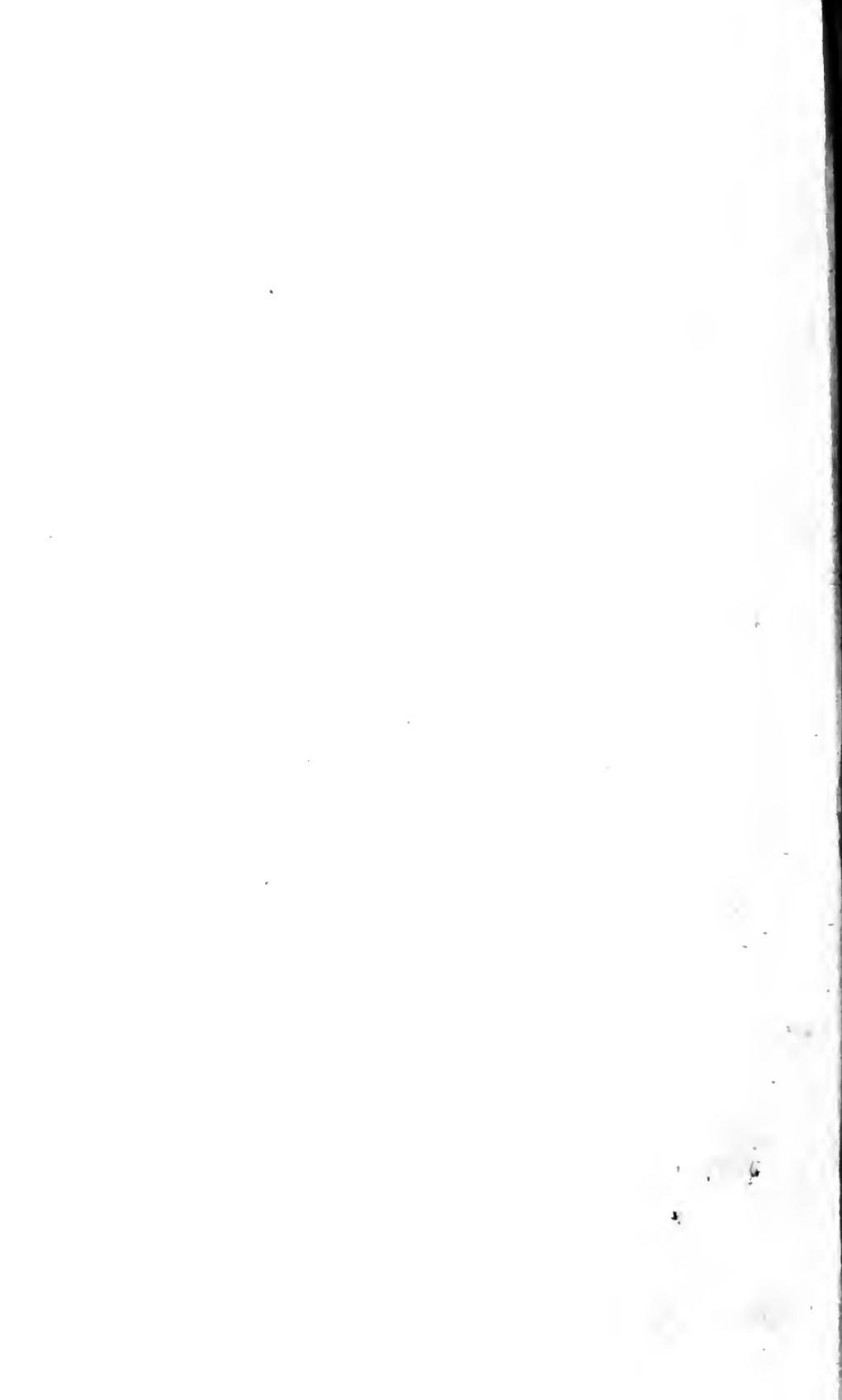
The sister of the Sheikh came to invite me in. She was a sweet, innocent-looking girl of about sixteen, dressed in the gay but simple dress of the fellahs about Jerusalem; a long, parti-coloured shift fell in graceful folds to her feet, and revealed at every motion the voluptuous outline of her faultless form. A narrow scarf was wound round her waist, and a blue handkerchief bound *à la bedouin* about her head, fell in broken outlines across her forehead and hung in little folds upon her shoulders. I asked her to let me take a sketch. She made no hesitation and stood in the most gentle and natural posture until it was finished. The peculiarity of her dress, answering almost exactly to that in which painters are wont to array the Madonna, the quiet, almost melancholy innocence of her countenance, and the solemn identity of the scenes that surrounded us, recalled strongly to my mind the memory of the sacred girl of Judah, when the angel saluted her as the future mother of Jesus.

10th May.—Lay upon the divan all day—read a little and “thought about it”—as Beek says. This thinking of it is an old trick. I thought myself almost cured, but am beginning to relapse; it won’t do. Made out an itinerary through the Hauran according to Ramsay’s request.

14th May.—Ibrahim returned—no go; Elias procured the Arabs, but they refuse to go without the permission of the Governor. Sent to the Governor for said permission, which he refused on the plea that it was not his business. Paid him a visit, and found him as impertinent as usual. Gave him an awful rowing, and took my leave. Made up my mind immediately to go to Alexandria and lay



SHEIK'S SISTER



the matter personally before the Pasha. Began my arrangements accordingly and told Ibrahim to be ready to start to-morrow.

15th May.—In the very act of starting when Riche rushed in to say that the Governor had sent for him; that the Arabs from Hebron had arrived, and that everything was ready for our departure—not for Alexandria, but for the Dead Sea. In less than half an hour the Arabs were seated at Mr Whitting's, and a long train of negotiations ensued. I insisted on every arrangement being fixed beforehand, and everything was accordingly settled with infinite minuteness. An hour was spent in these details; and everything appeared to be going on surely, though slowly, when all at once the Arabs astounded us with the announcement that we must finish the matter in six days. In six days God made the world, but for me to get through my little task in the same time was, of course, out of the question. All argument with the men was useless, expostulation in vain. More than six days they would not stay. I sent them to the Governor, but he refused to interfere. I entreated, promised, threatened, all to no effect; and I found myself on the evening of the 15th, as on the evening of the 14th, *en route* for Alexandria.

16th May.—Rode to Jaffa in five hours; horse awfully knocked up. Arrived at the Consul's by three o'clock, and sent instantly to the Captain of the port to search for a vessel. No ship was starting at the moment, and none would go express for less than 1500 piastres, which I absolutely could not afford to give. After much time spent in vain negotiations I was obliged to defer the matter till to-morrow.

17th May.—I know not what to do. No vessel will go for less than 1500 piastres. I have not 1500 piastres in the world. Have offered 600 and not a cock-boat in Jaffa will go for the money.

Sketched a few figures at the gate, and came back with the resolution of going to Gaza.

A brig of the Pasha's starts to-morrow for Alexandria, and being loaded with grain, will perform no quarantine. I have taken my passage in her.

18th May.—Went out and sketched a fountain at the gate with a café adjoining; one of the most picturesque and truly oriental scenes I ever saw. As Jaffa has only one gate, and its communications with the surrounding gardens, particularly in the fruit season, is immense, this gate is one continued throng. From a fine fountain to the right, three jets of water are perpetually gushing, affording a never-failing supply to the inhabitants of the town—to the donkey or the camel of the passing stranger, as to the thirsty lips of the poor fellah who cannot afford the luxuries of the adjoining café.

The broad passage to the interior gate is overshadowed by the leaves and tendrils of a glorious vine, and beneath its shade a line of stools and benches offer rest or refreshment to the weary or the idle. Thither do the loiterers of the town resort; there do the travel-worn from the desert repose, and the drowsy murmur of a score of *narghiles* responds to the babble of the adjoining fountain.

He with the weather-beaten brow, before you, is a Reis from Beirut, Alexandria, or Cyprus; his somewhat curious gaze—the uneasy posture—the fold of his red turban—the peculiar gather of his trousers about the knee—the large and sinewy leg and the

rounded instep of the red shoe, bear ample evidence of his craft. Just opposite, with his left leg lounging on the bench and his right arm resting on the little stool, is a sharp and quick-witted do-nothing of the town. A red check handkerchief hangs with a devil-may-care corner over his cheek; he is evidently but half-used to the well-worn slippers that hang upon his feet; he will ask you for a baksheesh if you look at him again. A little farther to the left is a party of Damascus muleteers, the most picturesque men in the East. They are an industrious and active set of fellows in the main, but thorough blackguards. One of them is eating an apricot which he has stolen from the basket of a passing fellah; he is evidently commenting on the superiority of those of Shum.

Opposite this noisy crew sits a poor Arab, squatting upon his *abbah* and eating his bread and dates in silence. Some girls are filling their skins at the fountain, and that rip of a Nizam is cracking a joke at their expense. A wealthy Mohammedan dame, followed by two or three servants, waddles her way through the crowd. She is, of course, closely muffled—modesty being a matter of rank in these countries—but that dark-eyed girl in her train gives us a glimpse of her charms as she passes. A dromedary is just poking his nose through the gateway; and a donkey, while the skins he carries are being loaded at the fountain, employs the interval of leisure in devouring a mouthful of fodder.

Outside the gate is a little fruit-market; tents, camels, and Arab bivouacs cover the space in front with a most picturesque assemblage of anomalous objects. Crowds of white figures wandering to and

fro give, if not life, at least diversity to this singular picture, while the background is filled up with the various foliage of the surrounding gardens.

21st May.—Again *bookera*. Lounged about the lanes and gardens with little other profit than getting my shoes full of sand. Made a study of a magnificent sycamore. I wandered in the evening among the tombs and saw a solitary grave covered with a little pyramid of sea-shells; the dead, it seems, had once been thought worth the trouble of a memorial, but the grass and weeds, that worked their living way among the wind-worn tokens, were but too emblematic of the new-born impressions that choke and cover the memories of the dead.

22nd May.—I was told this morning that all was ready for starting, and was on board before eleven. A few minutes after a boat came alongside, in which I recognised the well-known countenance of the immortal Robert Pearce. After an eccentric ramble through Syria, in which he had encountered endless adventures, he was now, he said, *en route* for Constantinople, and was taking Alexandria on his way. When I first saw this singular being on the deck of the steamer that carried me to Syria how little did I dream that, nearly two years after, I should still be a wanderer beneath the same strange and burning sun. When the Mediterranean first bore me on its bosom with a heart as free and buoyant as its waves, surrounded by countrymen, companions, friends, how little did I dream that, two years after, I should be still a solitary and gloomy stranger upon its blue waters, without a friend or companion save Robert Pearce!

“*Tu l'a voulu*,” George Dandin; “*tu l'a voulu*”;

you have nothing to reproach but your own blind and headstrong passions.

Our craft was a fine brig, polacca rigged, well found in her masts, spars and rigging, but dirty, leaky, and her decks unpaid. She was loaded almost to the water's edge with grain, and carried about sixty passengers. Among these was one of the most singular parties I ever had the fortune to meet with. Three French *dévots* from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, a monk of La Trappe, a fat, fair-haired *religieuse* from Savoy, and an old man from Lyons with his hair powdered and tied behind, according to the old regime. The monk, a comical, sharp-visaged scoundrel, was making love to the nun all day, through the medium of sundry verses in her praise, which he was alternately composing and teaching her to sing. The poor Savoyarde did not understand a word of the verses and had no more idea of a tune than a cow; but who would not sing songs in one's own praise, and she laboured away with astonishing perseverance. Monsieur l'abbé showed me some of the verses—curious specimens in their way—and told me a little of his history. He had been for some time at La Trappe, but had been expelled from the convent for writings which he published, *en prose et en vers*, upon the reformation of the Order. He went to Paris upon the subject; his case was tried by the dignitaries there, and he was sent back to his convent. The confraternity, however, remained obstinately determined to have nothing more to say to him, and, in despair, he proceeded to Rome. He then fell in with his present companions and they travelled through Palestine together.

On the corner of the quarter-deck lay the carpet of a Turkish Aga, a good-natured old fellow who smoked all day, without a moment's intermission; a black slave who waited on him was one of the finest negro figures I ever saw. One of the dancing dervishes of Constantinople particularly attracted my attention; lively, well-informed, and agreeable, he was the general favourite of all on board. A burly Christian merchant from Jaffa, and a Bim Bashie of the Pasha's completed the company. The passengers forward were chiefly composed of pilgrims from Jerusalem, among whom were a number of Coptic women, who took possession of the long boat and were a merry party. The captain remained on shore a long time after my arrival, procuring his bill of health as was alleged, but in reality, looking out for passengers. We weighed anchor, and before sunset Jaffa was a speck on the horizon.

23rd May.—Monk and nun at it again all day. The cabin was by contract expressly reserved for me, but everyone makes what use of it they think proper; that beastly monk comes down whenever he feels sick, and that I cannot stand. I sent Ibrahim to remonstrate with the captain who promises redress.

24th May.—Listened to a duet between the monk and the nun. He was teaching her a song about her pilgrimage to the holy land, air *partant pour la Syrie*, and her mistakes and questions as to the meaning of the verses were *impayable*. He is a disgusting and abominably dirty beast, and his trousers are torn right across in the most indecent manner. Had a long talk with poor Pearce and picked up some nautical information.

25th May.—The sea last night was deadly calm; but the dawn as usual brought the breeze upon her wing. The sails had just begun to fill, and the vessel glided like a swan along the surface of the waters. Leaning over the bulwarks and gazing into the deep blue of the sea beneath me, I fell into one of those sweet and solemn reveries that seem like a vision of another world—realisation of capabilities of happiness that are within us, but which never may be ours in this; burning dreams of things that are not of earth; love, eternal and divine, floated over my fancy, twined and blended with the golden memories of days that are no more—days that have passed away like the waves beneath me, never to return. As the large, warm tears swelled and swelled, and then dropped from the eyelash, I seemed to feel, as I never felt before, the consciousness that I was immortal—that my dream was prophetic of a world where the yearnings of the heart will be lost in realisation—where the wicked will cease from troubling and the weary be at rest. Great God, if it were possible—but possible; the sacred expectations of such an existence were enough to brighten the miseries of this. I was aroused from my trance by my notebook falling into the sea. My sketches, my memorandums, my compass bearings at Jerusalem—all gone. No matter; I have been happy for a moment, and that is well worth a notebook. I tried to dream again and succeeded; but my dream fell on bitter realities, and memories that I must smother in my heart. Thank God, their very bitterness is my cure. I made a few sketches and passed a feverish and restless night. Could not sleep below and found on coming on deck that we were

lying off Alexandria. The monk came to beg the use of my cabin for a few minutes; he said the nun had promised to mend his trousers. I would have given a trifle to have seen the operation.

26th May.—Dressed and called on Colonel Campbell. Found him all civility, and greatly concerned at the trouble that had been given me. He had already dispatched my firman, which has by this been two days in Syria. An infernal contretemps as it happens, but I still think I was right in coming. He read me a copy of the firman, which is very strong, though I think too indefinite; and explained to me the impossibility of his having answered my letter before now, owing to his detention in Upper Egypt. “Beshrew thee for a false-hearted liar.”

1st June, Alexandria, Egypt.—Can stay no longer in this place; my spirits, my health are sinking under it; I can live no longer with other men; I must fly to the desert for repose.

George Moore took ship again and arrived at Jaffa on the 8th of June, and remained till the 23rd, in quarantine, waiting impatiently for the arrival of the firman, of which he heard news, now from Jerusalem, then from Beirut.

15th June.—Walked out in the evening and had a long conversation with Ibrahim on the marriage customs of the country. After the wedding, which in all the villages and smaller towns of Syria is celebrated in the daytime, the bridegroom is dressed out with a plume of ostrich feathers on his head, a star of glass diamonds, or, at a pinch, a bit of looking-glass on his tarbush, his eyes stained with collyrium, and a long pipe in his hands. After having been

paraded about on horseback, amidst shouting and clapping of hands for a considerable time, he is brought to the house of the bride and, seated in a chair near the door outside, he receives gifts from all his acquaintances—five dollars, one dollar, ten piastres, five piastres—in short, whatever they will give him. As each gift is declared with a loud voice the women set up a cry peculiar to the weddings of the East, which it would be impossible to describe, but which would not be ill-named a hullabaloo. This being finished, and no more cash forthcoming, the awful part of the ceremony, at least for the bridegroom, commences. He has now to enter and unveil the bride, and his friends take care that no eagerness on his part shall be wanting.

Stationing themselves round the door, each with a stick in his hand, they await his coming. A dialogue ensues between him and the bridesman: "Now, Hassan! The bride is waiting; why do you hesitate to unveil her? Come, courage! you are not the man I took you for!"

"My God, my dear fellow, did you ever see such a quantity of sticks? It is as much as a man's life is worth to attempt it; and then look at the cudgel that Omar carries, and that bludgeon of Ali Mohammed's. It's not fair—by God, it is not. Moderate wedding-sticks I should not mind, but such weapons as these—and such a number too! Did you ever see such a number, Mohammed?"

His friend remonstrates, encourages, taunts, and incites him; tells him there is no danger; that he will protect him; that it is what everyone must go through; that he will be thought a coward if he hesitates; that sooner or later the thing must be done.

Summoning up a desperate fit of courage he rushes headlong at the door, and, as he enters, the sticks of his friends rain in torrents on his head. If quick, courageous, and active, he escapes with some ten or twenty perhaps, but a timid, awkward dolt who hesitates and loses his head is sometimes half-killed. Blind and mad with haste and pain he rushes in and unveils his bride, almost without knowing what he is about. Having sat with her for a few moments and recovered from his beating, he again rises and goes to the door. The friends who, just before, had done their best to massacre him, now salute him with kisses and congratulations. A sufficient time having been devoted to the jokes and quizzes suited to the occasion, he again re-enters, and, for the first time, sups alone with his wife.

Here one would think the customs of the East and West would begin to assimilate, and that a curtain might be dropped on the whole. But not so; the faithful historian has much to relate. A custom prevails in these countries, so barbarous and inhuman, that, had I not again and again been assured of the fact, I should not have ventured to set it down. Here the virgin's dread of the nuptial night is no shrinking fancy, no imaginary terror. It is made a cruel and exaggerated picture of her after life; a little schooling to future slavery. Almost the whole night is spent in a series of capricious commands and revolting cruelties. Two or three sticks are sometimes broken over the victim's back, and her whole body covered with wounds and bruises.

The reason alleged for this is that a little wholesome severity exercised the first night saves the pain of much more afterwards; that the wife is then

taught to fear and obey her husband, and to know the authority of her lord and master. I asked one of the *guardianos* (a Turk) if the fact were true: “*Aywah! lazim haida.*” “Oh, yes, that is quite necessary,” was the brief reply.

The exposing of the tokens of virginity is very public in these countries; the wedding shift is hung up for several days for everyone to see, and the bride herself, after all are satisfied, rolls it up, seals it, and keeps it to the day of her death as a precious memorial.

For four or five months subsequent to her marriage, the wife remains with her husband; at the end of that time she returns for one day to her father's home. That day is called the *Ruddit el ijjer*, or “return of the feet,” and is kept as a great fête by all the family. She then departs, and her life becomes one of unvaried servitude, of which the liberty of the bath and the diversion of crying over the graves on Thursdays, are the only relaxations.

Until the birth of a son she always calls her husband, *ya Seedee*, or “my lord”; but ever afterwards Aban Hassan, Aban Ali; “Hassan's father,” “Ali's father,” according to the name of her child.

While enduring his quarantine George Moore made friends with the Russian Consul and his daughter, Helena, who had expressed a wish to see his sketches.

I went and showed them to her. She was a little girl with a *nez retroussé*, not very pretty, and dressed in the costume of the Greeks of Constantinople. Her eyes were slightly and tastefully stained with collyrium, imparting a soft and volup-

tuous shadow, quite unlike the bold and frightful glare which the common mode of daubing always produces. Found her brother, Dimitri, a roguish, intelligent scamp of eleven or twelve, pronouncing his dictum upon a two-year-old filly which had just been bought. He affected to be a thorough judge of horse flesh, and, as I am told, rides like a very devil.

26th June.—I went to Ramlah to return the Bey's visit. Campanilli told me as I passed the gate that the Russian Consul, himself, and half the town were invited the same day, and were to set out in the evening.

The difference of climate became very perceptible on approaching Ramlah—Paradise and Purgatory contrasted. Immense tracts are quite uncultivated, though the ground is to be had for next to nothing; and the most trifling labour ensures an abundant crop. Large fields of gourds and melons extended along the roadside, and in the middle of each, sheltered from the glare of day beneath a tattered *abbah*, an Arab, with a couple of curs by his side, crouched in the shade, and protected his little territory from the rapine of a passing stranger.

What is ennui? and why does she darken the soul of the voluptuary midst the blaze of the ballroom and the shouts of the banquet, while this poor and houseless and naked slave, stretched from sunrise to sunrise beneath the same tent, whose life awards him no moment of what may be called pleasure—no, not even a change or variety of wretchedness—has never felt the shadow of her gloomy wing? I asked myself this question while looking at the Arab among his melons, and I envied the dead calm, the listless quiet within his bosom.



HELENA



Arrived at Ramlah about one o'clock. The Bey was, however, not at home, having been engaged to take his midday meal at the house of the Cadi of the place. I was immediately conducted thither, and found a large party assembled. They were all civility and *empressement*, and I was obliged to eat a quantity of rice and lamb without appetite, and with my fingers.

We then proceeded to the house of mine host, and, after some general conversation, went out to see the horses. One of them was quite perfection; a superb grey, bought from the Anisee Arabs at an enormous price; and for blood, beauty and form without rival in anything I have yet seen through the whole East. He was taken out and galloped, and when at speed his tail literally turned over his back. Another charger of Jacoob Bey's was also exhibited—a fine bay of great price and blood, as was said, but after Dervish I could fancy nothing. He had been severely bitten in the shoulder by his neighbour in the stable. His master perceived it and ordered the groom a bastinado of five hundred. At my earnest intercession, however, he obtained his pardon.

On our return our host begged to be excused, as he had business to transact, and ordered a band of instruments and singers to amuse me in the interval. They did so effectually for a couple of hours when we rode out to meet the Consul. Three horses in splendid trappings were ordered out for the Bey, myself, and Ibrahim, and we proceeded in great state for half an hour, dismounted and sat upon the grass. The Consul soon after arrived with his little daughter in a Turkish dress, and riding cross-legged

in Oriental style; the Campanillis accompanied them.

We then proceeded to the Greek convent, remained half an hour, and adjourned to the house of the Kaim-Makom, where dinner was laid out, and a number of guests had already arrived. Though the viands heaped upon the table were enough for six times the number, the table was not large enough by one-half to contain them all at a time. Everyone, however, found a place in his turn and the hungry gradually succeeded to the replete—much in the manner of a ballroom supper, except that precedence in the matter was obtained by the rank instead of the avidity of the parties.

However ungracious this distinction would have been considered in England, it here produced no such sensation. The law of precedence seemed to be perfectly understood on all sides, and the will of the Bey was in itself sufficient patent. Knives, forks, and spoons accompanied every cover; the latter were invariably used, and I saw no instance of hands in the *pilaus* or made dishes. The roast lambs were, however, torn limb from limb; and the attempt at knife and fork in Turkish hands was in almost every instance a decided failure.

The only Mussulman who drank wine at once, and without any attempt at hesitation, was Jacob Bey, and he was almost the only one who kept tolerably sober to the last. The Cadi of Jaffa, a great saint and learned in the law, rejected the idea with horror.

A large glass was, however, coaxed into his hands. He held it to the light, and his grim features relaxed into a smile as he gazed into the rosy glitter of the

forbidden beverage. He looked faintly round to see that no very strict Mussulman was looking, and put it to his lips. "Drink boldly, Cadi," said a voice, "it is no harm." "No," said the unshrinking believer, laying his hand upon his beard and looking firmly to heaven, "*Haram, haram kateer*" (it is a sin, a great sin) and drained it to the bottom. The crime of his act was redeemed by the greatness of his faith; and though an erring man he remained an unswerving Mussulman. It was a beautiful illustration of the Calvanistic genius and tendency of Mohammedanism. After his example no one hesitated, and the only difference that existed between Mohammedan and Christian upon the matter was that the former drank twice as much, and ten times more uproariously.

We rose from table, however, without any serious breach of decorum having occurred, and adjourned to pipes and coffee in the adjoining divan. The dancing girls were amusing the ladies in the harem, and though the Bey and Kaim-Makom sent repeatedly to require them, no dancing girls appeared. The ladies sent to say as politely as possible, that they would see us d—d first; that we had plenty of other things to amuse us; that the ballerinas had been expressly reserved for them, and that the ballerinas they were determined to keep.

We had plenty of music, however, and a Persian buffoon—a most disgusting scoundrel, whose sole attempt at humour was something beneath obscenity—but who proved abundantly amusing to the greater part of the party. We did not separate till after midnight. I unfortunately slept just under the harem and the ladies kept me awake for near two

hours longer screaming and singing, like so many devils overhead.

27th June.—The morning was spent in making *kaif* and receiving visits. Nothing but rising and sitting down; carrying the hand to the lip and head; and sipping coffee and sherbet for hours. The music in the meantime kept going like a steam-engine, and the singers roared with a strength and perseverance truly wonderful. The same buffoon that edified the company yesterday was again called in, and was, if possible, still more disgusting than before. I took a walk with Dimitri through the bazaars, paid a visit to the American convent, and returned in time for dinner.

This repast was conducted much in the same style as yesterday, except that the drinking began earlier and continued longer. The Christians, who were either more seasoned or more moderate, kept tolerably sober; but the strict Mussulmans were all abominably drunk. The Cadi, who never swallowed a drop without loudly proclaiming that he had sinned, was supported from the table in a state bordering on stupefaction; and the Mufti of the place, more than half-seas over, staggered after him into the adjoining room.

Thither, a little after, the whole party followed. Pipes, coffee, and sherbet were again called for, and the music set a-going as before. "Within a windowed niche in that high hall" a carpet had been spread for the fallen Cadi and other doctors of the law, who, all abominably intoxicated, and afraid to expose their weakness to the mockery of the divan, huddled close together at the very farthest end, and as far as possible from the gaze of their infidel companions.

Their pale and haggard countenances, scarce visible through the rising smoke of *chibouk* and *narghile* that filled the room—their hands hurrying listlessly over their pillows, and almost unconsciously fidgeting with the beads they held—while their lips stirred with the drunken reiteration of some fantastic prayer—it was a dark and powerful picture worthy of the genius of Rembrandt. Still, there was something wanting. “Sabkah”—the adorable “Sabkah”—the Taglioni of the East was not forthcoming.

I had heard much of this enchanting bayadère, and was most anxious to witness her performance. This “Morning Star” was but just above the horizon; and on her first appearance had excited a sensation in the country unparalleled “in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.” Jaffa—the moral, staid, and quiet Jaffa was quite revolutionised. The fascination of every eye seemed to have lost its charm. Sabkah was but another name for universal admiration, and not a heart in Jaffa but beat to the tinkle of her *phkaishats*. Men that had never agreed before united in the acknowledgment of her unrivalled charms; and the votaries of every creed bowed the knee together at her shrine.

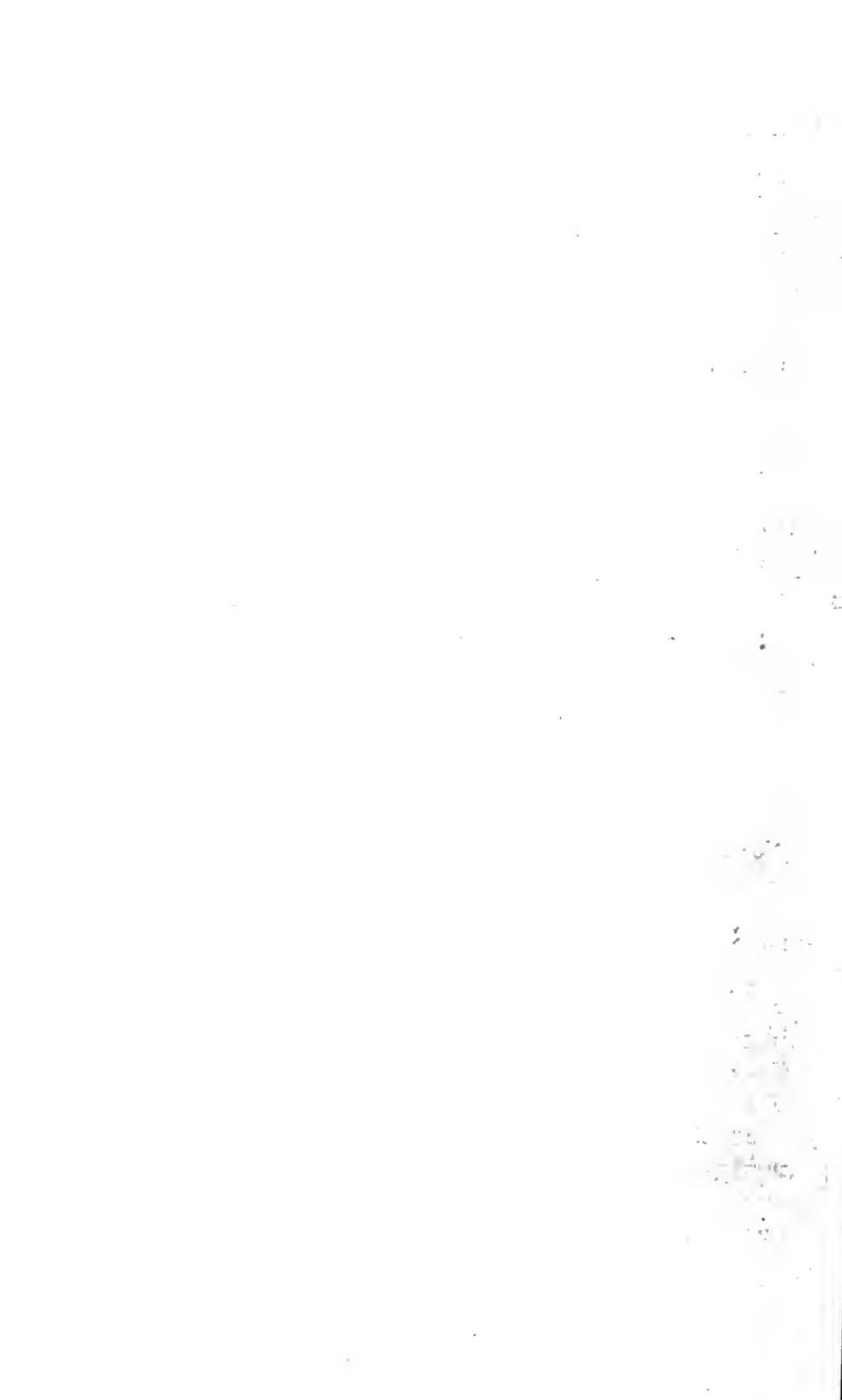
A little time ago the Lieutenant-Colonel of this regiment sent for her to dance before him. For some reason or other she refused to comply, and it ended in the poor danseuse being severely bastinadoed. She has since made a vow to dance no more in the presence of men, and, though repeatedly sent for, both last night and this morning, she persisted in her refusal not to quit the harem. At my earnest request, however, the Bey himself went up to fetch her; and she at last descended, accompanied by the

Signora Helena, daughter of the Russian Consul, who, dressed in a beautiful Turkish costume and sparkling with diamonds, passed like an apparition among the assembled Turks, and seated herself on the divan by my side. In the reception of the lady, and in the acknowledgment of the flattering preference she had shown me, I forgot for a moment the object of my wishes. On raising my eyes at last, how much was I disappointed. Her dark and dingy skin was but half-forgotten in the form like a race-horse that it encircled; her high cheek-bones, her thick lips and heavy chin were not redeemed by the fawn-like gaze of her brilliant eye, or the pearls born of her smile of sunshine. Her voice was fine, though somewhat worn and broken; and, as her dusky arms flashed aloft, as her whole frame quivered with the lascivious expression of unbridled passion, as the desire she counterfeited gradually died away, and she again shook her *phkaishats* on high and turned with the air of a goddess, the room shook with acclamations of applause. For myself, I was grievously disappointed. The grace and enthusiasm of a Persian bayadère overpowers the senses—disarms the judgment—but in this I saw and felt nothing to redeem or palliate its grossness and indecency. By two o'clock the party began to separate; the Mussulmans, drunk as well as sober, washed and said their prayers; and each, whether Turk, Christian or Frank, retired to his siesta.

Dimitri and I took a ride together to the village of Lydda. It is celebrated for the remains of a fine old church, built it is said by the Empress Helena, and is much in the style and architecture of her time.



SABKAH



Beneath the altar lies the head of St George, and within a recess in the said altar, the saint, as the priest avers, comes every night to sleep.

Supper was announced a little after my return. It differed in nothing from that of the previous night. The Mohammedan party were completely *hors de combat*, and would drink no more. We shortly adjourned into the open air; our divans were arranged in a large circle, and a pretty fountain bubbled in the midst.

I had a long conversation with Jacoob Bey. He had been a Georgian slave of the Pasha, had become a great favourite, and had been promoted to the head of a regiment without knowing the difference between a brigade and a battalion; or the "division of a battle more than a spinster." He was, however, active and intelligent, had since studied hard, and, I believe, knows more than most Emir allays in the Pasha's service. He still speaks the language of his country, and our conversation grew loud and warm in praise of Georgian beauty. On separating for the night, I begged him to tell me at what hour I should be called for the review to-morrow. He said he would himself come and awaken me—and added that, were it not for the number of people about who might be scandalised at such a circumstance, he would invite me to sleep in his harem. This was, of course, a mere matter of speech, but, I believe, a form of speech which has seldom been used by a Turk of his rank before.

28th June.—About four o'clock I bade adieu to my kind host. It was with difficulty that I excused myself from his cordial and pressing invitation to remain a few days longer with him. But I was in

anxious expectation of letters from Beirut, and would probably have bored him by staying. We were a large party; the Russian Consul and his family, the Mootselm, the Cadi, and a host of others with their servants and retainers swelled the cavalcade. Jacoob Bey accompanied us for about an hour, when we finally separated; and, about sunset, arrived at Jaffa.

29th June.—Mademoiselle Helena had promised me to sit for her portrait in the Turkish dress I had so much admired. I was employed upon it for a couple of hours this morning, and got a tolerably correct sketch of the costume, but I will say nothing about the likeness. The lady, however, was more than satisfied, and begged for a copy for herself.

30th June.—I finished my sketch into a miniature as well as I could, but Dimitri was with me all the morning, and bored me abominably. I never met such a boy. With the incessant spirits, the vivacity and volatility of a boy, he has all the shrewdness and intelligence, the decorum and the tact, of a perfect man of the world. On the laws, customs, and manners of the Syrians he is a dictionary, and to hear him talk of the interior economy of their domestic life, their character, and vices, with all the minute information and grave matter-of-course manner of a man of thirty—it is perfectly amazing. He is, in truth, a marvellous boy, but quite spoiled. Speaking Italian, Greek, Arabic and Turkish like a native, he is in other respects without any education; and the father may thank the natural direction, the power, and the intelligence of his own wonderful mind, if he does not turn out a thorough blackguard.

7th July.—The English Consul came in the evening with my lost sheep, my missing firman, which, in spite of destiny, has at length arrived.

8th July.—Last night and to-day spent in negotiations with the Governor of Jerusalem, which ended so unsatisfactorily, that, on the next day, I was obliged to communicate the result to Mr Farrer and Colonel Campbell, and through them to appeal to the authority of Sheriff Pasha and the Viceroy.

Got a long lecture from Dimitri to-day on the fits of gloom which darken my mind at times, and which the shrewd scamp had long since remarked. “Why are you always moping in the lazaretto, or wandering alone along the sands? What are you thinking of? What is the matter with you? I should like so much to know.” “No *kaif*; pooh, make *kaif*.” “How is *kaif* made, Dimitri?” “Oh, nothing easier. If I were in your place I would have riding-parties, and supper-parties, and dinner-parties; I would have music, wine, and dancing girls, and, instead of going to die on the shores of the stupid Dead Sea, I would return to England and make merry and make love. But I forgot, you promised to lend me a horse to-day; *andiano andiano e scacciate queste cative pensiere.*”

13th July.—Found Sabkah at the Consul’s according to appointment. Received by the fair Helena in her own room, and we sat together on the window-sill while the ballerina danced before us. The dance was as indecent as usual, with the addition of a malicious personality which Sabkah introduced into every gesture.

I made two sketches of the bayadère; *les voici*.
She is to come to-morrow for a finishing touch.

14th July.—Sabkah not come. Long conversation with Helena; very tender, etc. The danseuse to come to-morrow.

Ces femmes!

CHAPTER V

DUELING

“ LONDON,
“ 13th November, 1837.

“ MY DEAREST MOTHER,—You will be astonished at receiving a letter from me at this address, and the surprise will not altogether be an agreeable one, when you learn that I have failed in an enterprise in which I had hoped to gain some little credit, which I pursued through so much toil, danger and mortification, and on which so much money has been expended. When you learn the particulars, however, I think you will be convinced that the failure can be attributed to no caprice or want of perseverance on my part; that I spared neither health, nor strength, nor toil, in the prosecution, and that I did not finally yield to the earnest entreaties of all my friends while a chance remained of ultimate success. But more of this when we meet. . . .

“ I had written thus far yesterday but did not wish to send it until I had seen Mr Slaughter to inquire after you. I did not find him at home, but from a letter which I received from him last night I learn that my father has been unwell and slightly attacked with a paralytic affection. Though he assures me that he is now quite recovered, and that your last letter speaks confidently on the subject, I cannot

but feel wretched and uneasy until I hear further concerning his health. Mr Slaughter expects a letter to-day or to-morrow, and I shall be guided by that in my movements. Should a satisfactory letter arrive, I shall run down to Cambridge for one day to see dear Augustus. Should the letter be other than reassuring, or should none arrive, I shall start immediately and write to Augustus to explain the pressing necessity of my going through England as fast as possible. I am low and fidgety and miserable about it, and I should indeed be unworthy could I feel otherwise, when the health of one so very, and so deservedly, dear to me is at hazard. Remember me to him in terms of the most devoted affection; I shall be on thorns till I embrace you both.

“ Ever believe me, my beloved mother,

“ Your affectionate child,
“ G. H. MOORE.”

On landing in England at the age of twenty-seven, it might have been hoped that Moore would have embraced a mode of life suitable to his talents. But the example of his father sitting in tranquil complacency in his library, writing volumes that were either little read or not published, may have served to discourage literary ambition.

His brother, Augustus, several years his junior, was still at Cambridge, winning a literary and mathematical reputation that promised to make him famous.¹ But these young men were bent on enjoy-

¹ Sir W. Rowan Hamilton, one of the greatest mathematicians of his time, wrote that Augustus was a young man of “supreme genius” and by his advice he was sent to complete his mathematical education in Germany, “he having nothing more to learn in England.”

ing their youth, and in a very short time they had both thrown aside all thoughts of literary or scientific fame and plunged into the excitement of racing, hunting, and horse training. The blue bird's-eye colours began to appear on sundry courses, and in Leicestershire the brothers were prominent figures. George was far the cooler and better race rider ; but, in the hunting-field, nothing stopped Augustus. His impetuous daring was long remembered by hunting men, and wonderful tales were told of his prowess. He is placed in the first flight of that ever-memorable run described in the *Quarterly Review*, when all the best men of England were pitted against each other, "when the pace was too good to inquire" whether the fallen were drowned or killed. Moore Hall, hitherto the quiet abode of literature, became notable for the training of race-horses and the schooling of hunters. All the squires of the neighbourhood who had horses to dispose of were on the alert, and paid surreptitious visits, when they could hope to escape the watchful eye of the mistress of the house, who had forbidden them to sell horses to her sons, and with whom an interview was greatly dreaded.

Maria Edgeworth, a great friend and constant correspondent of Mr and Mrs Moore, tried to console the father for these sore afflictions :

"The account you give of your sons being so carried out of the course of science and literature by the horse fever, I would deplore, but that I am convinced it will soon come to a crisis with such men, and that it is a disease which they will have but once in their lives. They will be quit for a few hundred pounds thrown away upon jockeys, and I hope,

without broken bones. They will soon find that this is all that can be got in that neck-or-nothing galloping and leaping for fame ; but even that devil-dare kind of riding is not in the lists of what English gentlemen do not do. I wish them well through it and well married, all in good time. But for every age its pleasures, and indulgence for all. It would be a pity that Augustus should not add perseverance to genius, and that he should prefer a race-horse to Pegasus, a bet to a demonstration, or the racing calendar to transcendental mathematics, but every man understands best what makes his own happiness ; I am but a woman, and an old one."

In 1839 duelling was still common in Ireland, though it had ceased to be the glaring abuse of former years. It was hardly to be expected that these violent young men would keep more clear of its excitement than of pounding matches.

A certain Joseph MacDonnell of Doo Castle, commonly called "Big Joe," or in Irish "Joe more," had sold a horse called Selim to George Moore when he was just of age for £100 cash, and a promissory note for £400. This "Joe more" was one of the hardest drinkers of those hard-drinking times. He was a "twenty tumbler man"; all men in Connaught were classed according to the number of tumblers of whisky-punch they could drink at a sitting, and "Joe more" had reached the Olympian number of twenty, the record in those days, possibly of any days. What strange vices have been honoured as virtues in various ages and places!

Well, Joe was generally short of money, and wanting the ready very badly, had some years before

offered to sell his £400 promissory note for £200 cash. Hearing of this debt and the offer, Mrs Moore bought it and got the note back. But MacDonnell, being again hard up, now claimed the balance from George Moore, who naturally refused to pay. Some correspondence ensued, which became hotter as it proceeded, so that we find the following :

“ MOORE HALL,
“ 13th February, 1839.

“ SIR,—There are some passages in your letter, received this morning, which appear to me to require the interference of a third person. I have written to a friend, unfortunately now in Dublin, to that effect. He will receive my letter on Friday morning, and, allowing for all possible delays and casualties, he will be down here on Sunday or Monday. On Tuesday, therefore, or Wednesday at latest, he will do himself the honour of calling upon you when you will receive an answer, through him, which I trust you will deem sufficiently explicit.

“ I have the honour to be, sir,

“ Your obedient servant,
“ G. H. MOORE.”

“ To

“ J. MACDONNELL, Esq.,
“ Doo CASTLE.”

But Joe was not inclined for fight, and when Mr Charles Kirwan, of Dalgin Park, called on him, his friend, the O'Gorman Mahon, found various excuses and pretexts for avoidance. Sharp de-

mands for a meeting produced only interminable explanations, so that finally Mr Kirwan writes to O'Gorman Mahon:

“ TURLOUGH PARK,
“ 23rd March, 1839.

“ SIR,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of yesterday's date to which my reply will be brief.

“ I shall not discuss the question whether Mr Moore has been well or ill-counselled in his line of conduct, for which I, alone, am responsible; but I have to inform you that I now withdraw Mr Moore, nor shall I permit him to have anything further to do with the affair.

“ It now only remains for me to convey his opinion of Mr MacDonnell's conduct, which is: ‘ that he did most unnecessarily and wantonly insult him; that Mr Moore went to the greatest possible length, without submitting to actual extortion, to obtain the redress one gentleman has the right to demand from another; and that as it appears Mr MacDonnell refuses to give this satisfaction, Mr Moore unequivocally pronounces him a liar, a swindler, and a coward.’

“ I have the honour to be, sir,

“ Your obedient servant,
“ C. L. KIRWAN.”

“ To

“ O'GORMAN MAHON.”

Having failed to get a shot at MacDonnell, Moore challenged O'Gorman Mahon for some remarks in his last letter.

“ CASTLEBAR,
“ 24th March, 1839.

“ SIR,—Mr Kirwan has just handed me the papers which have passed between you and him. In the last of these, though acting as a friend, and not as a principal, you have volunteered most uncalled-for reflections upon my conduct and character; I have, therefore, entrusted to my friend, Mr Browne, the charge of obtaining for me such reparation as I have an undoubted right to demand.

“ I have the honour to be, sir,

“ Your obedient servant,
“ G. H. MOORE.”

“ To
“ O'GORMAN MAHON.”

Failing here also, he writes:

“ CASTLEBAR,
“ 25th March, 1839.

“ SIR,—My friend, Mr Browne, having communicated to me your answer to my demands for satisfaction for the savage and unprovoked attack upon me contained in your last dispatch as the friend of Mr MacDonnell, I must take the liberty of informing you of my opinion of your conduct, and whether you receive it with ‘pitiful and chilling silence’ or in any other manner, is perfectly the same to me.

“ Having made your appearance in this country as a swindler's bravo, you have pleaded his cause all through with the paltry and quibbling ingenuity of a hired and briefed advocate. You have stepped

out of your way to insult a gentleman who never offended you, and, on being called on for that reparation to which I was so clearly entitled, you have not only refused an immediate apology, but have taken shelter from my appeal for satisfaction on your own judgment beneath a plea of your own raising, a plea which makes the attack under whose cover it was committed all the more disgraceful.

"From behind that shield you have shot your paltry arrows; behind that shield you have taken shelter, and behind that shield you shrink more disgraced and degraded than if it were in my power to drag you from it. If, instead of bearing the character, which thank God I have ever borne, and which even you, until actuated by the insane rage of a baffled schemer, were obliged to acknowledge I always held; even if I were in your own words reduced to the unhappy position which would preclude the possibility of any communication from me being sustained for an instant, then would you be placed in the position of the most contemptible of all cowards, the coward who volunteers to insult an unoffending man under the conviction that he can do so with impunity. You insulted me because you conceived me unable to avenge it, you denied me reparation because you thought I was unable to enforce it. From your opinions and the opinions of such as you, I appeal to those of all who know me, and all by whom I am known. From yourself I turn with contempt not unmixed with 'pity,' for I do you the justice to believe that nothing would have placed you in the infamous position in which you now stand, but the disgraceful cause with which you have connected yourself. Shuffle, bully as you

have done, as you may and will, there is not one out of the many who may read these lines, who will feel more deeply and bitterly than yourself the ungenerous and ungentleman-like character of your conduct. There is not one mind in which you will stand more disgraced and degraded than in your own.

“ G. H. MOORE.”

The O’Gorman Mahon led an adventurous career; he belonged to O’Connell’s Irish Party in Parliament soon after these letters were written, and, after a time, he went to Chile and Peru, where he gained some reputation in the fighting that went on in those countries. He was a noted duellist and a remarkable man, though not possessed of much ability. Two generations later, when his existence had been forgotten, he returned to Ireland and sat in Parliament as one of the party led by Mr Parnell. He was then the oldest member of the House of Commons, and could be easily picked out by his long white beard.

It is only fair to say that it was not, in all probability, cowardice that prevented O’Gorman Mahon from fighting; but he had involved himself in such a network of pretexts and excuses for MacDonnell that he found it difficult to adopt a different line himself.

Meanwhile MacDonnell was challenged by Augustus Moore for insulting his father, but with no more satisfactory result than, as Augustus wrote, “a lecture upon that part of the science of duelling which *precedes* the actual meeting, and in which I fully admit that you are all proficient.”

These two fiery young men were as anxious to

fight as young Esmond, and found it more difficult than was usually the case in Ireland at that time. The whole correspondence of some fifty letters in seventeen columns, from which the above have been extracted, was published in the local papers, *The Telegraph* and *Mayo Constitution*.

" 24th May, 1839.

" MY DEAREST MOTHER,—Your paper shall be with you to-morrow. You must send me £15 for Charles Kirwan for the pistols, of which my unlucky star has prevented me from trying the merits. Dublin I find considerably duller than Mayo; it is an odious place. I do assure you that I am at least as anxious to return to Moore Hall as you could be to see me there. I shall not be able to go for a couple of days, but I hope, indeed I feel certain, that by the end of this week I shall be quite restored and fit for country practice. I am going to act at Lady Burgoyne's private theatricals on Friday, so you see my illness is not so very severe.

" I have not yet received a line from Augustus, but I live in hope. God bless you, my dearest mother.

" G. H. MOORE."

His mother was still bent on marrying him to a girl of her own choice, and any rumour of unauthorised flirtation drove her to distraction. She attempted to dominate him, so that he even threatened to go again to the East. But these quarrels were succeeded by a renewal of love, as is always the case when there is a deep and sincere

underlying affection. “*On pardonne tant qu'on aime.*”

“**M**Y DEAREST MOTHER,—Augustus will accompany me to Mayo. I propose taking the coach on Tuesday or Wednesday at all events. Good-bye, my darling mother, and believe me that I feel deeply grieved at ever having any disputes or differences with one I love and venerate as I do you; and I feel it all the more now that it is over and the feelings of anger and pride, and I am afraid not a little of temper, which partly caused them, have passed from my heart.

“Give my most affectionate love to my father.
“Ever your affectionate child.”

CHAPTER VI

HUNTING AND RACING

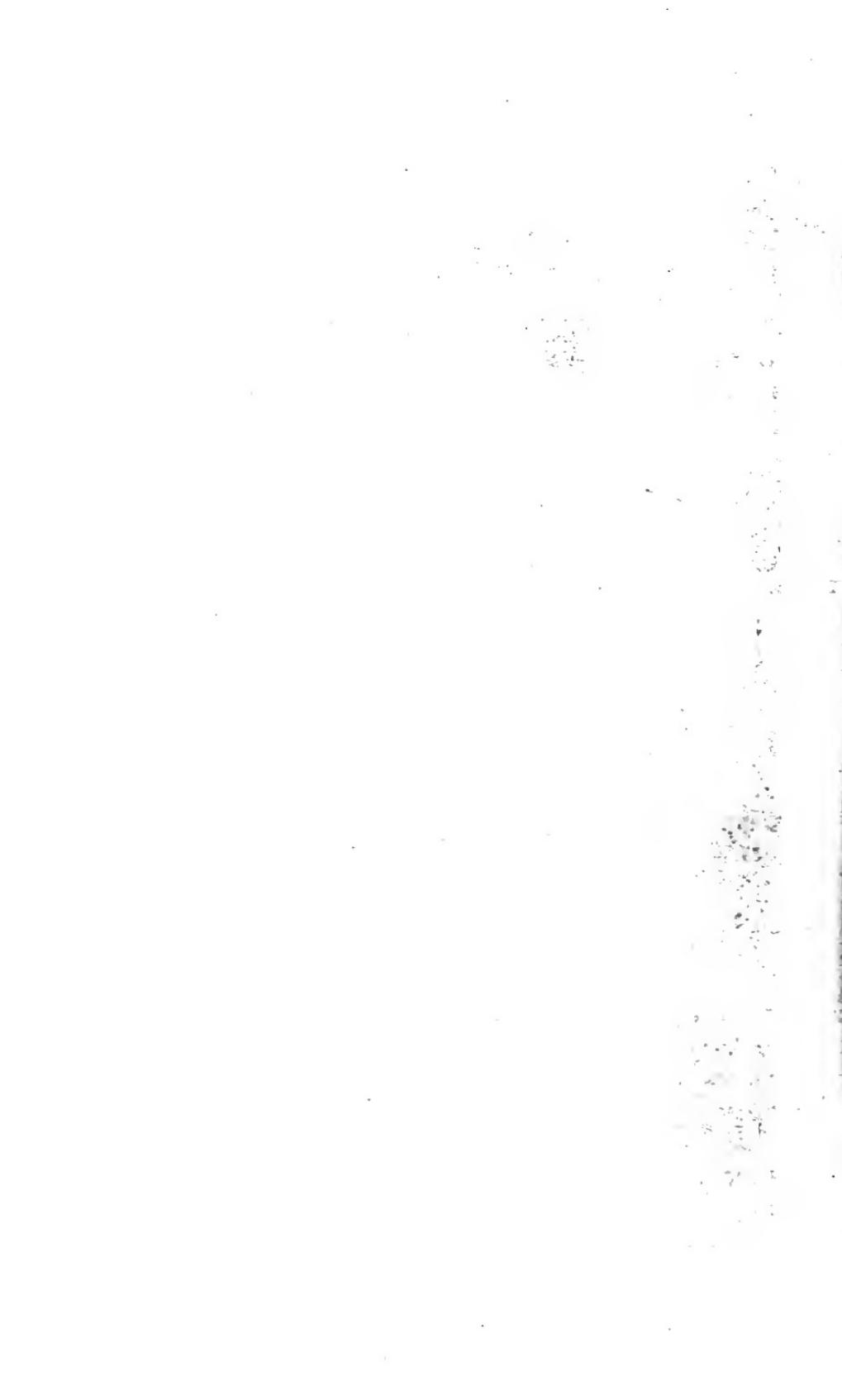
IN 1840 George Moore, the elder, died. For many years he had lived almost entirely in his library, devoted to study and to writing. He belonged to the old school of philosophical historians, of which Burke, Mackintosh, and Gibbon were such brilliant examples. He was a man of broad views and amiable character, and his works are so excellent and so instructive that it is difficult to account for his complete failure to secure some measure of fame; but few historians are remembered. His history of the French Revolution is full of information and thought. The prelude is highly interesting, being an account of the principal popular risings and revolutions of the world, and the invariable final failure. However, he seems to have just missed genius; if that is to be judged by success; but my brother tells me that he is going to publish some parts of his grandfather's works, and the curious will then have an opportunity to reconsider the verdict of the early nineteenth century.

In 1841 George Moore and his brother, Augustus, had given up all else and devoted themselves heart and soul to racing and riding. Their favourite hunting-grounds were in Tipperary with Lord Waterford, in Galway with Mr St George of Tyrone House, and at Melton. The Hon. F. Lawley, in



GEORGE MOORE, HISTORIAN

DIED 1840



one of his reminiscences, speaking of the first flight men in Galway when Lord Clanmorris owned Jerry (winner of the Grand National) and Lancet, which he considered to be a better horse, says:

" Mr George Henry Moore, M.P., commonly called ' Dog Moore,' after his celebrated race-horse, Wolfdog, was noted for his well-trained stud of hunters and for the reckless courage with which he rode them across Galway."

In those days hounds were not bred to race as they now are, and hunted more methodically; the huntsmen left them for the most part to fight their own battle, somewhat after the manner of the harriers of these times. For men really fond of hounds rather than horses, and fond of watching the wonderful instinct and perseverance with which they work, it was a far keener pleasure than the constant lifting and trying forward, necessitated by the ignorant and unruly crowds that now try the patience and the tempers of the masters. But the young Bloods were not content to ride home quietly after these steady-going hunts. " That mad Irishman, Val Maher, would suddenly throw up his hand and clapping spurs to his horse shout, Whose for Melton? " Then Lords Gardner and Wilton, George and Augustus Moore and many others would follow him in a lark across country; the most uncompromising line was chosen, and if the leader lagged or failed he was not long without a successor.

In Galway a somewhat more methodical plan was adopted; the " schooling party " went from place to place seeking for awkward spots; the more reckless searched eagerly for some place to " pound "

his friends. A correspondent of the *Irish Sportsman*, writing more than half a century later, describes one of these "schools":

"The wall stood at least six feet six inches in height, for I myself saw Robert Dillon Browne, who stood six feet two, measure himself against it, and the sod topped his head by at least four inches. Lord Clanmorris¹ on Distiller; Mr Parsons Persse² on Salmon; Peter Tranick on Thresher; George Henry Moore on Lion; Christopher St George³ on Treasurer; John Denis⁴ on Pluto; and Martin Blake on Brunette cleared it in a manner which I do not believe could have been matched in any other hunting country in the United Kingdom. But the most dangerous leap of the day was taken by George Moore and Martin Blake. It was an iron-spiked gate nearly six feet high, and the slightest touch would have lamed a horse for ever. Had Punchestown flourished then with Jerry and Lancet in their prime and George Moore or Lord Clanricarde in the saddle both Plate and Cup would have gone to the west of Ireland."

It was no easy matter to excel in Galway in those

¹ Lord Clanmorris, father of the present Lord Clanmorris, late M.F.H., Galway.

² Parsons Persse, father of Burton Persse, late M.F.H., Galway.

³ Christopher St George, M.F.H. of Tyrone House, was owner of the grey Chanticleer, that great, but bad-tempered race-horse, who won the Goodwood Stakes with 9 st. 2 lb. on his back. He was so vicious that he used to roar like a bull, and on one occasion the groom had to be pulled out of his stable through the window. Someone said, "When Chanticleer is on Newmarket Heath I like to be off it." When Mr St George sold him for £2000 Mr Joseph Osborne said indignantly, "You had better have sold Tyrone House than the best horse you will ever own."

⁴ John Denis, late M.F.H., Galway; called "Black Jack."

days; "Black Jack Denis," Master of the Galway Blazers, once rode his fine horse, Clinker, over the steeplechase course at Rahasane, including ten stone walls and twenty-five other fences, without saddle or bridle, whip or spur, and accomplished the feat without bark or fall.

That these men were not ordinary men became manifest when they went among strangers. Lord Wilton, who was regarded by Dick Christian as the finest rider that ever hunted at Melton, and the Hon. F. Lawley both testify that Lord Clanricarde was the best man to hounds they ever saw. "It was his custom to hunt in Yorkshire after his daughter's marriage to Lord Harewood. How shall I describe the appearance, seat, and style of the grandest horseman that my eyes ever rested upon? In person Lord Clanricarde was the thinnest and sparest of men, and his head resembled that of a corpse. He rode very long, leaning back in his saddle, and never looking to the right or left. In him every faculty of mind and body seemed absorbed in the task of getting across country when hounds were running their best, and I never saw any man put such tremendous energy into his riding as he did. He was not in the least jealous of his rivals, some of whom (the late Tom Fairfax in particular) would have sacrificed anything to beat him. Such, however, was his superiority, and so easily was it maintained, that, without demur or remonstrance, he was hailed as *facile princeps* of that hard-riding Yorkshire field. There are some hard riders whose performance in the saddle suggests that they are hustling their horses too much, are indeed in too great a hurry, and that a bad fall will before long be

their inevitable fate. Not so, however, with Lord Clanricarde, for so easy was his style and so matchless his hands that he filled you with confidence and admiration, as you watched him jump and gallop. To the eye he never seemed to be out of a canter; it was only when you tried to stick to him that you found how fast he was going.”¹

About the Marquis of Waterford, of that time, endless are the stories current in Ireland. There was no sort of buffoonery or practical joke that he did not perform; anything that would cause a laugh or excitement he was ready for. It is related how, on one occasion, he took all the ladies of a party into the middle of a lake, and then suddenly throwing the oars into the water he jumped overboard and swarm on shore, telling his indignant guests, that whoever loved his wife best had better swim out and bring her in. On another occasion when he found a train very full of finely dressed ladies and gentlemen he paid first-class fares for a party of sweeps and sent them into the carriages with their brushes. But though eccentric, he was the best sportsman even in that sporting time. He loved to lay out a steeplechase course over the most difficult line of country he could find, and he used to endow the races heavily enough to attract the best horses in Ireland and England. He was a fine rider with beautiful hands, but he was too fond of making the running, and his horse was often dead beat when the struggle came at the finish.²

It is needless to say that horses that carried these

¹ Hon. F. Lawley.

² He was killed riding home from hunting, his horse falling at a little ditch about four feet broad; a mere chance mistake.

daring riders were not taught to jump in this wonderful manner without infinite labour, trouble, and perseverance. Long and careful lunging with ropes was succeeded by constant practice and regular schooling. Every morning the horses were taken out and ridden over every sort of obstacle. Knocks and marks they got in plenty over the stone walls; so that in Mayo blemished knees came to be named the "Moore Hall marks."

At this time there was at Moore Hall an animal called Faugh-a-ballagh, so named because he had been bought out of a trap from an officer in the 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers (the Faugh-a-ballaghs). A more wretched-looking thing could not be seen; not more than fifteen hands high, ragged and worn out; he was incurably thin, with big knees, and seemed to be completely broken down. He could not gallop and trotted with difficulty. He had only one quality: he could jump a stone wall six feet high with the greatest ease; but hunting men, seeing him for the first time, would readily make any wager against it. It was a constant delight of the Moores to make such a bet, and, amid the jeers of the company, have him led down to a stone and mortar wall six feet high. He staggered as he was mounted, and seemed hardly able to hobble across the field, but, nearing the obstacle, he cocked his ears, gathered himself together, and hopped over it comfortably. It seemed a conjurer's trick or a miracle, so impossible did the performance appear. It was his one trick, but he never made a mistake or failed.

Sixty years ago "pounding matches" were favourite amusements in the west of Ireland. It might be at some dinner before races or a fair, when

the punch was smoking, spirits waxing high, and the merits of horses were being discussed, some fortunate owner of a great jumper would challenge a rival sportsman to this test. On the appointed day, accompanied by their friends, their grooms, and by half the countryside, they would ride to some very difficult piece of country, and then each in turn had the choice of a fence, over which the other must follow or admit defeat. Large sums were often ventured on these ordeals, and in the effort to "pound" an opponent the most dreadful obstacles were attempted.

The records of some of these matches lived long in the memory of the peasants who delighted in dangerous games. They used often to speak of one between Augustus Moore on Faugh-a-ballagh and Lord Clanmorris on a fine hunter whose name is forgotten. They met at Ballyglass, half-way between the two houses, and in the midst of a fine hunting country. There was a crowd to see the sport, but the first fences were of inconsiderable size and easily negotiated. Gradually the competition grew keener, and each man, as his turn came to lead, began to select a fence more with regard to its danger to his opponent than to his own safety. Several very high walls and narrow banks proved ineffectual obstacles, and Augustus's wretched little nag, so much despised in the beginning, became the popular favourite by the extraordinary cat-like cleverness with which he crossed every fence.

Nearly two hours had passed and yet the competitors were quite equal, but nearing Newbrook, the residence of Lord Clanmorris, they came on a wall about six feet high with an uphill approach,

and, moreover, the ground was so broken in front that no horse could jump it. It was Augustus's turn to lead, and he went along searching for a possible crossing. In the corner was a large rock half the height of the wall and at this he rode; to the amazement of all, the little horse changed his feet on the rock, using it as a sort of stepping-stone, and landed safe on the other side. There was nothing more to be done; Lord Clanmorris's big far-striding hunter would not even look at the rock, and if he had tried he would probably have been killed.

As we have seen, Augustus was rash and headstrong; of a fiery disposition, he could brook no opposition. It was long related in Mayo that when on one occasion at a hunt his horse refused to face a stone wall of unusual size, he jumped off in a fit of passion, bound his handkerchief over the animal's eyes and tried to force him through, if not over, the wall. If his groom displeased him he would give him a blow, and then, repenting, give a sovereign to make up for it.

George was more calculating and much more skilful; he had finer hands and not less determination and courage. Captain Peel, a relic of those times, often said that on account of the shape of his head he found it difficult to keep a hat on, and he could often be seen in a fast run sailing along in front with a white handkerchief fastened round his head. He was soon known as one of the best steeplechase riders in Ireland, and, in after years, old men loved to relate of the heroic times of the Irish turf: when John Denis, Master of the Galway Hounds, Allan MacDonough,¹ "Wolfdog" Moore,

¹ Allan MacDonough rode steeplechases for fifty years.

Lord Clanricarde, Lord Howth, Lord Waterford, and Val Maher contended against each other in all the great steeplechases in Ireland, and, crossing the Channel, showed the Englishmen that they had still something to learn.

“Wolfdog” Moore, as he was called, was the first to introduce fast riding at big fences, and, though the results were sometimes disastrous to man and horse, the men who steadied their horses at every fence were soon left behind. Those were the days of two-mile heats; the best of three to be winner of the race. What would the flashy horses of the present day be worth after such an ordeal?

Anonymous was the best steeplechase horse he ever had. I take the following description of him from an account of celebrated chasers in *The Field* of 1886, more than forty years after his tragic death, and sixteen after the no less tragic death of his owner.

“Anonymous, a bay horse by Philip I., was a shelly-looking customer, and yet he was Philip’s best son across country. He was the property of George Henry Moore of Moore Hall, County Mayo, one of the best sportsmen and finest horsemen of his day, whose blue bird’s-eye jacket became familiar to most race-goers. In the early forties Mr Moore shared with Val Maher and Lord Waterford the honour of upholding Irish horsemanship at Melton, and they did uphold it whether they donned silk or scarlet. Anonymous won the first steeple-chase he ever started for, over the Laraghbrian course near Maynooth on 12th April, 1841, and

that was followed up by another winning record at Tuam, where he won over the walls in a field of ten, and with his truly sporting owner as pilot. His only other outing that year was also a successful one, when he won a match against Economy over the Breaghwy course at Castlebar. At Ballinrobe he was one of three that enabled his owner to sweep the board, and two days later the same thing happened at Tuam. He was one of the first chasers Mr Moore ever owned, and he was also his best; but several great flat-race horses carried the blue bird's-eye—Wolfdog, Erin-go-bragh, Coranna and Croaghpatrick among others."

BALLINROBE. *2nd August.*

			Heat	
			1st	2nd
Mr Moore's O! Don't, by Birdcatcher, 3 years	.	.	(Owner)	1 1
Mr Kelly's Flight	.	.	.	2 2
Mr Lloyd's Lightning	.	.	.	3 3

SECOND RACE

Mr Moore's Magic	.	.	(Owner)	1 1
Lord de Freyne's Magic	.	.	.	2 dr.
Mr MacDonnell's Harry Lorrequer	.	.		distanced

THIRD RACE

(Three heats, 2 miles over three $4\frac{1}{2}$ ft.
walls in each heat).

Mr Moore's Anonymous	.	.	(Owner)	1 1
Lord de Freyne's Clansman	.	"		2 2
Mr Blake's The Don	.	"		3 3

At Tuam, two days after, the three racees again fell to the same three horses.

But it was to the New Melton Stakes at Cahir, 1842, that he always looked back with the greatest pleasure.

Under the special supervision of the Marquis of Waterford the course had been laid out, and all the best sportsmen of the day were gathered together. Lord Clanricarde, Lord Waterford, Lord Clonmel, Lord Howth, Val Maher, Mr Preston, owner of Brunette, Mr Colgan, Mr Power, George Henry Moore, Augustus Moore, and a number of others. One hundred and twenty sat down to dinner the night before. Such a gathering had not been seen before.

The course lay over the fine lands of Ronscar, the property of the Marquis of Waterford, the fields being all grass, with the exception of one at starting, and another about the middle of the line, which was a mile and a half out, returning over the same course to complete the three miles. There were thirty-two fences; the first two were simple, the third awkward in the extreme, being a high bank with falling ground on both sides; the fourth was the same kind and led into the field where the long row of carriages was stationed. The next was the ugliest of all, a high bank, awkward to come at, and looking even worse from the top, when horse and rider surveyed the depth to which they had to descend; this led to a field with a four and a half feet strong wall, in fact as solid as a rock; then a high bank topped with furze.

Such was the course, the like of which does not exist nowadays.

Three to one was laid against Lord Waterford's Blueskin, four to one against Regulator, five to one Anonymous and the Fawn. Blueskin was a wonderful horse; he had won over all sorts of courses, but at Eglinton Park he surpassed any performance

that has ever been accomplished. Ridden by his owner he won three successive steeplechases, meeting fresh horses each time. In the first race he carried 13 st. 7 lb. over four miles, and, after a fine struggle, beat four others, including that good stayer, Knobstick. Then he carried 12 stone, again over four miles and beat seven others winning by a head. For the third time he came out in a two-mile handicap in which he was awarded 12 st. 12 lbs. top weight. In this race he disposed of six good horses and won by two lengths. He thus swept the board and covered ten miles of country and crossed seventy fences in twenty-eight minutes. Regulator, Clinker, and the Fawn and Blueskin were the best Irish chasers of their day, so this race promised to be a desperate struggle.

All got away nicely, but Anonymous, Blueskin (Byrne), and the Fawn (Charlie Lockwood) took the lead. Bannalath having a bad leg was pulled up after the first few fences, the rider not wishing to be waked in Tipperary. Lambkin breasted the big bank and threw his rider into the next field, causing him to perform some curious evolutions on the way. Regulator bungled at the fence opposite the carriages, but Mr Colgan managed to keep him on his feet. Blueskin and Anonymous still led, but racing together at the next fence the former rolled over his rider, who lay motionless after all had passed on. Six now only remained, and these closing up went almost in a line over the big wall. Then they faced the hill, but still Anonymous continued to force the pace, and, leading over the next five fences, got first to the turning flag. The race was only half-run, but

the severity of the pace had begun to tell; the Fawn closed with Anonymous, but could keep with him for only one fence, and then began to get into difficulties. Manilla was the next to tackle him and they crossed the oblique fence together, but he faltered on landing, and was soon in the ruck again. Regulator and Clinker kept steadily on, and now, as the horses neared home, the real struggle for supremacy began. This is the moment that tests the true steel of the horse, and the head and nerve of the rider; the moment when the drop of soft blood shows itself, and when the inexperienced amateur, beginning to waver in his saddle, takes up the whip and strikes wildly. Regulator and Anonymous arrived at the stone wall together, and both sought for the soft spot. A collision seemed imminent, but Moore prudently gave way on Anonymous, and Regulator landed first. Manilla, tired and unable to rise, rolled over with a broken neck to rise no more; Clinker still struggled on in the hope that some more accidents might befall, but Anonymous going away from Regulator won easily by three lengths.

Mr George Moore's b. g.	Anonymous,	by	
Philip I.	.	.	(Owner) 1
Mr. Hick's Regulator	.	.	(Mr Colgan) 2
Mr Morris' Clinker	.	.	(Mr Fitzgerald) 3
Mr Power's The Fawn	.	.	(Mr Lockwood) 4
Lord Waterford's Blueskin	.	.	(Byrne) 0
Mr Kellett's Starling	.	.	(Owner) 0
Mr O'Moore's Bannalath	.	.	(Moloney) 0
Mr Montgomery's Lambkin	.	.	(Canavan) 0
Lord Waterford's Manilla	.	.	(Doolan) 0



ANONYMOUS
NEW MELTON STAKES, CAHIR, 1841



Rarely has such a field of horses met over such a course. The brothers won a thousand pounds in bets besides the stakes.

Anonymous, whose picture is given here, ran only one more race. He was matched against Lord Clanricarde's Duvernay, but, owing to the sudden death of Lady Howth, this was postponed. He was handicapped to carry 11 st. 12 lb. in the Liverpool Grand National, but owing to a hurt he could not start. At Worcester, however, in March, 1843, carrying 11 st. 12 lb., he met the English cracks, including Peter Simple, the winner at Hereford, and twice winner of the Grand National. Moore had broken his collar-bone riding Tinder Box in the Grand National, so the mount was given to Jim Mason. Dragsman made the pace terribly hot and half-way round Cara, Forty-Two, and Anonymous came together at a fence. Anonymous took off too soon, and fell with his hind legs on the bank; the rider's weight thrown at that terrible pace at right angles to the spine dislocated it.¹

A month later Moore rode The Don at the Ormond and King's County Races. The horse while going well breasted a large bank faced with stones, and fell heavily back into the ditch, killing himself on the spot. Moore was not hurt, but he was so distressed at the death of his two favourites that he wrote to his mother:

¹ This was said to be the fastest steeplechase ever run; four miles and thirty fences in nine and three-quarter minutes. (See Bell's "Life," 19th March, 1843.) Dragsman, the winner, carried 11 st. 5 lb. Alice Hawthorn, the best mare of her year, carried only 6 stone in the Chester Cup, and took three minutes fifty-six seconds to cover less than two and a quarter miles.

"2nd April, 1843.

" You have by this time heard of The Don's death. I will never run a steeplechase again, of that be assured, 'hold or cut bowstrings.' Augustus who did his business is here and well. I start to-morrow for Chester and will give you an account of Bangor's running. I have not, however, the slightest hope."

In the Grand National of that year he rode Tinder Box for Mr Hunt, but the horse breasted the stone wall and rolled over his rider, breaking his collar-bone. It was noticed as a curious coincidence that the stone wall,¹ which had been abolished since 1840 on account of the number of jockeys who had been seriously injured that year, was restored in order to favour the Irish visitors, and that the only two who had fallen at it were Irishmen.

" It is a matter of sincere regret that any person should have been injured, and particularly that it should be Mr Moore whose kindness and courtesy we have many times experienced; but we hope that out of the evil may arise the good of showing, even to Irish gentlemen, the folly and absurdity of setting a stone wall before a body of highly trained and perhaps hard-pulling or inexperienced horses, confined within a narrow space, and making it, therefore, almost a certainty that the fall of one must involve the fall of many others."²

Though George Henry Moore adhered for many

¹ It was four feet solid with a sod on top.

² "Bell's Life."

years to his resolution to run no more of his horses over steeplechase courses, he continued to ride both on the flat and over a country. He had more consideration for his horses than for himself. In October of the same year we find him in the saddle again for the New Melton Stakes at Cahir, in which Anonymous had been so successful the previous year. He rode Milo for Lord Waterford. This Milo, a son of Langar, was a regular giant, being seventeen hands two inches, yet he showed a lot of quality and had the finest loins and quarters ever seen. He is said to have been so huge that he could take any ordinary fence in his stride. He was bred by a baker in Celbridge and changed hands several times at very poor prices, varying from a tenner to a pony. In the Kilrue Cup he was just beaten by a head by that great mare, Brunette, and beat Peter Simple, the great English crack, by the same distance.

Blueskin led up the hill at a great pace, the Fawn and Milo following; but the latter, who had been jumping very wildly, did not rise at all at the bank where Rust had broken his leg in 1841. He breasted it and fell heavily back on his rider, crushing him terribly. Moore was carried off the field insensible, and taken to a friend's house in the neighbourhood. The doctors examined him and decided that he was dead, and the question as to his burial and how his mother was to be informed was discussed in the room. He often described afterwards how he listened to the whole conversation, hearing and understanding every word distinctly, but yet unable to move or make a sign. Though he understood, he felt no horror at the situation; it did not seem to him to matter one way or the other; consciousness

only remained; there was not enough vital energy to be afraid.

There he lay for weeks hesitating between life and death. Lord Waterford sat beside him day and night, and nursed him as if he had been his brother. His grand constitution and temperate habits enabled him to recover, and he was riding again at the Curragh in April.

On the flat his fine judgment and knowledge of pace made him the best gentleman-rider of his day. The Corinthian Stakes¹ at the Curragh were almost a monopoly for him.

CORINTHIAN STAKES, CURRAGH, 1842.

	Heats
19th April—	
Mr St George's Magic (Mr G. Moore)	2 1 1
14th June—	
Mr G. Moore's O ! Don't . (Owner)	1 1 -
9th September—Won by Lord Howth	
19th October—	
Mr G. Moore's Firefly . (Owner)	1 1 -
21st October—	
Lord Waterford's Firefly (Mr G. Moore)	3 1 1

So that he rode four out of five winners of these races. Mr Kent and Lord Howth were his nearest competitors.

He continued his winning career during the following years at Howth, the Curragh, and in England, and in September, 1845, there was a fine race for the Corinthian Stakes; each heat was won only by a head, the same distance separating second and third.

¹ Corinthian races which were very common at that time were flat races for gentlemen riders, generally run in heats.

Lord Waterford's Arcanus	(Mr G. Moore)	1	1
Lord Waterford's Smike	. . . (Owner)	0	2
Mr Whaley's Lad of the Vale	(Mr Kennedy)	2	0
Count Battyany's Paragon	. . . (Owner)	0	3
Lord Howth's Switcher	. . . (Owner)	0	0
Mr Nunn's Woodranger	. . . (Owner)	3	0

The veteran, Mr John Kent, trainer for Lord George Bentinck, and joint author with Hon. F. Lawley of his life, wrote from Feltham.

“ BOGNOR,
“ SUSSEX,
“ 9th Jan., 1896.

“ Of course I knew Mr G. H. Moore, but not intimately. I well remember Lord George Bentinck putting him up to ride African in the challenge for the March Stakes at Goodwood in 1846, which African won carrying 12 stone, and beating a mare which also belonged to Lord George, called Coal Black Rose, whom his Lordship and the Goodwood stable backed heavily. It was a tremendous race and Mr Moore won by half a length. Coal Black Rose ridden by Captain Pettat was close up but not placed. In the same race Squire Osbaldeston, Mr Hope Johnston, Colonel Percy William, and Mr Rolt rode also. African, ridden by Mr Moore, had won the March Stakes giving Coal Black Rose 4 lb. and winning by half a length. But in the challenge African had to give Coal Black Rose 10 lb., which we thought he could not do, and, therefore, backed her, and lost our money. Mr Moore and the Marquis of Waterford were great friends. Wolfdog was trained by Henry Boyce. I remember that after Surplice won the Derby Mr Moore offered 3000 guineas for him, which was refused.”

In 1843 George Moore was elected Steward of the Turf Club in succession to the Marquis of Sligo, retired. In 1843 and 1845 he won the Irish Gold Whip and in 1846 the English Whip. He is the only Irishman who ever held the English Whip.

He wrote to his mother:

"I regret to tell you that Bangor broke down at Chester and that O! Don't was third only for the Wellington's. This shall definitely be my last racing season. My arm is getting on famously. I have only this instant arrived from the packet and shall be only just in time for the races at the Curragh."

Such are the ups and downs of racing, and such the wavering resolutions of losers. And now domestic tragedies and national disasters changed the course of this reckless life. They began among friends.

"CASTLE McGARRETT.

"**M**Y DEAREST MOTHER,—I need not tell you what poor Geoff's¹ grief for an only brother is. Do not come here; he would not wish it even, but he begs me to say how much obliged he is to you for the wish, and how much he feels your kindness. Miss Browne arrived here yesterday; she is, of course, dreadfully broken down by the dreadful event, but bears up against it much better than we could have hoped. Poor Geoff, though he occasionally gives way to bursts of grief, is now generally quite composed and quiet. I believe the funeral will be on

¹ Afterwards Lord Oranmore.

Tuesday or Wednesday but they wish no one to be there, nor is it fixed when it will be. It will depend upon Lord and Lady Oranmore. I am glad you did not come here for a thousand reasons. Send me my letters and tell me if you have heard from Augustus."

Then a greater tragedy came to pass.

In 1845 the Grand National was nearly put off on account of frost, and at Hooton Park the course was very hard to ride over, on account of both frost and sun.

Augustus Moore on Mickey Free *as usual* made the running at a severe pace to the first lane, and came down the hill to the brook at railway speed, the rider seeming to think "moore" of the end than the means of getting over this formidable place; the consequence was that the poor animal fell on the opposite bank and snapped his back.

At this time George Moore was at Moore Hall, and, on the afternoon of the 7th March, he was walking down the avenue with his cousin, Dominic Browne of Breaghwy; the latter said: "Hallo, I thought Augustus was at Liverpool; when did he return?" They both saw the well-known figure, and in astonishment went forward to meet him at the gate; but as they advanced he seemed to be moving away and passed behind the trees, and when they arrived he was not to be seen. They looked at each other amazed, but were too startled to speak. Some days after came the news of the accident, but when George arrived in Liverpool there was some talk of improvement. As he went up the stairs Augustus knew his step and sprang up saying, "Thank God you have

come." But he fell back exhausted, and when the doctor came again his condition was very serious. One day he said to his brother, "George, let us go back to Moore Hall and not lead this wild life any longer." Then he lingered for a few days and died on the 22nd March. He was buried, 29th March, at Moore Hall near his brother, John, who had died a few years earlier from the same cause.

"MOORE HALL.

"8th April, 1845.

"MY DEAREST AUNT,—To you who know so well how to feel for others I need not speak of our affliction at the present moment. My poor mother, now used to sorrow, has borne up against her last grievous loss, not with resignation, for I attach but little meaning to that word, but with patience and endurance, strengthened by the affectionate endeavour to quell her own feelings in order to support mine.

"As for me—we men are an iron-hearted generation, and I am no better than the rest, or this would have killed me. Such a loving and beloved brother, such an affectionate, noble-hearted, devoted friend, such an ever-fond, ever-sympathising companion—to lose this at one blow, and then go and live on, and talk of other pursuits and prospects after it—it is horrible to think of—and yet such are the brutal hearts we bear and the lives we live.

"However, it is only one-half of me that thus survives him; the other and better half is buried in his grave,—my best affections, my fondest hopes, my dearest recollections. Ah! my dearest aunt, you do not know what a brother he was to me—nor how

much—ah! far more than I ever knew till now—how much I loved him in return.

“ For two long days and nights I sat by his dying bed and saw his fiery spirit gradually waning away. The love he felt for me from his very childhood, and which never slackened through youth or manhood, was strong in death. Even when apparently unconscious of other external objects he knew my voice—he died in my arms—I closed his eyes with my own hands—God help me. I do not know exactly what we shall do. I cannot go and mix with the world, and yet this, I fear, is no place for my poor mother. And yet I do not know what she would do elsewhere any more than myself. At all events I do not think we shall leave this for another fortnight or so. I will let you know when we have made up our minds, and I trust and hope you will always believe me,

“ G. H. MOORE.”

He went on racing after a while, for, in September, he wrote:

“ MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I am happy to be able to tell you that I won about £470 on the Baron for the St Leger. It was much wanted at this moment, and will just stop up sundry holes through which the wind was beginning to blow. I was at Moore Hall the other day and never saw it looking more beautiful. It was, however, a sad and solitary scene to me, and awoke a multitude of old feelings I thought I had almost crushed. I am sorry to tell you that I did not overrate the danger to the young trees on the hill; they are perfectly gone and are fit for

nothing but firewood. The only trees with a hope are the oaks; the elms are, I fear, irrecoverable, and the ash nearly so. I have been stopping at Howth for the last week or so. The Clanricardes are there, and we have had some pleasant picnics at Ireland's Eye, etc. I am going to Curraghmore¹ in a few days, and will stay there probably until the October meeting. After that I intend running over to England, where I will meet you and return with you should you be so inclined. Give my best love to my aunt; perhaps she might come over here also for the winter. I was trying to write to her but have literally nothing to say, but that I am her affectionate nephew as your affectionate son.

“ WYNNSTAY,
“ 6th May, 1846.

“ MY DEAREST MOTHER,—Coranna won the Chester Cup this day. We win on the whole £17,000! Deducting Lord Waterford's share and other expenses, etc., etc., I shall realise about £9000, all good money. This in fact is a little fortune, and I am surrounded on all sides by congratulating friends. Every success is now to me a source of melancholy, and I have shed bitter tears over my good fortune.

‘ ‘Tis not in joy to charm me,
Unless that joy be shared by thee.’

“ The dear companion of all my successes, and all my reverses, is not here to share this crowning triumph—and I now regard it as a mere escape from debt and difficulty.

¹ Lord Waterford's.



CORANNA

CHESTER CUP, 1846; CESAREWITCH, 1843

" It is, however, no use talking in this strain. It will at all events give me the means of being very useful to the poor this season, and of doing my duty in many ways in which I have hitherto been neglectful. God bless you, my dear mother; I return you many thanks for offers of assistance which, of course, I now shall not need; and if I, in my turn, can be of use to you in money matters, pray command.

" GEORGE MOORE."

" P.S.—I go to Elginton the day after to-morrow and shall return to London in about ten days."

" Having recovered from the shock of so great a success and got through the settling which has been one of the best known (I shall not lose a shilling out of my winnings) I sit down to ' tell you all about it.' On the day of the race my book stood as follows :

Amount for which I backed Coranna . . .	365 to 17000
Sum 'stood' by Lord Waterford and friends	170 to 7830
<hr/>	
Amount of my own risk and winnings . . .	195 to 9170
In addition to this half the stakes or . . .	1200
<hr/>	
	£10,370

" So that after presents etc., necessary and judicious on such occasions, I net £10,000! What does Mrs Grundy say now? Has she the hardihood to deny that a race-horse, well directed, may be after all not the worst investment going? I am satisfied that it is the best, and that money must be made by race-horses if attended to with care, attention, and intelligence. You will say it is all luck, and advise me to give them up, now that I have been successful.

I reply that it is not luck, and that, on the contrary, I have been exceedingly unlucky on the turf, and that I ought, with decent luck, to have done this once or twice before, as I shall certainly do it once or twice again. To show you, however, that I have not been made heedless or extravagant by winning, I beg to state that I did not bet more than £5 on any race during the meeting except Coranna's, and that I intend to employ my winnings, exactly as I should employ a similar sum coming to me in a more regular manner; namely, to pay my debts and feed my poor tenantry. As, however, it is possible I may not myself be able to be at Moore Hall at this time, I shall write to William and Mr Ormsby, to let them all know that no tenant of mine shall want for plenty of everything this year, and that, though I shall expect work in return for hire, I shall take care that whatever work is done shall be for the exclusive benefit of the people themselves. In the meantime I shall lodge £500 in the Westport Bank to your account, and leave the whole direction of that sum to your judgment, with the sole limitation that every tenant of mine, or being on my land, whether tenant or squatter, shall receive immediate and full relief; and that all work required in return shall be for the improvement of their own holdings, or at all events for the land on which they live, and for their own exclusive benefit. Should you think more money requisite I will send it. I also wish to give a couple of hundred in mere charity to the poorest people about me or being on my estate, so as to make them more comfortable than they are; for instance, a cow to those who want one most, or something else to those who may have a cow, but

want some other article of necessary comfort; indeed I will give £500 in this way. I am sure it will be well expended, and the horses will gallop all the faster with the blessings of the poor. Now, my dearest mother, set it going at once. I shall direct Pujet & Bainbridge to place £1000 to your credit in the bank; £500 to be expended in one way and £500 in the other. It will be tithes really paid to God.

"With regard to any works to be executed on the first £500, I would give the people the choice of what they think would be most to their own benefit, provided it met with the approval of some competent person, who should be paid for the purpose, and for superintending the execution of them. Let me hear from you in answer as soon as possible. I had almost forgotten to tell you that Wolfdog won £100 at Newmarket and £250 at Chester, and has thus helped to keep the wolf from the door.

"Of course I need not say any money you want for yourself is at your service. Write to Mr Ormsby, and tell William to let the people know my intentions, or communicate it to them in any other way you may think fit."

Later he writes:

"I write to let you know that I did not lose by Wolfdog's not winning the Ascot Cup. I rather won, having backed Alarm to cover the money I invested on Wolfdog. The latter ought to have won and he will hurt the ring before he has done with them. He won his match with Miss Ellis—£300—in a common canter on Friday. I did not, however,

back him and only won my half of the match money. These matches have not turned out so badly up to this time.

"I have quite forgotten the exact amount which you sent me of my debt to you; I send you a cheque for £500 which I think must nearly cover it. You do not say in any of your letters whether you paid the £50 to Mary Costello and £25 to Jane Moore out of the second £500.

"I expect to be at Moore Hall by the beginning of August."

And again:

"There must have been some negligence or worse on the part of the servants here with regard to the letters sent to the post. I was very nearly 'called out' the other day about not answering a letter which Altamont¹ saw me answer, and which he himself put in the place appropriated to post letters. I assure you that I have not only written letter for letter with you, but written to you much oftener than you have done to me since I have been in London; and I am sure my letters must have occasionally gone astray, or you could never have written to me in the tone you have done. I do not see why you should seem annoyed at my getting my health here, were even my health the most robust in the world; and I cannot help thinking of Falkland's complaints about Julia's cruel and unfeeling spirits in his absence, when I read your letter. Do not, dear mother, be so cross and pettish with me, and I will do my best to get a little ill before I leave London. Poor

¹ Afterwards Lord Sligo.

Blosse has had a very severe rheumatic fever, from the effects of which he is still suffering; perhaps if I got something of the kind you would be satisfied. I sent you a cheque for £550 a few days ago; the additional £28 I will send you when I get your acknowledgment. I would send it now but fear my letter may have gone astray.

"With regard to the relief fund and its application: though I have given your letter more than the half-hour's consideration, I confess I do not quite understand it. When you say that three-quarters 'of the fund allotted for that purpose is expended,' do you mean three-quarters of the £500 or three-quarters of the £1000? If the former, we must only expend some of the second £500; but I have no more money to give. I am sorry you have given any offence to the priests in the mode of distributing relief; it is useless and troublesome to quarrel with them, and, after all, there would have been no harm in taking the advice of the priest in every parish; that advice might have been useful, and I do not think that any personal feelings should interfere in such a matter. I think there would be no harm in sending £50 to G. V. Jackson to be applied as you propose. I do not, however, at all fancy the proposition of being guided by John Lynch's advice as to the limit of relief in Partry. It would be better to keep our high ground as we have begun, and it cannot last much longer. You say they refuse to work unless at double prices; has no security been taken from them in giving them the relief they require? If, as you say, they are prompted to do this, does it not show you the absurdity of wantonly provoking a contest with a power which we cannot

successfully combat? Do not be cross with me for these suggestions; I only hint prudence in these matters, not forgetting the deep obligations I am under to you for your exertions in my cause. I have shown Lady Charlotte's letter to Sligo, and spoken to him on the subject, as you requested. At the same time, I could not take upon myself to give advice to anyone as to how he should act towards his own relations. I greatly fear but little can be done for Henry Browne; the Government will not hear of doing anything in the matter, as a favour; and, I fear, the judges are too much against him to give him much chance on the score of right. If Lord Normanby had been sent to Ireland there might have been some chance; however, we must try our best."

" My DEAREST MOTHER,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your very clear and explicit statement of matters connected with the fund entrusted to you. Every one proceeding of yours I think admirable. I do not find fault with you for consulting the priests —though their conduct would almost incline one to adopt Martin Kirwan's¹ opinion, in which, however, I do not agree. Knowing and seeing how tenacious you are about every particle and tittle of every act of yours, I shall say nothing more upon the subject.

" As for Mr Ward and Mr Conway, their conduct is quite inexcusable; and I beg that no cow or cattle of any sort shall be given to anyone in Ballybanan until I return, in consequence of their interference in carrying out my intentions."

¹ Kirwan of Blindwell.

CHAPTER VII

THE FAMINE

WHEN Augustus was killed Maria Edgeworth wrote to his mother:

"But in truth I do pity George; we know how fond they were of each other; but I have no doubt that such a great shock, instead of being permanently weakening, as sorrow sometimes is to the mind, will be serviceable and strengthening and consolidating to his character. He will turn more to quiet literary pursuits, and he will feel in them, along with resource against sorrow, something congenial to his hereditary nature and pleasing and comforting to his mother. His higher nature, his superior tastes and abilities will come out. You will pardon me for this prophecy. I am an old woman."

She was a wise one and it turned out nearly so.

A reckless life full of excitement and physical pleasure was brought to a sudden halt. His brother's death had given him almost a distaste for his former amusements, and now the terrible catastrophe that overwhelmed his country called him to a sense of duty.

No man knows himself or his friend till faced with a great emergency; that is the touchstone of character;

the trusted leaders in peace are generally failures in war, and so we find that unsuspected talents and virtues are developed in the stress of urgent necessity. George Moore, from whom the world expected nothing but extravagance and reckless riding, returned to Mayo, sold his horses, and gave up his time and his thoughts to the people.

Indeed, the condition of the poor would have touched the hardest heart; the failure of the potato crop in 1845 and '46 had swept away the whole food of the peasants, and never in the history of Europe was a country in a position less fitted to meet such a contingency. The dense population subsisted entirely on the fruits of the soil, or rather it should be said on one particular crop; the people were thickest on the worst land, in bogs and mountains; they lived in mud cabins, of one room for the most part, often without chimneys and with a feeble light struggling through windows one foot square. Reserves of money they had none; their whole fortune was the pile of potatoes in the pits or under the beds. Thus they lived from day to day, rearing great families of children, who, as they grew up, built themselves new cabins on the edge of the bog, married and multiplied without a thought for the future: an immense swarm of half-naked and ignorant creatures, scraping a bare existence from swamps and bogs and rocks. Such a country was ripe for famine; the population was then eight million; it is now four and a half.

How this dreadful state of affairs arose it would be too long to tell. Its beginnings were in the Williamite and Cromwellian wars, and the confiscations and penal laws that turned the greater part of

the population into landless serfs. The eighteenth century was a period of recovery, accelerated towards the end by the better government of a home parliament. Manufacturers and commerce were encouraged, and under this stimulus the population rapidly increased.

Then, more than ever, an organising power was required to direct and control the rising forces of the nation, but at this very critical moment the direction of affairs was removed to London, where nothing was known of the difficulties and necessities of the situation. England and Ireland were essentially different, and the methods which had grown up with an advanced and settled civilisation were applied, without scruple or hesitation, to a still semi-barbarous state. The nobility and landowners to a great extent moved to England; manufactures began to flag, but the stimulus to an increase of population could not be arrested at once; the people were ignorant, and, placing no value on the luxuries of life, were content with a bare means of existence. The taxation caused by the French wars was ruinous, and one way or another the conditions were such that no capital accumulated in the hands of any class, which would have enabled the country to exist during the period when the land failed to produce its annual supply.

There had been no lack of signs which ought to have warned the Government that disaster was imminent; partial failures of food had been frequent, and the distress had often been extreme. But the Parliament was too much engaged with the more pressing consideration of English problems to concern itself much with Irish difficulties; the English

towns, already beginning to overshadow the agricultural districts, were clamouring for free trade, franchise reform, and such other matters which were keenly opposed by the Country Party. The Irish people were too much wrapped up in the struggle for Catholic emancipation to take part in social or political reform, and till that was accomplished the body of the people had little or no voice in Parliament to call attention to its needs.

Such a situation ought to have terrified any thinking statesman, and it seems certain that in no country in which the Government was in touch with the people, whether a despotism or a constitutional government, could it have been allowed to continue. But the Government in London paid no heed; no outlets were opened for the escape of a superabundant population; no manufactures were encouraged to employ it, and even the corrective of education, which might have taught the people to be dissatisfied with their lot, and induce them to seek employment elsewhere, was denied, on account of religious prejudices.

It is impossible to describe the state of the people when the food supply ceased. Hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children walked along the roads, living skeletons; it was not uncommon to find a whole family dead on the floor of a house, and none of the neighbours with strength sufficient to bury them.

It was long before the Government and the English newspapers would admit that serious destitution existed. National and religious hatreds were then too violent for the English Protestants to admit that any truth could come out of Ireland, or that a

Catholic priest could be believed.¹ O'Connell wrote from London that there was much sympathy with the Irish, but no real hope of efficient relief. There was an unwillingness to burden the finances with the cost of supporting the people.

At last, in the autumn of 1846, the Government was induced to move, and passed an Act for the employment of the poor; the first sessions were held in September, and public works were begun. George Moore was Chairman of two Relief Committees in the poorest parts of the country—at Ballintubber and Partry, and devoted all his energies to the relief of the people. The difficulty of dealing with a dense population was enormous, nearly the whole of which was absolutely destitute. It was not made easier by the fact that the first steps were taken at the last moment, when people were already dying, and also that the methods applied were unsuitable to the emergency, and had been taken in defiance of the advice of those who had any knowledge of the country.

His labours at this time were excessive; not only had he to ascertain the necessities of the districts under his charge and see that works were commenced where required, but accurate lists of the workers had to be prepared and checked; the names of those who died or were absent had to be struck off the roll, and the money or food issued to the people. It was not a mere village he had to supervise but two whole parishes, one of them ten miles from his home, containing thousands of souls, among whom hardly any

¹ No rational man in this island believes a statement on the unsupported authority of an Irish Catholic priest. The Irish priests are men of blasted character and absolutely incapable of veracity, etc.—*Times* article.

educated people lived. The priests, and perhaps a dozen large farmers, were all that could be relied on to give help.

After a time the Government began to fear that these public works might be used for private advantage, so orders were issued that no works were to be undertaken that could be of any possible advantage to any individual. Under this rule roads were made into the centres of bogs, stopping short lest the people on either side should profit by them; they can be seen there to the present day, a memorial of the follies of narrow theorists and ignorant foreign governors.

Sir Charles Trevelyan was the author and agent of most of these foolish ideas; it was truly said of him by Moore that "disaster followed every scheme he originated, and he aggravated every such disaster by his futile efforts to retrieve it."¹

Great as were the difficulties of the situation, they were enormously increased by the narrow political economy prevalent in England, at a time when the Manchester school had just gained its first great victory, and free trade was considered the complete panacea for all the evils of nations. The narrow, commonplace mind of Lord John Russell could not rise, even in the face of such events, above the conventionalities of party politics. He insisted on applying to extraordinary and exceptional circumstances, the maxims which prudence imposes on the ordinary government of a country.

The Government had long refused to import corn lest it might interfere with private enterprise, and

¹ Speech, G. H. Moore, House of Commons, 3rd April, 1853, on Consolidated Annuities.

merchants and speculators took advantage of the situation to form rings and make artificial prices. Even on the spot there was a large quantity of corn which might have been bought up at reasonable prices, but, as the people had no money to buy, it was exported to England to feed Manchester and Liverpool.¹ The potato disease had swept over every country in Europe, but these Governments had taken the precaution to stop the export of corn. It was even suggested that ships of war might be used to save the heavy freightage, but such a proposition was indignantly rejected; it might cause loss to English shippers; free trade must take its course.

How differently would any of the great statesmen who ruled England have dealt with such an emergency; Peel or Canning, Wellington or Pitt!

Thus, while volunteers were labouring in the cause of charity, the Government, whose duty it was to organise, did nothing but obstruct. Indeed there was no lack of charity; the Quakers gave a noble example, and the Irish priests, as might be expected, laboured night and day on every relief committee. No one will ever know their devotion. When fever succeeded to famine and every cabin was a hot-bed of disease, and themselves suffering from want (for their poor parishioners were no longer able to contribute to their necessities) they wandered from house to house, often over wild, boggy moun-

¹ During the five years of scarcity the exports from Ireland of wheat alone were the following :

1845	.	.	780,000	bus. wheat
1846	:	.	400,000	"
1847	:	.	184,000	,
1848	:	.	300,000	"
1849	:	.	234,000	"

tains, giving the last sacraments to the dying, and helping to bury the dead. Many of them, as might be expected, died of the fever, but they did not flinch from their duty.¹

It soon became apparent that the labour test which had been established in spite of the most serious warnings, was a total failure in such a crisis. Those who were in the most urgent need of help were often unable, from weakness and sickness, to go to the works, sometimes many miles over the mountains; others who attempted it in winter weather when weakened by fever and starvation only hastened their own deaths.

This is a letter written to Moore at this period by an onlooker:

"The Moran family have been entirely swept away by hunger. The head of the family, a fine, healthy young man a short time ago, was on the relief list, but having taken ill he was unable to answer his name at the work, which was five miles from his cabin. He was struck off the list by the relieving

¹ How terrible was the scourge of fever may be guessed from the records of some of the emigrant ships. The following vessels arrived at Grosse Island, Canada, on the same day in 1847:

		Passengers	Deaths
<i>Jessie</i>	.	537	37
<i>Goliath</i>	.	600	46
<i>Erin's Green</i>	.	517	50
<i>Sarah</i>	.	248	31
<i>Triton</i>	.	488	90
<i>Avon</i>	.	559	186
		<hr/> 2949	<hr/> 440

Rev. Montigny, R.C. priest at Lachine, Rev. Roy, Curé of Charlesburg, and Sister Limoge, one of the nuns, died on Tuesday of typhus, contracted in discharge of their duties at Grosse Island; Rev. Chadderton is not expected to survive.—*Quebec Chronicle*, quoted *Connaught Telegraph*, 18th Aug., 1847.

officer and left a whole week without food. He, with his wife and children, were found dead together. In the village of Bonogues, once a healthy town land with twenty-four houses, every head man died but two. On my way to Castlebar yesterday, I saw numbers of young people in the fields scraping up the earth in search of roots. Oh, my dear Mr Moore, I know how tender-hearted you are, and how much affected by the ruin and destruction of the people. The poor law is wholly inapplicable to this terrible disaster. I was in the Board Room at the Castlebar workhouse; there were outside about two thousand starving creatures crying out for food, some of whom had been there the day and night before, under rain and storm. The guardians had not a shilling to purchase meal."¹

As usual in such cases some of the greatest difficulties were caused by the paid officials who had the checking of the figures, and who often refused to issue pay till after a long correspondence. While letters and answers were passing from place to place people were dying from want of food; the officials themselves were not to blame perhaps; they were bound by certain rules, and clerks never can see beyond the words of their code. The fault lay with superiors who could not perceive that the first consideration of all is to keep people alive; figures are to these people more important than lives. Only a few years later soldiers were allowed to die in the trenches at Sebastopol, while ships fully laden with all their necessities were at anchor in the roadstead.

Moore laboured to organise and regulate the relief

¹ Letter of Rev. J. Browne, P.P., Carnacon, County Mayo.

but the work was difficult; even a short absence served to dislocate it.

But it was not till spring that the full measure of the error began to take effect. Starving people had either to work on the roads or die; therefore, perforce, they left their fields untilled. During the months of April, May, and June there were 440,000 men employed daily, or about one-fourth of the agricultural labourers of the country. One-fourth of less potatoes and oats were sown, a loss estimated at seven million sterling. The matter was investigated by a committee of the House of Commons, and these facts were proved by Major Larcom and other officials.

At last the labour test of the doctrinaries was withdrawn, and charity was permitted to do its work in the good old form. Upward of two and a half millions of human beings were kept alive for five months at an expense of £1,700,000 or about one penny a day per head. But a heavy debt had been already imposed on Ireland and the rate-payers were nearly ruined.¹

“ MOORE HALL,
“ COUNTY MAYO, 1846.

“ My DEAR SIR JOHN,”—I am Chairman of two Relief Committees in this country, to the circumstances of which I feel it my duty to draw your attention. On my arrival here, a few weeks ago, I found that the committee for the electoral division of Ballintubber had sent in lists and estimates which the

¹ Speech, G. H. Moore, House of Commons, 3rd April, 1853, on Consolidated Annuities.

² Sir John Burgoyne.

Finance Committee at Castlebar considered excessive. The Finance Committee did not take on themselves to state in what particulars the lists were erroneous, but reduced the estimates of the local committee by nearly one thousand daily rations; and, on my arrival here, I found the whole destitute population of the district receiving little more than five days' provision in the week, and living for two days each week literally without food.

"In order to correct this frightful state of affairs, and ascertain correctly the real facts of the case, I appointed enumerators of undoubted character to take down the names of the destitute families in each village, and I have received their depositions on oath. I was, however, unable, after the most careful and anxious scrutiny, to strike more than about ninety or one hundred names off the original lists, and up to this day we continue to receive about 700 or 800 rations less than are required for the wants of the district.

"The consequence of this has been that fever, dysentery and swelling in the feet, from which, until lately, this district has been comparatively free, has increased to a fearful extent and is still increasing.

"The ground upon which the Finance Committee acted in this summary manner was the census of 1841, which, if it exhibited a true statement of the population of the present day, would certainly afford them considerable foundation for such a proceeding. But I have had before me sworn testimony to the contrary; evidence which would be admitted as conclusive in any Court of Justice if it perilled the lives of these poor creatures, and ought therefore to be admitted now as evidence to save them. In fact

the census of 1841 is no evidence whatever of the present state of the population; it has increased in many places twenty and thirty per cent since then, and at all events its authority surely ought not to be allowed to outweigh that of lists handed in by gentlemen living on the spot, and sworn to by persons of respectable character.

"The Finance Committee are to reconsider their estimates for this district on Monday, but, in the meantime, I think it is my duty to mention the matter to you, as I am sure it is not your wish, nor that of the Government, that a destitute population of upwards of five thousand persons should pass two days every week without food.

"With regard to Partry, the second electoral division of which I am Chairman, the estimates which have been sent by the local committee and sanctioned by the Finance Committee of the district, and forwarded to the Commissioners in Dublin have since been returned; no orders whatever have reached us for three weeks and we are already in debt for nearly a month's provision. This is a state of things which is much to be deprecated, and I earnestly entreat that you will not allow it any longer to continue.

"It is true that the estimates at Partry are very large, and exceed the whole population according to the census of 1841, but in this district the population has increased enormously since then. Independent of the natural annual increase, large settlements have been made in the mountainous parts, and so poor are the inhabitants that I am convinced that it would be impossible to strike off three per cent of the entire population. I have myself a farm worth

about £300 a year in this electoral division, and I have not only not received, but I have not asked for a farthing of rent during the whole of the last year. You may depend on my reporting and erasing from the lists any cases of imposture that I can discover, but I earnestly entreat of those in power not to allow mere vague suspicions to interfere with that relief which the people so much need. If it is withheld the seed of disease, already existing, will be spread through the whole country and famine will give way to pestilence.

“ G. H. MOORE.”

He wrote to the revising clerk, on another occasion :

“ I have, I very much regret to say, no knowledge of the names on the lists you refer to. On the day on which these lists were made out, I was obliged to leave the Committee, by particular business. That was the first occasion since the formation of the Committee on which I did not personally assist in the preparation of the lists, and if errors have arisen in consequence I shall deeply regret it. You may depend on my making every inquiry into the circumstances of the applicants whose names you return. The amounts of holdings as specified certainly look strange on paper, and had I been present I should not have returned any men holding so many acres without strict examination.”

But Moore did not leave his own tenants at the mercy of the Government. It will be remembered that when he won the Chester Cup, his first act was

to send home £1000 for distribution amongst his tenantry ; at that time the famine was only beginning, and no one anticipated a succession of bad years. Next year he sent £400 for distribution, and spent £600 on labour. This was money he could not well afford ; not only was he receiving no rent from his property, but the poor rates had risen to twenty shillings in the pound ; but he insisted that every tenant of his should have a cow. He reduced his rents in the following proportions :

All tenants paying less than £5 a year total remission.

All paying under £10 seventy-five per cent reduction.

Those paying under £20 fifty per cent reduction.

In addition he ordered that no rent should be asked from any tenant of his to whom, as Chairman of Relief Committee, he issued Government meal. As most of his tenants paid under £5 a year the total reduction came to seventy-five per cent, but even of the remainder very little was paid, and most of it was afterwards remitted.

It was the custom in those years of famine for landlords to distribute large quantities of food at their doors ; at Moore Hall it used to be left in bowls on the steps of the house for the villagers to take away. But to get the meal was often a great difficulty, so he joined two of his intimate friends and relatives, the Marquis of Sligo and Sir Robert Blosse, and chartering a vessel (*the Martha Washington*) between them they loaded it with a thousand tons of flour in New Orleans. The cargo was duly discharged in Westport, June 1847, and was distributed at about half-price among their tenants.

A copy of the old account turns up by chance among the papers:

	£	s.	d.
Remitted for flour	6933	6	5
Freight to Westport	3120	0	0
Total cost	10053	6	5
Proceeds of sale	5233	19	6
Loss	<u>4819</u>	6	11

SHARES OF LOSS

Lord Sligo's Share $\frac{5}{8}$	3012	1	8
Sir R. Blosse's Share } $\frac{3}{8}$: . . .	903	12	6
Mr G. H. Moore's Share } $\frac{3}{8}$: . . .	903	12	6
	<u>4819</u>	6	8

The bad deeds of some landlords have been treasured up, not only against themselves but against the whole class; numbers of them on the other hand ruined themselves in their efforts to relieve distress during the famine, but no remembrance remains.

George Moore had the satisfaction of knowing that not a single one of his tenants, over five thousand men, women, and children, died of want during those dreadful years.

I extract a couple of passages from a letter sent by his fellow workers the year after the famine:

"As Chairman of the Committee Mr Moore's extraordinary exertions have gained the admiration of those with whom he laboured, and have been successful in saving the lives of hundreds of the poor from perishing. During the last winter, remarkable for its inclemency, he was never absent from the Committee, whose labours were frequently protracted from mid-

night to midnight, surrounded by hundreds of the famishing poor, to whose cheerless abodes he often brought hope and comfort as he visited the most distant portions of these large parishes."

Moore's work on the famine committees and the relief works, brought very forcibly to his mind, the necessity of making some effort to teach the ignorant people in the mountain districts improved methods of cultivation. In old times the monks had worked among the people, and brought a knowledge of agricultural pursuits, but centuries ago they had been driven from the country by the Puritan soldiers; and those who dared to remain were murdered. The monasteries with which the land was studded were wrecked, and their possessions confiscated.

Two of these old ruins lay beside the road along which he drove every day to the Committee; naturally he turned his thoughts towards employing the same means among a Catholic people.

“ MOORE HALL,
“ 12th July, 1847.

“ MY DEAR LORD ARCHBISHOP,—Mr Conway¹ has, I believe, already informed Your Grace of the arrangements we have entered into for founding a monastery on the banks of Lough Mask, and I understand that such a project will receive not only your entire approval, but your cordial aid and co-operation. Of the usefulness of such an institution among the mountain peasantry of that distant district, there can be no doubt, and I think you will perceive on exam-

¹ Rev. Peter Conway, at this time Curate at Partry, afterwards Parish Priest, Headford; he built the churches of Partry, Ballinrobe, and Headford.

ination of the map, that there is scarcely a spot in the whole country which offers such a field for the exertions of such a body. When the communication of the lakes is effected, it will be close to the direct line of communication between Westport and Galway, and at a greater distance from a town than almost any thickly inhabited part of Mayo. I believe that it is not impossible that the labours of such a body may effect wonders in such a district; and that it is within the scope of their exertions to make that solitary mountain side a rich and fertile country ; to change the wild and precarious life of these mountaineers into the steady, provident, and honourable habits of industrious peasants. Stranger transformations than these have been effected before now by the labours of similar institutions, and similar results, with the blessing of God, may occur even in our time.

" To come to details: the land I propose to surrender to the first labours of this institution, consists of about twenty-four acres, including a hill on which the edifice will be erected, and a slope of ground down to the banks of the lake. I have not in strictness any legal power to give a longer tenure than one life of thirty-one years; but I possess means by which I can make the tenure really perpetual. I will give it, of course, free or at a peppercorn. The only conditions are: First, that it shall never be divested from the purposes for which the lease is given; and secondly, that the progress and details of the building be subject to the supervision of a committee of trustees to be named by Your Grace and your successors. With regard to the latter condition, I think that you will agree with me that it is most important, in the commencement of such an edifice,

that every *part* erected, however humble in itself, should form part of a great whole, which the future may render practicable; that a plan of possible building be first agreed upon, and that every stone laid down be subordinate, and tending to the final accomplishment and carrying-out of that great idea. It was in this way that the great ecclesiastical edifices of the old times were raised from the ground, and can we now do better than tread in their footsteps? Besides, how many are there who would give nothing to the raising up of an ugly habitation, would readily contribute to the progress of a great edifice. I regret exceedingly that I am not at present able to meet Your Grace upon this important subject, and I fear I make but a sorry attempt in this hurried way to explain my meaning. My mind is so choked up with lists of voters and canvassing platitudes, that I am almost ashamed to write in my present frame of mind upon any more worthy subject. Indeed, I should have wished to put off for a few weeks the further consideration of this matter. It is one that ought not to be lightly entered upon, or pursued with divided interest. But our friend Conway's zeal is as impetuous as it is ardent and sincere, so I suppose he must have his way. Under any circumstances, however, I should wish that public proceeding in the matter should be suspended until after the election, as I should not wish the undertaking to be desecrated by unworthy comment. The necessary preliminaries, however, can be set on foot, so that the work of peace may commence its gentle course as soon as the strife, which I suppose is inevitable, shall have died away.

Meanwhile, my dear lord, believe me always,

"G. H. MOORE."

On a lovely summer day, 11th July, 1847, George Henry Moore with the Very Rev. Archdeacon MacHale and the Rev. Peter Conway left Moore Hall and sailed over the green waters of Lough Carra, past Castle Island with its remains of an old robber keep, and round the point of Derreenrush, the last of the old woods of Ireland, to the Bridge of Keel ; thence into the rough waters of Lough Mask to Tourmakeady, where they landed again on his own property under the bleak mountain, Tournasala. They might have pitched on a more fertile spot in that wild and romantic region, but on none more suitable for the purpose in view.

Thirty acres of undrained land, as Nature left it, extended to the shore, and the site of the monastery was selected on a lofty eminence rising from the dark waters of Lough Mask, and commanding a broad expanse of mountain and lake. The mountaineers eagerly lent their aid and in a few days the ground was enclosed by a fence.

The foundation-stone was laid by Dr MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam, on the 3rd October, 1847, and on Good Friday, 1848, two poor monks of the Franciscan Order, Brothers Bonaventure and Sylvestre, without five shillings at their disposal, but with the love of God and their neighbours in their hearts, took possession. Adjacent to their farm they hired a cabin for a few pence a week, and after a time others of the Order joined them. They drained, they dug, they subsoiled and planted, and, after a period, the most barren hill in Partry became the greenest and most productive in the mountains.

It is a peculiar feature of this institution that the Brotherhood of St Mary's are bound to the trustees,

as a strict condition of their endowment, to give food to every stranger that may present himself at their gate in want of bread. While they dedicate their hearts to God, and their minds to the religious education of the children of the district, they devote their bodily strength to the severest labours of the most industrious peasant.

Early in October, 1898, just fifty years after its foundation, I visited the monastery with Miss Fitzgerald Kenney of Clogher for the first time, and found it in possession of monks of the Third Order of St Francis. It had not yet grown into the spacious establishment contemplated by its founder, but it consisted of a simple house slightly retired from the main road. The hedges around it were of fuchsia, which grows wild in this district, and were still in bloom in that mild weather. I met a monk with a long black beard, reading his breviary as he walked in the garden, and there was an air of quiet and contentment, very different from the wild and dreadful scenes of the famine. The whole face of the country had changed; stacks of corn stood in the fields where formerly only heather or rushes could subsist; the farm-houses are better than in other districts and there is a prosperous village.

The object of our visit was to establish a co-operative agricultural society at Tourmakeady, and this was satisfactorily done. Brother Leo, one of the monks, was elected a member of the committee.¹

It happened, as the result of the famine and the heavy poor rates, that many of the landlords were ruined, and had to sell their estates. Among others

¹ Tourmakeady is now the seat of the Connaught Irish School

George Moore suffered severely, and the large estate of Ballintubber, containing some six thousand acres, was sold in the Encumbered Estates Court. He bought in a large part of it, but the Tourmakeady portion of the property was purchased by Lord Plunkett, Protestant Bishop of Tuam.

There had been Protestant missions established in these wild districts for many years, but they had made no progress whatever, and the schools were always empty. The missionaries, however, were obliged to write glowing accounts to London of the number of proselytes, and the crowds of happy children saved from the clutches of Rome, or the funds would have ceased to come in.

Matters jogged comfortably along in this way, and there was usually no enmity between priest and missionary; it is even related that a good-natured priest used to lend his congregation to his friend, the missionary, on the occasions of the visits of an Exeter Hall Inspector, who, of course, on his return was able to tell his delighted audiences of the coming conversion of Connaught. The collection-plates were heaped to overflowing, and a bag of gold was transmitted to the west.

But Bishop Plunkett had more practical views on the matter. During the famine free food was distributed as a condition of conversion, and when he acquired the new property he evicted a number of his unfortunate tenants, replacing them by Protestants imported from other districts. Nice slated houses were offered to those who would adopt the new faith, and threats were not omitted if they refused. He forced the children to attend a Protestant school, and his Sisters used to search the houses, often pulling

the children from under the beds where their parents hid them.

One day a party of these unfortunates, who had been turned out of their homes, crossed the lake and appealed for help to their old landlord. He was thunderstruck at their lamentable story. He had heard of such things but had not realised them. Most of his friends and relatives were Protestants, and he had been brought up in an atmosphere of toleration.

But now it came home to him through the suffering of those whom he had succoured through the famine, and he was beside himself with anger ; it seemed as if the Cromwellian times had been revived in Connaught. He gave them land on his own estate, dividing some large grazing farms among them ; and some he took even into his own demesne, where their children live to the present day, and he arranged to attend a public meeting in Partry. His mother besought him to refrain ; the Plunketts were personal friends ; there were many Protestant electors in the County who would be antagonised, etc., etc., but he was always headstrong and self-willed. He gave free vent to his feelings, and poured out a flood of invective such as O'Connell might have envied. He urged them to resist oppression and to rebel against such a disgraceful traffic of souls. He ridiculed the idea that a few wandering fanatics, the vagabond emissaries of the greedy fanaticism of England, could extinguish with soup and Indian meal in Connemara the Apostolic and Universal Church, to which, within the last few years, the most learned, the most eloquent, the most gifted and the most pious of the Protestant clergy of England had become converts. He asked them if they believed that those who,

generation after generation, made it a deadly crime to teach Catholics to read or write, have now no object but charity and Christian sympathy in bribing them to school. "Will you believe that those who banished your fathers to Hell or Connaught have now no object in following you into Connaught but to redeem you from Hell?"

The mission has long ceased to exist. Twenty years after there were only two converted families, and both were those of paid employees. In the west of Ireland Catholics and Protestants now live together in toleration and friendship, and these religious animosities seem as far distant as the Inquisition.

CHAPTER VIII

INDEPENDENT OPPOSITION (I)

In March, 1846, Mark Blake¹ of Ballinafad, member for Mayo, resigned his seat, and Moore, in pursuance of his more serious designs, offered himself for election.

He had hitherto not been connected with party politics, but it was known that he had formerly been sympathetic with the national aspirations of the people. Those were the days when the Repeal agitation had gathered almost the whole population into one party, and O'Connell was the undisputed Chief; but of late the agitation had languished; O'Connell's health had declined and much of his power was exercised by his son John. The party had become thoroughly corrupt, and had been split by the Young Irelanders, who, however, were only represented in Parliament by Smith O'Brien.

Now that famine had fallen on the land, and the people were subsisting on the alms of the world, Moore did not consider the time opportune to appeal for independence. He thought the only important question to be pressed on the Government was the support of the people, and he incurred great unpopularity by his refusal to put on the Repeal badge.

¹ In 1851 G. H. Moore married Mary Blake of Ballinafad, sister to Mark Blake.

So violent was the popular feeling that when he appeared at the Ballyglass races he was attacked by the mob, and Mr Dominic Browne of Breagwy related to me how he, and some of his friends, and some priests attempted to defend him. There were great crowds of people, some of whom pursued him and some lined the walls, making escape doubtful, but he faced his horse at a very high wall, and cleared it amid the acclamations of a volatile people, always ready to applaud a fine piece of horsemanship, and became the hero of the moment.

The whole landlord class, Whig and Tory, was in favour of Moore, but the Repealers nominated his old enemy, Joe More MacDonnell (big Joe) to oppose him, and a deputation was sent from Conciliation Hall to secure his return. It was a stormy time at Castlebar ; the polling was open and lasted a week. Lord Sligo, Lord Dillon, Lord Lucan, Sir Roger Palmer, Lord Oranmore and all the great lords of the soil marched their tenants under guards of soldiers to the polling booths. They kept them locked up in barns and coach-houses the night before, for fear they might escape or be carried away to the mountains by the popular party. The scenes along the roads were terrific, and some people were killed.

“ WESTPORT.

“ MY DEAR GEORGE,—The Louisburgh men all came in here to-day, but one who has fever. They will be escorted to Castlebar to-morrow. In God’s name take better care of them than you did of Dillon’s to-day. The Killmena boys are safe and well ; they go over in detachments with the rest ; the Anghagower boys come next. John’s mob captured

seven this morning, whom they forced to accompany them to Castlebar; four of them escaped *en route* and came on here in the evening.

"Yours affectionately,
"SLIGO."¹

MacDonnell complained that Lord Dillon's Swinford voters wanted to vote for him, and that Mr Strickland (the agent) had them all locked up in a yard; but as this was the ordinary practice he got no redress.

With the exception of about a dozen, all the free-holders on both sides were caged up in houses, like cattle in the penfolds at Ballinasloe fair, with herds over them lest they should stray away. The streets seemed living masses of irritated, noisy people, tossing their shillelaghs aloft and groaning and hooting all who seemed obnoxious to them. The Military, horse and foot, went through the town on duty, bugles sounding, infantry forming squares, hussars galloping, dragoons guarding into the town what appeared to be convicts (electors), who were pulled off the cars by the drivers and pitched into stables without beds or bedding, amidst the maledictions of the Repeal party who were kept back by the Military.

But the Repealers had methods of their own for counteracting the tactics of the landlords. James Michelson of Louisburg and others intending to vote for the landlords, were carried off by force to Clare Island and kept there as prisoners until the contest was over.

Here is a letter written in a moment of excitement and danger:

¹ The late George, Marquis of Sligo.

" HOLLYMOUNT HOUSE,

" 2 o'clock.

" My DEAR GEORGE,—I had got two freeholders as far as the Cross Roads at Newbrook, where we were met by an immense mob, who in the first place attacked one of the freeholders, and on my saying that I would shoot turned upon me and attacked me with stones and sticks. The freeholders called to me that if I fired I should sacrifice their lives, so I had naught to do but fly. I then went to Robert Gildea's, where Lynch was waiting. I heard the mob following, and calling to him, I immediately made for the gate, as otherwise I should have been shut up in a field. In getting out of the field I was again assailed and hooted, and every man along the road threatened to strike me with his shovel. If I had not showed them that I was ready to fire, they would have certainly stopped me and probably killed me.

" I now see we owe our lives to the priests, as they can excite the whole people against us whenever they like. Whatever may be the cause, Ireland wants re-conquering. I cannot stir as I fear the people are watching every road to Castlebar. If you want me you must send an escort.

" Affectionately yours,

" GEOFFREY BROWNE." ¹

" P.S.—I could send no aid to Lynch, as there are only three policemen here, but I do not think it is likely the mob would hurt him as he retired when told to do so. They want lots of blood drawn."

¹ The late Lord Oranmore.

Such were the humours of an Irish election in 1846.

Bernal Osborne once amused the House of Commons with an account of his adventures at a Waterford election. After telling how he fled down the street and took refuge in his hotel, he described how the house was besieged by an angry mob, and how he was obliged to escape through a window, over a roof, and to hide in a cistern. Then turning to the Speaker he said, "and remember, Mr Speaker, I was the popular candidate."

In his election address Moore said that throughout the whole of her history the particular interests of Ireland had been sacrificed to what are called the interests of the Empire, but which are in reality only the interests of her more powerful neighbour. He instanced the new measure removing the import duty on corn as one of the most glaring examples, and declared he would oppose it unless accompanied by such substantial measures of compensation as would neutralise the injury caused to the agricultural interests of Ireland.

MacDonnell was proposed by the Archbishop of Tuam, and backed by all the priests. The Repealers on this occasion were too strong for the landlords, and Moore was defeated by 470 to 417. In the great county of Mayo only nine hundred persons voted, but the polling lasted five days. Party passion was so high that he was attacked wherever he went, and was asked not to appear on the hustings, but he insisted on speaking to the people. He had a manner that engaged attention and he was well received. He said:

"The contest is now over, the battle has been

fought between us ; let us not bear malice in our hearts nor anger in our recollections. If violence has darkened the struggle, let its results at least be unsullied, and as I now shake hands with my opponent, let every man shake hands with his neighbour in good humour and forgiveness. And I will entreat those reverend and respected gentlemen who so earnestly, zealously, and fervently waged war against me, to preach with the same earnestness, the same zeal and the same fervour that peace of which they are ministers and to which all war should lead."

Though he was defeated at the poll, he seems to have behaved in such a way during the contest that his strongest opponents became his firmest friends.

This is the comment of an opposing newspaper :

" There never was a gentleman engaged in a contest that conducted himself with more firmness, with more patience, and gentlemanly demeanour than Mr Moore. He displayed an equanimity of temper and good feeling unprecedented. He is a gentleman highly honourable and respected in private life ; the only blot on his political character is that he is not a Repeater. Were it not for that we could not select a gentleman better qualified to represent us in Parliament. He is an excellent landlord, guarding the rights of his tenantry, spending his income amongst them, and as far as lies in his power contributing to their happiness. His conduct after the election, his generous and manly conduct, is calculated to raise him still higher in the estimation of all who know him."

George Moore now found himself drawn into

politics without any great effort of his own, but by the natural order of things. Moreover, his own feelings urged him to right, or attempt to right, the flagrant evils around him. He saw that the miseries of the famine had been aggravated a hundredfold by the ignorance of the English Parliament, and the selfishness of the Irish members, who sought only their own advancement. It was urged in their defence that fifty Irish Liberal or Repeal members could effect nothing without the alliance of an English party, and this explanation had hitherto satisfied the Country ; no alternative policy had been laid before it. O'Connell had generally allied himself with the Whigs, and although his enormous ability often swayed the policy of the State, he had obtained more places for his adherents and relatives than measures of relief for Ireland.

The conditions of the country seemed unusually propitious for the advancement of a new policy. In ordinary circumstances differences of opinion are so great that the minds of men are clouded by old prejudices impossible to be cleared away ; but all parties in Ireland, peers and people, landlords and tenants, Protestants and Catholics, had been brought together by the great catastrophe, and all were agreed that the Government had failed. The position seemed very clear to Moore, and he never lacked ardour and decision when engaged in a cause. In his own words these are the steps he took :

“ In the year 1846, in which the famine found us, I was not in the legislature ; Sparta had found worthier sons than I ; but I did what my position enabled me to do. In the winter of that year, in the

company of a noble friend of mine¹ whose exertions on that occasion it would be base if I did not gratefully acknowledge, I travelled through twenty-seven counties, and personally conferred with most of the leading men in Ireland on the urgent necessity of a united effort to save the sinking people. As far as promises and protestations went we were eminently successful, and on my return to Dublin we drew up and circulated the document which I hold in my hand, and which in an incredibly short space of time obtained the signatures of between sixty and seventy representatives of the people, and five-and-forty peers of Parliament.”²

The following is one of the resolutions in which the creation of an independent Irish party is foreshadowed, and it was the last public document to which Daniel O'Connell attached his name.

“ That at this awful period of national calamity, it becomes the first duty of every Irishman to devote his individual efforts to the interests of Ireland, and that neither political parties nor personal prejudices should influence his mind in the discharge of such a duty. That, as we feel convinced our own divisions have been the leading causes of our own misfortunes, and, by weakening our influence in the counsels of the Empire, have deprived us of our share of the general prosperity, so we are no less firmly persuaded that it is by union alone that we can repair the evils dissension has created. That to make such a union binding and effective, it will be necessary not only to feel, but to act together; and to take steps

¹ George, Marquis of Sligo.

² Ballina speech, 25th November, 1851.

to ensure a united support, or united opposition to such measures as may be produced with regard to Ireland during the ensuing session of Parliament. And we earnestly entreat that every member of that body should resolve, as far as possible, to consider and modify his own opinion, so as to meet the general opinion of the united body, and should banish from his mind all considerations of party or prejudice, at a time when the lives and interests of his countrymen are so deeply perilled.”¹

“ BILTON HOTEL,
“ 10th January, 1847.

“ MY DEAREST MOTHER,—The Dublin journals, without any prompting on our part, including the *Mail*, *Freeman's Journal*, *Evening Packet*, etc., are loud in their praises of our resolutions, and they have already been signed by most of the leading men of all parties in Ireland; from such men as Lords Lorton, Farnham, Donoughmore down to O'Connell and Smith O'Brien. I have strong hopes that the plan, bold though it is and improbable of success, will absolutely triumph, and that an Irish party will act together throughout the session; but even if it has not such positive results, it will at all events have the effect of frightening the ministry, and indirectly producing the most beneficial consequences. We intend if possible convening public meetings all through Ireland, and O'Connell is to write a public letter in favour of our plan, and recommend it to the people. I send you twenty-seven pounds for the

¹ These sentiments may seem trite enough now, they have been repeated so often; but in those days they appeared as a new light.

people at Moore Hall ; there is a cheque on the back.
I hope to be with you in a very few days.

" G. H. MOORE."

In pursuance of this project a public meeting was held in the Rotunda, 14th January, 1847, which has been picturesquely described by Sir C. Gavan Duffy :

" It was such an assembly as had not been seen in Ireland since the Union. Nearly twenty peers, more than thirty Members of Parliament, and at least six hundred gentlemen of name and station took part in it. It represented the rank and wealth of the country beyond controversy, and embraced Tories, and Nationalists, Catholics and Protestants. The Conservative journals heralded it with the declaration that Ireland was not governed and must govern itself ; and no doubt it might have been such a convention as that which was led by Mirabeau, or such a one as at an earlier date was inspired by Patrick Henry, or by Henry Grattan, had it found and accepted an adequate leader. The Government looked on it with no friendly eye, and almost the only conspicuous supporter of the Administration who took a part in it was O'Connell. The Conference recommended the creation of an Irish party for Irish purposes, to save the kingdom from impending ruin. It called on the Government to suspend the Navigation Laws and the Corn Laws, and to sacrifice any sum that might be necessary to save the lives of the people. It acknowledged the justice of imposing, as a charge on landed property, all money advanced by the Treasury for reproductive works, but protested against making

it responsible for sums wasted on ill-advised and unprofitable undertakings. Towards Tenant Right the Conference made an advance—considerable for an assembly of nobles and squires. It was admitted that tenants in case of ejectment ought to be compensated for their improvements; and it was recommended that absentee proprietors should be subject to a special tax.”¹

Dr Maunsell, an Orangeman of the very best type, and sincerely patriotic, left in his private diary his impressions of the meeting.

“ I had the pleasure of assisting yesterday in a most important demonstration, which, if not marred, will be the most important transaction that has occurred in Ireland for half a century. In the Rotunda, in the very room consecrated by the meeting of the Volunteers of 1782, there were yesterday assembled eighteen peers, thirty-seven members of the House of Commons, and about seven hundred of the magistracy and gentry of every county in the kingdom, who solemnly and unanimously pledged themselves to abandon party strife and to walk together for the good of the common country. The chair was taken by the Marquis of Ormonde on the motion of the Earl of Charlemont and Lord Farnham. The first resolution was moved by George Hamilton, and the second by Daniel O’Connell; the last by James H. Hamilton and W. Smith O’Brien, and in all thirty-six propositions were agreed to without division or discussion. Oh may God grant that this blessed Union shall endure even to the closing of the coming

¹ Sir C. Gavan Duffy, “Four Years of Irish History,” pp. 366-370.

session of Parliament. There is wanting but a short time of peace and concord among her children, to give Ireland an impulse in the cause of civilisation that will carry her beyond the national crimes and misfortunes. But can any reasonable man acquainted with the past hope for so glorious a future? How often have similar, though never so promising, demonstrations as that of yesterday passed away, and left scarce a trace in our history. I own I fear the baleful influence of O'Connell, and notwithstanding the influence of his words yesterday, I thought I could perceive marks of an inclination to spoil the plans of all who dared to serve their country without his permission. Dr Gray and Sir C. O'Loghlen own to similar suspicions, and they know him better than I do. But let us hope for better things.”¹

It must be remembered that George Moore was not at this time a Member of Parliament; he was only just entering public life, and was known as a young and reckless sportsman. He could not pretend to lead such an assembly, and could only arrange the working and pull the strings. When all these fervent propositions had been carried, Mr Bernal Osborne was put up to ask the gentlemen there assembled what they intended to do in case the suggestions, every one of which they declared to be necessary to save the Irish people, were every one rejected by Her Majesty's Government. Were they prepared in such a contingency to support a party amendment to the address? Were they prepared to unite in a party opposition to that obnoxious Government? That was a puzzler. It puzzled the meeting.

¹ Duffy, “Four Years of Irish History.”

They had come there to pass resolutions but not to resolve ; they refused to entertain the only question that could make their resolutions at all effective.

Moore afterwards described the result of this failure :

" I saw at a glance that the confederacy had already broken down ; that the policy I had laboured to establish was not then destined to see the light.

" I was not deceived. These united Irishmen went over to London and, at the first sounding of the trumpet of party, each dull old hack took the same dull old place in the same dull old ranks that he had occupied in every previous session. Not only that, but on the first trial the representatives of the famishing people of Ireland sold the people more glaringly, more indecently than they had ever sold them before ; and I believe it was well known that parliamentary shares never rose to so high a premium, as the day the lives of the people were disposed of. I need scarcely tell you that Lord John Russell's measures of relief, when made known in Ireland, excited universal dissatisfaction. It is equally well known that Lord George Bentinck's scheme excited at all events a universal preference. The one was a plan to lend to Ireland four or five millions of money to be expended in a manner the most demoralising and degrading, and to be repaid with heavy interest by the property it deteriorated and the people that it ruined ; the other to give sixteen millions to be expended in profitable employment, and to be repaid only in the improved condition of the Irish people. Well, Lord George Bentinck assembled together the Irish members, and explained to them, in all its

details, the public advantages of his proposal. The Irish members agreed unanimously that the public advantages were indisputable. Lord John Russell then called them together in his turn, and told them, with his peculiar terseness and candour upon such occasions, that whatever might be the public advantages of Lord George Bentinck's proposal—if it were accepted he would go out. To Irish Liberal representatives the argument was unanswerable. Lord John did not go out—but the Irish people did. On whom does their blood lie?"¹

¹ Ballina speech, Nov., 1851.

CHAPTER IX

ELECTION, 1847

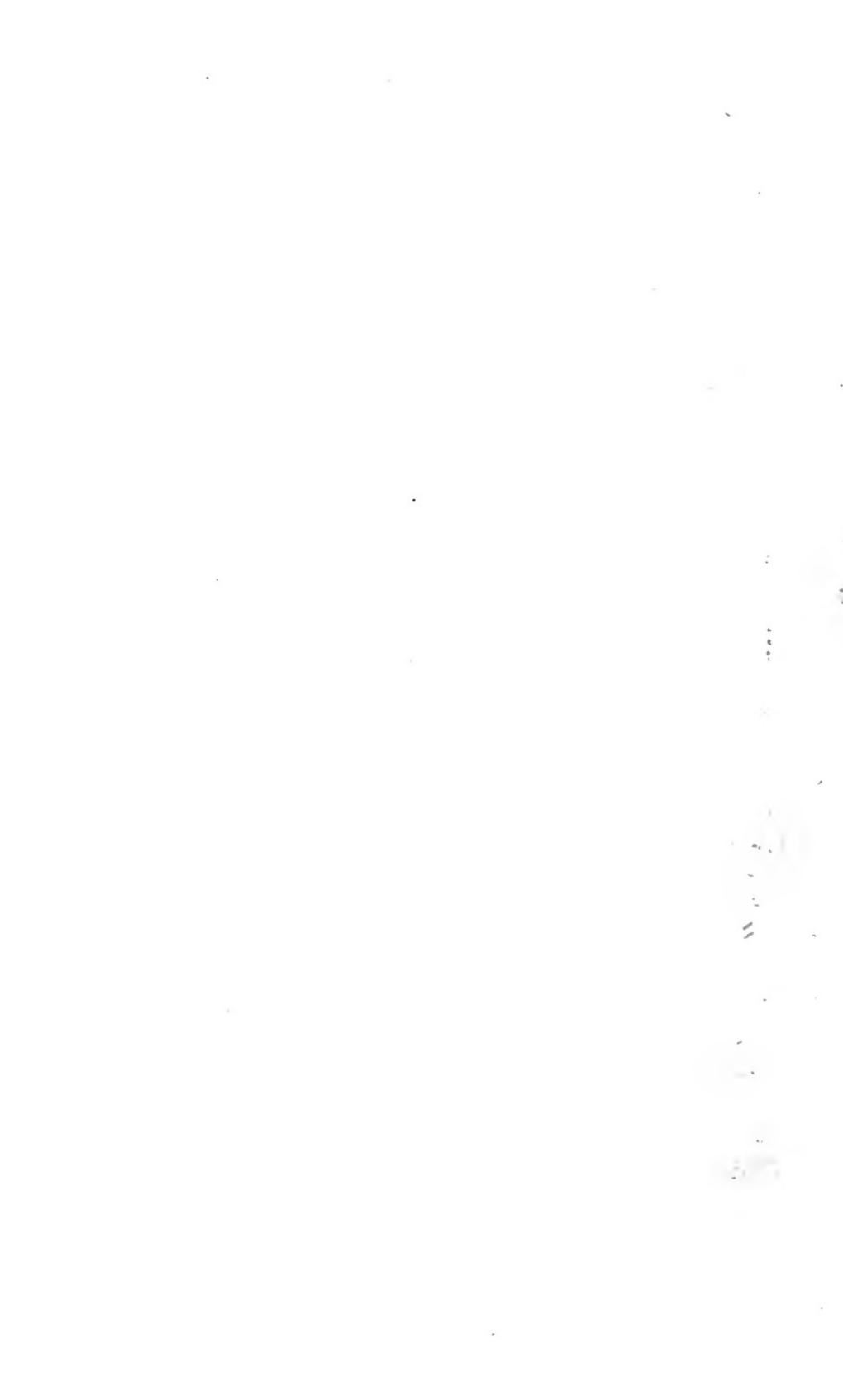
FALSTAFF puzzled over his friend Harry, and some of Moore's sporting acquaintances wondered very much at the change that seemed to have come over their friend's character, but in each case the change was one of circumstances, not of character. Light and gay in manner there was a fundamental seriousness in George Moore's nature requiring only an appeal to his sentiment to turn it into a fixed purpose. Sentiment appears in his early verses, and in his Eastern diary, and if periods of his life had been wild and reckless, his blood was hot and impatient, and there was something in him that imperatively demanded strife either of mind or body. Moreover, his pursuits were characteristic of his age and class. Fox and Sheridan spent their nights at the gambling table; Lord George Bentinck and Lord Derby were as much at home on the race-course as in Parliament, and the superficial observer would have found it difficult to recognise the buffoon of Tattersalls in the translator of "Homer" and the Prime Minister of England.

Indeed the lives of George Moore and Lord George Bentinck were curiously analogous, and their characters were somewhat representative of the traditional character of their different nationalities. Lord



GEORGE HENRY MOORE

BORN 1810; DIED 1870



George had the largest and most valuable racing stable in England, including Surplice, winner of the Derby, but he also sold his horses to devote himself to the service of his country. Their deaths were equally tragic and not dissimilar.

"MOORE HALL,
"May, 1847.

"SIR,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter conveying to me the requisition of the inhabitants of Ballinrobe, and requesting my subscription to races to be held there this year.

"I confess I have felt great pain and difficulty in replying to that requisition and that request. On the one hand I feel every wish to enter into the views and wishes of my friends at Ballinrobe, with whom I have so often, and with so much pleasure, co-operated in the furtherance of the noble pastime of the course. On the other hand, I do not feel myself in a position at the present moment, with justice to myself and honesty to others, to contribute any sum worth accepting to any amusement however unobjectionable.

"I feel still greater pain in being obliged to add, that at this present moment I think the county of Mayo as little fit to be the scene of such festivities, as I to contribute to their celebration, and that the scanty gathering of the race-course will be no very creditable comment upon the crowded graveyard, the thronged poor-house, and the troops of emigrant peasantry hunted from their homes.

"It gives me great pain to write thus—I am afraid I may incur some unpopularity by my frankness—but

I have never yet shrunk from telling a public truth on a public occasion, and I do not hesitate to do so now.

“ G. H. MOORE.”

In 1847 Lord John Russell, who had been in office for about a year, dissolved Parliament, and a general election took place. There were four candidates in Mayo. Robert Dillon Browne and Joe MacDonnell, the two old members, stood again; and George Moore and John Browne were the two new candidates. All were Repealers except Moore, who again stood as an Independent.

His position, however, had very much changed in the last few months; he retained the landlord party on his side, and the whole popular party had joined him also. He was proposed by Colonel Gore, a Tory, and seconded by Sir W. O’Malley, a Repealer who also proposed Joe MacDonnell. Mr O’Dowd, in proposing Robert Dillon Browne, “heaped encomiums not only on Mr Dillon Browne but on Mr Moore, so that it was doubtful for half an hour whether his support was likely to be given more efficiently to Mr Browne or Mr Moore.”

STATE OF THE POLL.

George Henry Moore	498
Robert Dillon Browne	254
Joseph Myles MacDonnell	63
John Denis Browne	11

It was a tribute to his personal popularity and his work on the Famine Committee, that every single voter cast one of his votes for Moore. His colleague, Robert Dillon Browne, was one of the ablest and

most polished speakers in the House of Commons, but he was also one of the most dishonest of politicians, always ready at the nod of a minister to defend any cause, however contrary to the pledges he had given or to the interests of his country. He had voted for Lord John Russell's measure of relief and opposed that of Lord George Bentinck, and now ventured to defend his vote. Moore replied that "the only excuse that might be urged was, that he had believed and trusted that a pseudo-Liberal ministry would perform its promises to the Irish people, and that he had committed an error which too many Irishmen of high genius and sincere patriotism had committed before him, and that even O'Connell himself, at the end of a long and glorious life, had been similarly deluded. But his constituents had a right to require that that error should not be repeated."

How often has it been repeated by Irish politicians?

He said he was convinced that Repeal was a matter of time and expediency, and that there were many who could not support such a movement at that moment who looked forward to a period when a small alteration in the circumstances would render it desirable and necessary. He asked if there was a single man of judgment who would desire Repeal in the midst of the present calamities, and would undertake to tax the country for the necessary expenses of a domestic government during the ensuing year.

Not only was his entry into public life welcomed by Irishmen of all shades of opinions, but even the English papers acclaimed his speech on the

hustings; the *Standard* and the *Times* published columns of praise, and the latter said, "When Mr Moore comes over to England to occupy that place which he bids fair to occupy with credit to himself and advantage to the country, we shall not forget."

This universal welcome is the more remarkable when it is contrasted with the position of peculiar isolation that he afterwards occupied. His very first speech in Parliament, 9th December, 1847, brought on him the furious anger of the *Times*, and alienated to a certain extent the popular party in Ireland. He was speaking on a Coercion Bill, and he denounced with impartial vehemence the ring of assassins who had drenched Tipperary in blood, and the English newspapers and Members of Parliament who had striven to inflame the English nation against Ireland. He said that the *Times* was the organ of public opinion in England, and the leading journal in Europe; yet it had stooped to pander to the vile animosities of race, and the tendency of its articles had been to exasperate and inflame the minds of the people of England against their Irish fellow-subjects, and that the enmity between the two countries had been kept alive as much by contemptuous language as by harsh and oppressive measures. He said if the Government were responsible for the protection of life in the disturbed districts, it was also responsible that the patient and obedient were not allowed to die of famine. The *Times* replied in terms no less bitter. His whole stock-in-trade, it said, had hitherto been extravagant demands upon England, and the abuse he had heaped on the *Times* had secured his election for Mayo. It called him a trafficker in calamity, who, while trying to impose ruinous sacrifices on England,

was not lavish of his own money, or ready to stint his own comforts. Quoting from a correspondent, he was said to have other hobbies besides pigs, and not to have reserved all the food at his disposal for "infant Repealers."

Jacob Omnim, whose well-known signature always appeared in the *Times*, when that journal required a more than usually trenchant article, and who was universally dreaded as the bully of the Press, joined in the attack. He said that this fluent debutant was apathetic and cruel; he had spent his time hunting in Warwickshire and attending all the race-meetings in England, while his tenants were starving in Mayo; and he considered it his duty to strip him of his borrowed plumes.

Moore found no difficulty in disposing of these libels. He had said that the sums voted by Parliament were ample but misapplied. The *Times* overrated its importance in supposing that counties were won or lost by abusing it, and that he had not taken the trouble to refer even once to it; but it seemed to have forgotten that it had given him a whole column of praise after the election. He had not been hunting in Warwickshire. "There was a Mr Moore who, I believe, performed all the feats there cited, and yet my assertion that I was at that time in Mayo is no less true; just as for all I know there may be a Mr Higgins (Jacob Omnim) now residing and performing his duty on his property in the West Indies, while another Mr Higgins is amusing himself by lampooning his acquaintances in Belgravia." He admitted to having attended races in England. "But if these speculations have been successful, have enabled me to bear with my losses in

Ireland, and to administer no insignificant amount of relief to the poor in that country, I think they might have escaped calumny, even by this Thersites of the West End."

They expected an easy victory over an Irish sporting gentleman, but met instead the best letter-writer of his time.

The *Times* made the best of a bad situation, and turned the matter off with chaff.

"We confess that it argued no little temerity to attack so ubiquitous and versatile a gentleman as Mr G. H. Moore. It equals the attempt to find a pluralist at home, or the task undertaken by that mythical hero with a very long name who attacked the chimera. The nondescript foe in that instance was a lion before, a serpent behind, and a chimera—that is the essential form of the monster—in the middle. Mr Moore is an English sporting gentleman before, an Irish landlord behind, and—Mr Moore between. The peculiar power of this singular combination consists in this—that whatever we may happen to say, and may have the best possible reason to say, of the Irish Repeal landlord, has a certain improbability when said of an English gentleman on the turf. The tone of Mr Moore's letter is redolent of Brooke's. It is cool, easy, sarcastic and nonchalant. The assertions and the dodges are the unquestionable product of Mayo. He declines the praises of 'Littlelegs' but owns to the stakes won, and the cups not won. He admits three months busily, but not exclusively engaged in the pursuit of these honours, but the more goodness is sifted the more it appears.

"The discussion has elicited a most interesting feature in the history of this gentleman. We commend it to the collectors of moral anecdotes, and recommend for a title 'The Tender-hearted Turfman.' The lives of thousands depended on the running of Cascade, and Wolfdog by Freney. Unhappily for the interest of humanity he was not more successful, and the obvious question one asks is, what would have been the results of their failure on the stomachs of Mayo?"¹

But the *Times* was more unscrupulous in its attempt to defend its correspondent. Though Jacob Omnim had been allowed the utmost latitude of expression and of slander, the Editor insisted on all the stings being extracted from Moore's reply.

"PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE,
"22nd Dec., 1847.

"The Editor of the *Times* presents his compliments to Mr Moore and begs to enclose a proof of his letter.

"The Editor is most anxious that Mr Moore should have an opportunity of making the most satisfactory reply to the statements of his correspondent, but he objects to the passages he has marked in brackets as reflecting unfairly upon Mr Higgins, and as likely to produce a yet more angry interchange of personalities.

"If Mr Moore consents to the suppression of the marked passages, the Editor will have much pleasure in publishing the letter to-morrow, and will take care to explain the delay which has occurred in its appearance."

¹ *Times*, 18th Dec., 1847.

Mr Higgins sent a letter of explanation by his friend, Mr Slade, but instead of withdrawing his false statements, he tried to smooth the matter over. Sir Robert Blosse represented Moore, but no agreement could be arrived at, nor would Mr Higgins accept the proffered challenge. Therefore on the 28th December the following letter was left by Sir Robert Blosse at Mr Higgins' house:

"With regard to the gratuitous and voluntary offer which you made in the *Times*, of avowing your name if I thought proper to demand it, I beg to observe that I had no wish for any such avowal. I had no more wish to bring myself in contact with you than with any other newspaper scribbler; but on finding that you, yourself, volunteered to make yourself known, I of course understood you to mean that you were ready to make yourself personally responsible, and your subsequent communication of your name in a letter delivered by a friend appeared to me to argue the same intention. If it did not mean that it meant nothing, and you would have saved me and others much trouble if you had continued to maintain your newspaper incognito.

"As it appears by the answer given by Mr Slade to Sir Robert Blosse, either that you did not intend to incur that responsibility, or that your ideas of that responsibility are utterly at variance with ours, I can only express my regret that I should ever have penetrated your newspaper disguise, or permitted myself to regard you in the light of a gentleman.

"I have the honour to be

"Your obedient servant,
"G. H. MOORE."

Mr Higgins was one of the biggest men in London and was popularly known as "little Joe," so that it was repeated as a joke in Ireland that Moore had defeated two Joes—Joe more and Joe beg (in English big Joe and little Joe).

While the English Press resented the reproof that had been administered, the National Party in Ireland were very much displeased at the vote in favour of coercion. Dr MacHale was of opinion that such a vote would only have been permissible if measures of relief accompanied coercion, and this seems to have been the correct view, for no sooner had coercion become law than one by one the measures of relief were abandoned. It was a lesson of practical experience that Moore did not forget.

The *Times* libel was so contrary to the facts of the case that it drew forth a very spontaneous protest from his neighbours and constituents. Both the Famine Committees, of which he was chairman, passed resolutions full of praise of his energy and devotion; and another resolution was signed by all the leading gentry and priests, and even by the electors who were most opposed to his vote, proclaiming his kindness and generosity, and his unimpeachable personal integrity.

" My DEAR GEORGE,—I have read your defence, or rather answer to the *Times*, and give you my candid opinion that you have a hundred to one the best of it.

" I give you full credit for having during all last year, that is from August, 1846, to August, 1847, done more for those committed to your charge than any man in Mayo. Certainly no inhabitant of this

country made such sacrifices in money, time, and trouble for the poor, and we all know that those who abused you previously have since then cordially praised you. Of this I can speak of my own personal knowledge on oath. I believe also that the *Times* did much to cause the feeling which resulted in landlord and parson shooting; it will end by turning us all into Repealers.

“ Yours affectionately,
“ SLIGO.”

It will be seen that his first speeches on the hustings and in Parliament, attracted more notice than is generally gained by a new member, but it was not for a considerable time that he acquired the parliamentary manner of speech which suits the House of Commons. Whitty, a very brilliant critic, after describing Disraeli's conversational method, discusses Moore and Whiteside, blames them for not paying attention to House of Commons peculiarities, and humorously describes Moore's method.

“ He is a clever man, full of thought and very fluent, but he *will* say what he thinks, and the result is a smart declamation which can have no visible effect on men and parties, which is a mere mental enjoyment of the orator's, and to which the English members pay no attention, because they fancy Moore is doing what Cobden does, talking to out of doors; whereas G. H. Moore is earnestly, rapturously, and contentedly talking to himself.”

Disraeli's early speeches were failures for similar reasons, but both learned to adapt themselves to the place.

For the sake of appearances the Irish members had formed themselves into a party since the conference in the Rotunda, and drew up long lists of resolutions ; but these were merely dust for the eyes of the people, and not intended for the House of Commons. Moore found himself alone when he endeavoured to turn phrases into facts.

He was constantly urging the necessity of a really independent party.

“ LONDON,
“ 22nd Feb., '48.

“ MY DEAR LORD ARCHBISHOP,—When the Irish members assembled in Dublin I deemed it my duty to say that, however excellent might have been the thirty odd resolutions they had drawn up for the future amelioration of the condition of the Irish people, unless larger and more immediate relief for the starving part of our population were pressed upon the ministry, and unless some positive plan of action were agreed upon in case such measures were refused, there would soon be scarcely any population in the country to reap the benefits that might ultimately result from their councils. I therefore moved that some proposition with regard to immediate relief should be agreed upon and laid before the ministry ; and the Irish members should pledge themselves to oppose the ministry upon all party questions in case that proposition were not entertained, and to support the ministry in all such questions in case that proposition were fairly and honestly carried out. It is my firm conviction that had that resolution been passed *and acted upon*, ministers must have given way, and our people would have been saved.

" This resolution was negative by that assembly of Irish members, and they went over to Parliament, as before, a divided party, having solemnly refused to act together for the relief of the immediate wants of the people.

" Now, my lord, no advocacy of the people's interests will have any weight with an English administration unless a determined and systematic support, or a determined and systematic opposition, by a resolute and united party, be made the reward of honest assistance or the retribution for cruel neglect. If my vote upon the life protection bill were radically and in itself a bad one, of course I am answerable for my error; but if that question be regarded as a means of insisting on measures of relief, no stand *upon that bill* could avail for such a purpose. The ministerial majority upon that bill was too overwhelming, their success too certain, to make the opinion of a few Irish members of any consequence whatever. But if Irish Liberal members, it is no use evading the word, if Irish Repeal members continue their present mode of action, if they continue to swagger in minorities of 14 but sneak into the majorities of ministries on every close division, they are in reality the thick and thin supporters of a government who utterly refuse to assist us in our present humiliation and distress.

" If you, my lord, will make an effort to reform this crying enormity, to remove this scandal and this burning shame, I cannot but hope your exertions would ensure success. A private letter of remonstrance to those Irish members who profess to have adopted your Grace's views upon all questions of Irish politics, and who must regard your opinions

with respect and reverence, could not fail to inspire them with a proper sense of their duty at this crisis. I can only say that in any effort to force upon Government a proper attention to the wants of the Irish people, and in particular of our afflicted people in the west of Ireland, your Grace will receive my most willing, anxious, and determined co-operation.

"G. H. MOORE."

Again:

"I have to ask your advice as to what course of conduct you would think most advisable at the present juncture as regards myself. I really do not know what to do for the people. The Irish representatives are split amongst themselves, following their own interests, and utterly unwilling to sacrifice any part of those interests in the advocacy of starving people. As for making mere speeches on the subject nothing is more easy, nothing is more worthless. If there is anything that you would be kind enough to suggest, I shall be most happy to enter into your views and carry out your intentions."

An incident occurred at this time which, though of no importance in itself, is of interest because the actors were Moore and Butt, and it was the means of their first acquaintance.¹ In July, 1850, Robert Dillon Browne died; the candidates for the vacant seat in Mayo were Mr Ouseley Higgins,² Liberal, and Mr Isaac Butt, who was then a Tory and was already eminent at the bar.

It appears that Mr Butt discussed in London the

¹ Isaac Butt came between Moore and Parnell as leader of the National party.

² This was not Mr Higgins of the *Times*.

chances of his election with a gentleman whom he believed to be George Moore, and on going to Mayo informed his committee that Mr Moore was favourable to him. Mr J. V. Jackson went over to Moore Hall, and having informed Mrs Moore that that was the case, obtained a letter advising the tenants to vote for Mr Butt. Meanwhile Moore wrote to the Election Committee the following letter:

12th July, 1850.

"I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst., requesting my support for the cause of protection in the person of Mr Butt. In answer to this request I have great pleasure in stating, that I have no objection whatever to a Protectionist candidate, as far as protection of Irish agriculture is concerned, and that to a man of greater eloquence or ability than Mr Butt the representation of the county could not be entrusted.

"But protection, unfortunately in these suspicious times, is occasionally supposed to mean the protection of other things than agriculture, and before I promise my adhesion to a cause so vaguely stated I hope I shall be pardoned if I ask for a more express and unequivocal definition.

"Is Mr Butt for the protection of the Irish Protestant Church, as at present established by law in the county of Mayo?

"Is Mr Butt for the protection of the right of eviction, as at present exercised, and as denounced in language that will not soon be forgotten by Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons?

"Is Mr Butt for the protection of the Irish franchise, as fixed by the House of Lords in defiance

to the declared wish of the representatives of the people?

"Should a bill for Tenant Right recognising the undefeasible right of the occupant to whatever improvement he may make in his occupancy, and his fair and full compensation for all such improvements, be brought before the House of Commons, will Mr Butt support that bill?

"If I receive from Mr Butt an open, straightforward, and satisfactory answer to these questions I will support him. If not he cannot expect any support from me."

When Moore heard the use that had been made of his name, he was naturally indignant and wrote an angry denial, which was used against Butt at the polling. The latter, who fully believed that he had Moore's approval, wrote and asked if it were possible that he could have signed such a letter; when they met in London he had, he wrote, not only given him to understand that he approved of his candidature but made an appointment to meet and help him.

It chanced that when Moore was reading this letter someone pointed out Isaac Butt, who had come to stay in the same hotel. Moore took the opportunity to decide the question; he walked straight over to Mr Butt and asked if he had ever seen him before. Butt, rather astonished at the abruptness, admitted that he had not; and when he was told the name, was much chagrined at the mistake. The interview had taken place as he described, but the gentleman he had spoken to, and whom he fully believed to be George Moore, was a different person.¹

¹ I think it was Sir W. Gregory.

Explanations were readily made and accepted. Butt wrote a letter to the papers explaining the error he had fallen into, and thanking Moore for the frank and manly candour with which he had acted. I find also this private letter from Mr Butt.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It has occurred to me that our 'cause' might be gracefully solved in this way: that I should not in my letter define what you said but simply say it was generous and right, and leave you in yours to say what you think right. This would avoid the appearance of my fastening on you any explanation.

"I have framed a sentence which I enclose, not very well written, but of that I only will have the discredit, which I think will convey this.

"Believe me that nothing I can say in public, can adequately express my feeling of obligation to you for your conduct in this unfortunate transaction. The one pleasing point in it is, that it has made for me your acquaintance, under circumstances which perhaps have compressed into a day or two the experience and the feelings of years.

"Believe me, yours most sincerely obliged,
"ISAAC BUTT."

Moore wrote publicly at the same time:

"I do not know that I have anything to add to, or any comment to make on the clear statement your letter contains. It can now be no offence to you to say that the assertion to which my letter referred was unfounded, and to that assertion alone the expressions it contained were applied.

"For yourself individually I could never have

entertained any feeling but that of respect. My first letter to your committee is in itself sufficient proof of the high estimation in which I have always held your abilities as a public man. I yet hope to see those great abilities exerted in a greater sphere, and in a greater cause, than any they have yet adorned ; and I should be sorry indeed to think that a trivial mistake on your part, or a hasty word on mine, should for a moment be remembered between us.

“ Any such expressions that I may have used, referred to a state of things which had no existence, and no one could have shown more honourable readiness than yourself to acknowledge and repair any mistake into which you may have been accidentally betrayed.”

It was a serious misfortune to the country that Mr Butt was defeated by Mr Higgins at this election. The former, as his later career proved, was a man of genius and patriotism. If he had entered politics at this time he would never have allied himself, as did Mr Higgins, with the men who in 1853 sold their cause and their country for government places. Though at this time a Tory, he would have been an honourable colleague, and would no doubt in a short time have seen the right path.

Another more ludicrous incident occurred after this election. Mr Higgins used some words reflecting on the Marquis of Sligo, and received a challenge through George Moore, who acted as the friend of the latter. Mr Higgins accepted, but took care to spread the news beforehand, so that the police might be handy, and flashed off his pistols on arriving on the ground so as to give due warning.

" WESTPORT,
" 19th Nov.

" MY DEAR GEORGE,—I received to-day from Baillie the enclosed reply to my letter. What do you say? I am certainly not for writing to a Mayo paper, but the more public the better. I believe Higgins' friends are giving out that the interference of the police was our doing, after the sudden change of place, the squibbing of pistols, and the confidential mention of the subject to his father, his aunt, and a drunken Dean!

" SLIGO."

" TO THE EDITOR.

" SIR,—Various inaccurate accounts having been reported to me with regard to a meeting which took place lately in the Phoenix Park, between Lord Sligo and Mr Higgins, at which I acted as friend of the former, I think it right to state that the place of meeting first fixed upon was the Curragh of Kildare, and this was changed at the request of the friends of Mr Higgins to the Phoenix Park. Upon arriving on the ground I was surprised to find that gentleman accompanied not only by his second, Captain Oakes, but also by his own father and his cousin, and I was still more surprised when those gentlemen insisted, quite contrary to the usual practice upon such occasions, on flashing off their pistols previous to loading them, and that, too, in spite of my urgent remonstrance to the contrary.

" Your obedient servant,
" G. H. MOORE."

CHAPTER X

INDEPENDENT OPPOSITION (2)

SINCE the Reformation the Catholic Church in England had been treated by Rome as a missionary Church ; it had been governed by Vicars Apostolic taking their titles from foreign sees. But in 1850 the Pope re-established the Church on a more national basis, and divided the country into dioceses and parishes for convenience and better government.

It is difficult to imagine how this change could cause the slightest annoyance to anyone. Whether the Catholics living in Birmingham looked for spiritual direction to a priest who called himself Bishop of Troy or Bishop of Birmingham, would seem to be a matter of indifference to either Catholics or Protestants ; their numbers would remain the same and their influence would be unchanged. But for some years an increasing sense of irritation and fear had been creeping over the Protestant mind.

At the end of the eighteenth century the Catholics in England were reduced to a little discomfited sect, huddled together out of sight, and almost ashamed of their own existence. But with freedom restored, Newman, Manning and the Wilberforces, Fisher and Oakley and a host of others, had become the standard-bearers of the faith. Church after church, models of the old Catholic architecture, were

built in every town ; and in almost every hamlet in England rose the incense of Catholic worship. Even in the English churches, the ceremonial forms of Catholicism were insidiously introduced, and combined by Tractarians and Puseyites with the Church Liturgy. It seemed to be the tendency of the time to destroy the old Protestant simplicity, and sap the foundations of the established religion.

When middle-class Englishmen heard that England was being divided among Catholic bishops, and read Cardinal Wiseman's epistle, dated from outside the Flaminian gate, their souls were seized with terror. Churchmen and Dissenters saw in their heated imagination the Pope again all-powerful in England, the people flocking to Mass at St Paul's, and to Confession at Westminster Abbey, and their daughters immured against their wills within the walls of convents.

Lord John Russell, who was then Prime Minister, took the opportunity to divert public attention from electoral reform¹ by inflaming the popular mind still further against the Catholics. Miscalculating the results and without consulting his colleagues, he wrote a public letter to the Bishop of Durham,² which only too successfully attained its ostensible object.

The newspapers stirred up the excitement of the people, urging the most violent measures in defence of what they called religious liberty.³

¹ He feared to strain his relations with the Peelites by accepting this measure.

² The famous "Durham letter."

³ "The *Times* blows up the coals for the sake of popularity, but Delane (Editor) who begged of me not to write, as I was inclined, something in mitigation of the movement, told me he thought the whole thing a gross humbug, and a pack of nonsense."—"Greville Memoirs."

Greville in his memoirs says:

" 21st. Nov.—The Protestant agitation has been going on at a prodigious pace and the whole country is up; meetings everywhere; addresses to bishops and their replies; addresses to the Queen; speeches, letters, articles, all pouring forth from the Press day after day with a vehemence and a universality such as I never saw before.¹

But Moore saw in all this folly an opportunity to redeem the failure of the Rotunda meeting of 1847. At that time, while the people of Ireland were sunk in the torpor of famine, unable to think of anything beyond the means of subsistence, the members of Parliament were representatives of landlords who were on the borders of bankruptcy; a country under such circumstances might be excused for a lack of independence. But however submissive the people had been hitherto, an insult to their religion had always had the power to rouse them. He was himself deeply indignant at this outburst of fanaticism, and travelling to Ireland he raised a cry of defiance.

The race that ruled them, he said, had tried for three centuries to impose on them their religion, first by force and then by fraud, and when the latter had failed, force, it seemed, was to be resorted to again. He recalled to their minds the bursts of passionate rage with which every failure had been followed: Titus Oates and his pretended "Popish plot" in the seventeenth century; Lord George Gordon and his "no Popery riots" in the eighteenth

¹ Queen Victoria was wiser than her people; wiser than her ministers or the bishops. She deplored the foolish agitation. See diary and letters.

century, and now in the nineteenth century, Lord John Russell and "Popish aggression."

"A whole people, great, free, and tolerant in their civil and political affairs, wise and considerate in their general estimate of the opinions of others, on one subject alone, and that subject demanding, one would think, more forbearance, humility and charity than any other, seemed all at once transformed into a rash, clamorous and indiscriminate mob of petulant, conceited, overbearing, unreasoning fanatics, without courtesy or dignity, or truth or justice."¹

The agitations were not an outburst of popular bigotry alone, but were in every case aided and abetted by men of letters, by bishops and clergymen, by statesmen and even by judges of the realm. Each persecution had resulted in miserable failure, and in disgrace mourned and lamented by every succeeding generation of Englishmen.

He predicted that as in the seventeenth century, one Lord Russell had been at first the hero and then the victim of such an outburst, so in the nineteenth century another Lord Russell was posing as the leader of persecution; and he also would find in it his destruction.

¹ A glance at a few of the scolding phrases applied by English bishops to Catholics during this agitation will show that these words were not exaggerated. Of course the less educated went much further.

Oxford—Corrupt in doctrine and idolatrous in practice; indecent aggression; the slough of Rome.

London—Popish superstition and idolatry; arrogant deceit of the papal aggression.

Gloucester—Papal superstition.

York—Unparalleled aggression.

Rochester—Insolent aggression, etc.

The whole country was stirred; meetings were called in every county, and Catholic enthusiasm stood face to face with Protestant anger. Moore set himself to much more serious work than merely exciting the people; before the meeting of Parliament he went to work in earnest; in private and public intercourse he spurred on the patriotism and ambition of individual Irish members, and laid the foundation of union.

When Parliament met in February, 1851, Lord John Russell, urged on by popular clamour, introduced a bill prohibiting Catholic bishops under pain of imprisonment from using the titles of their sees; and also confiscating to the State all property bequeathed to them under those titles.

It was a weak, foolish attempt which could serve no purpose but insult. Its provisions could be eluded with facility, and if defied its penalties could never be enforced. Yet out of this petty act of tyranny arose a situation and a policy which upset in a few months three successive ministries, and after sixty years of storm and stress, has ended by altering, or, as many people think, wrecking the ancient constitution of these realms—the Kings, Lords, and Commons—the boast of Englishmen for hundreds of years.

At the moment nothing could seem more simple than the parliamentary situation; Whigs and Tories were equally unanimous for the measure, and were supported by an overflowing popular opinion in the country. Scotland was especially excited:

“Aberdeen told me the whole country was on fire, and they would like nothing so much as to go to Ireland to fight, and renew the Cromwellian times,

giving the Papists the opportunity of going to hell or Connaught."¹

Opposed to it were only the Peelites, some half-dozen Radicals and the Irish Catholic members. After some days of speechifying the first reading was passed by 364 to 59. Particulars of the debate are not necessary; Bright and Roebuck, Hume, Gladstone and Graham joined with Moore and Keogh in denouncing it, but Lord John Russell and the Whigs, Disraeli and the Tories were a combination that possessed the logic of numbers; and indeed popular passion would not have tolerated its rejection. Resistance seemed impossible; only a madman would have dreamt of victory. I tell the story in the words of Sir John Gray:

"One of the Irish members, who seemed more thoughtful than the rest, apparently downcast and sore at heart, took me by the arm, and walked with me into a private corridor, where we remained in consultation for about fifteen minutes, and we then left the house together. It was not a very inviting morning for a walk, but having reached Trafalgar Square, we paced it round and round until the clock chimed four; at that still hour we parted with a warm grasp of the hand, saying 'It shall be done.'

"Mr George Henry Moore went home to snatch a few hours of sleep; I went to my lodging and remained doing my part of the work till the express was leaving town in the morning, and, acting on the suggestions of that night, I stated through the columns of the *Freeman* my conviction of the impossibility of resisting the progress of that infamous bill, by any

¹ "Greville Memoirs."

opposition to the bill itself, and that the only chance of success lay in striking at the Minister; and that there were some at least of the Irish members preparing to strike that blow.

" After dispatching the letter enunciating that policy, as the policy to which the *Freeman's Journal* would henceforth be devoted, and telling the good news that the preparation for acting on it had been commenced by an Irish member, I went in pursuance of the understanding with Mr Moore, to see some of the Irish representatives on the question. But early though it was I found that Mr Moore was already at his portion of the work, and right zealously and effectively did he perform it. During the few days that intervened between the night spent in Trafalgar Square and the division on Disraeli's motion, which had been for some days on the books, Mr Moore was unceasing in his labours and succeeded in making many converts. When on the succeeding Thursday the division bell rang on a motion regarding agricultural depression,¹ one of those motions ingeniously contrived to avoid any question of principle, on which parties try their strength in the House of Commons, twenty Irish members, who usually voted with the Government, walked silently into the opposition lobby, leaving Lord John Russell with a majority of only 14."²

Hitherto the Irish Liberal, or quasi-national members, had no influence in Parliament, because they voted with the English Whig party on all English or Imperial questions; and on Irish or

¹ Disraeli's motion on agricultural depression.

² Sir John Gray's speech at Kells, 3rd Feb., 1853.

religious matters they were out-voted by a combination of both Whigs and Tories, who were united on these questions alone.

Moore's plan was simple in theory, but exceedingly difficult to carry out in practice. The Whig and Tory parties were evenly balanced in the House of Commons, and were quite irreconcilable on English party questions. The essential idea of Independent Opposition, now established for the first time, was to vote against the government of the day, whichever it might be, on these party measures, and by thus throwing its weight from side to side render party government impossible. It would then become necessary, if the government of the British Empire were to be carried on at all, for one party in the State to conciliate the Irish members by some means or other; either by adopting their views on the government of Ireland, or bribing the leaders by offering them positions of emolument in the Government, while keeping the country quiet with false promises. These two methods have been in alternate use during the last sixty years, and are in fact necessary to party government.

It was not long before the folly of Lord John's half-hearted measures became apparent:

" My LORD ARCHBISHOP,¹—Enclosed you have a copy of the first penal bill of the nineteenth century. That the bill never will be law, however, I have still confident hopes. The division of Thursday night² has struck dismay into the ministerial ranks; and

¹ Dr MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam.

² Twenty Irish Liberal members voted with the opposition on Disraeli's motion on agricultural depression.

even now, I have no doubt, we could make a compromise to exclude Ireland from its operation, if we consented to the persecution of our fellow Catholics in England. Little, however, as we owe to their sympathy with us in the hour of persecution, we will not desert the standard of our faith while a rag of the old banner is flying; and I am not without hopes, with dexterous management, to defeat the bill altogether. I hope that it is no more than the indulgence of an honest pride in me to say, that the confederation of Irish members who voted against ministers on Thursday night was from first to last my handiwork. Slowly, patiently, unremittingly I forged and riveted together every link of the chain on which all our hopes now hang; and if we succeed even in the two objects which we have already achieved, the exclusion of Ireland from the bill, and the defeat of the ministerial project of centralisation, it will be something to boast of having effected. But I hope for more than this; I hope, if we stand together, we shall first defeat the whole project of persecution, and moreover found upon its defeat, not a mere reign of pitiful toleration in Ireland, but a great and comprehensive plan of national government, founded upon the public opinion of Irishmen, and enforcing their national and religious rights.

"The bill has been well argued, and every one of the ministerial propositions torn to shreds. As for the ministers themselves, not a word is said in their defence; a shrug of compassion, softened into pity or exaggerated into contempt, is the answer of their own friends if they are talked of; and as for Lord John, Nemesis sits triumphant on his name, which as a statesman is lost for ever.

"I wish your Grace were over here for the second reading which is fixed for Friday week; but, however, absent in body, you will, I know, be with us in spirit; would it be impertinent to suggest that a letter from your pen would be an incentive and an inspiration. Rouse the people from their slumbers. They are not doing their duty: their voice would give us strength beyond computation. My wife presents her respects and recommends herself to your prayers.

"G. H. MOORE."

A second stroke was planned for the following week; on the 21st February the budget was before the House, and Moore arranged with Disraeli that the Irish members should vote with the Tories on the Income Tax. But the Government was made aware of the plot, and being defeated the same night, on a matter of small importance, Lord John Russel adjourned the debate and resigned office. Among those who were not in the secret the astonishment was intense.

"Not a creature in or out of the House expected he would regard such a defeat as this as a matter of any importance, and great and general was the surprise and consternation when Lord John got up, just when the budget was to have come on, and made an announcement which was tantamount to resignation. The House dispersed in a state of bewilderment, and the town was electrified by the news. At night there was a party at Lady Granville's and there it became known that the Government was in fact out."¹

¹ "Greville Memoirs."

Now that the Whigs were defeated the question arose who was to succeed them? "somebody must be sent for and something must be done." A correct idea of the utter confusion and helplessness that reigned can only be obtained by reading contemporary records. No party could claim a majority in the House of Commons. The Whigs had just been beaten; the Tories could not hope for a majority without the aid of the Irish.

The Peelites were a small body containing, it is true, many statesmen of reputation; Sir James Graham, Sidney Herbert and Gladstone were among their orators, but their numbers were few; they could not hope to form a government themselves; they could not join the Whigs on account of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, nor the Tories on account of protection. The Radicals also were a minority not very friendly to the Whigs.¹ This is a contemporary Tory estimate of the position:

"The town is in a fever of curiosity, incessant inquiries and no answers, heaps of conjectures and lies. Every kind of speculation is afloat—a reconstruction of the Government, with only an infusion of Whig blood; a coalition between the Peelites and the Government; a junction of Graham simply with the Government; or a government under Stanley. I should be sorry to have to bet upon the issue."²

But Moore had only twenty-five members at his

¹ Greville.

² Lord Canning to Lord Malmesbury.

disposal, and the difficulties were very great; in the confusion Lord John climbed back into office.

“ LONDON,

“ *3rd March, 1851.*

“ MY DEAR LORD ARCHBISHOP,—I am deeply penetrated by your kind appreciation of my services, but I fear we have been exaggerating the result of our late efforts, which did indeed look for a time most brilliant, but which a series of untoward circumstances have contributed to thwart.

“ What with the incapacity of one party, and the cowardice of another, the inevitable Lord John is again in office; and has this day again announced his apparently inevitable bill. Our labours, like those of Sisyphus, are again to recommence; but I, for one, am not disheartened. On the contrary, though our late manifestation of strength and unity have not resulted in absolute victory, the first trial of strength was in our favour; and, with earnestness and determination, I do not see why we should not be successful in a second essay.

“ The people have still their work to do; a glorious work if perfected, and leading, I hope and trust, to great successes in the future. Even if this miserable effort at persecution be carried through the legislature, the doom of the Minister that produced it is at hand, and should be made a warning to all future administrations.

“ If we cannot prevent we can revenge; and of that vengeance, the vengeance of God Himself, the Irish people is the appointed instrument.”

“ G. H. MOORE.”

" LONDON,

" 13th March, 1851.

" MY DEAR LORD ARCHBISHOP,—When I wrote to your Grace, I confess I looked forward with doubt and despondency to a struggle, in which so much had been done, with so little avail, and in which the combinations of party looked so much against us. But, as your Grace so fervently and almost prophetically assures me, 'the prayers of an oppressed people are not to be despised'; and it may not be altogether an accidental circumstance that on the very day, mayhap the very hour in which your religious confidence shamed my doubting heart, in which you penned that striking sentence, the Minister was absolutely fulfilling the people's prayer, and surrendering the very bill which it appeared almost hopeless to oppose.

" Your letter is dated March the 7th, and on March 7th Sir George Grey virtually abandoned the work of persecution. Not on that account, however, will we shrink from our standard or slacken our efforts in the great cause. Your Grace's letter was like the sounding of a trumpet, 'herald of to-morrow's strife'; we are all one mind and one heart. God save the right.

" G. H. MOORE."

Greville sums up the situation :

" Everybody seems disgusted, provoked, and ashamed of the position in which we are placed. The Roman Catholics alone are chuckling over their triumph and our perplexity. They see that we have plunged ourselves into a situation of embarrassment,

which leaves us no power of advancing or receding without danger or disgrace. Our Government, and especially its chief, have gone on from one fault and blunder to another. They manage to conciliate nobody, and offend everybody. Their concessions are treated with rage and indignation on one side, and with scorn and contempt on the other. The bill is reduced to a nullity, but this does not appease the wrath of the Catholics and the Irish; though what is left of it will do them no injury they still oppose this remnant with undiminished violence, determined if possible to make us drain the last drop in the cup of mortification and shame. It is not unnatural that people should be indignant with a government whose egregious folly has got us into such an unhappy and discreditable dilemma. We are in such a position that the Roman Catholics and the Radicals are alone the gainers; and accordingly, while all others are disturbed and terrified at such a state of things, they are delighted, and confidently expect their several ends and objects will be advanced by the confusion, disunion, and discontent which prevail.”¹

¹ “Greville Memoirs.” Yet Greville was a sound Whig. The celebrated cartoon in *Punch* representing Lord John Russell as a little boy running away, after chalking up “No Popery” on a wall, has never been forgotten, and was reproduced again this year in a notice on his life.

CHAPTER XI

INDEPENDENT OPPOSITION (3)

MEANWHILE two sinister forces had begun to undermine the party Moore had created. The first and most apparent, was the corrupt and corrosive action of the Treasury and the Government whips ; the second and cognate force was the increasing influence of William Keogh.

Moore wrote, March 27th, 1851, to the Archbishop of Tuam, that he believed the bill could be defeated if all the forms of the House were used to obstruct it.¹ He had urged this policy on his colleagues, but they opposed it on the ground that it was desirable, on the second reading, to draw out the greatest amount of support from other parties in the House, and to produce as respectable a minority, in point of ability and position, as it was possible to muster. He had reluctantly yielded to this plausible argument, on the express condition that, from that time forward, the most resolute obstruction should be used. But he found that the policy of a "gentlemanly" opposition was again being pressed by Mr Torrens McCullagh, who had been in fact, if not in intention, the friend of the Ministry throughout the proceedings. Mr Keogh, whose abilities gave

¹ This method of obstruction was adopted many years after by Messrs Parnell and Biggar.

importance to his defection, and others like Mr Roche,¹ who had lately dined with Lord John Russell, showed symptoms of wavering. Against this formidable apostacy, he had still a band of true men, who would stand by him in good repute and evil repute, but if the little party were disunited, it could not offer serious resistance to the opposing host. He asked the Archbishop to write him a letter he could show to the waverers, and also to express his views strongly to Dr Gray,² editor of the *Freeman*, and brother-in-law to Mr McCullagh.

He wrote again :

“ 31st March, 1851.

“ MY DEAR LORD ARCHBISHOP,—I wrote to your Grace a few days ago, shadowing forth the presage of coming danger that presented itself to my mind. I regret to say that my worst fears have been since verified, and my conviction is that the ‘ pass is sold.’

“ It is painful to me to be obliged to speak injuriously of individuals, or injuriously of their motives ; and, as long as evil did not threaten the great cause which I hold dearer than life, I studiously abstained from casting censure upon anyone ; but feeling as I do, that that cause is in peril, and that the danger rests in individuals and their motives, I must deal in individual conduct and individual motives as they force themselves upon my consideration.

“ I do not therefore hesitate to avow my opinion that the Treasury is at work amongst us, and that our ranks are broken by treason of the most decided

¹ Afterwards Lord Fermoy.

² Dr (afterwards Sir) John Gray.

character. Mr Torrens McCullagh I firmly believe to be a Government spy: it is an ugly name but I think it is a true one, and if true it is not a truth to be suppressed. Mr Keogh is an expectant of office, and Mr Sadleir is an unscrupulous attorney looking out for a place. Mr Roche is a mere sycophant of the Minister, and works with Mr McCullagh. Against the machinations of the first-mentioned of these gentlemen, I have been working ever since the beginning of the session. He tried all that man could try to prevent our vote on Mr Disraeli's motion, and then joined in it when he found it inevitable; he worked Heaven and earth to prevent our voting against ministers on the Income Tax, and was only compelled to give way by a division of 'the twenty' upon it, of which he was left in a minority of one. Mr Roche was vehemently against Ministers two months ago, but has been smoothed down by civilities of a very public character: as for the two others, who hunt in couples, their motives of action are as well known to me as my own. These four men I have hitherto neutralised by playing them against each other; and it was only by so doing that I accomplished the celebrated votes that broke the administration. They have, however, since arranged matters amongst each other, and with Government; and the majority of Irish members (outside the pale of the twenty) being thorough ministerial hacks, the said majority is entirely in their hands.

" This general body of Irish members had a meeting on Friday, and expressed a strong resolution against the adoption of what they were pleased to call factious opposition to the Government bill. In other words they renounced the intention of offering

obstructive opposition such as the forms of the House allow, to going into committee on that measure; and contented themselves with instructing three or four quasi-lawyers of their body to draw up amendments wherewith to make a show of opposition after the deed was done.

“ Now it must be clear to your Grace that if we do go into committee upon the bill in question, we go into committee upon a false issue. The ministerial measure is a mere fancy sketch that each party hopes to fill up at their own pleasure. The Government talks of striking out clauses in committee, but it is not strong enough to offer the slightest guarantee that it will be able to carry out its own intentions: the Irish members amuse themselves, and imagine they will amuse the Irish people by preparing amendments, which will be swept away like chaff before the wind; while the great and overbearing majority which is impending over us, believing that the ministerial measure is wholly inadequate to satisfy the insatiable fanaticism of the English people, are determined upon nothing else than reducing our Church to bondage. Sir Frederick Thesiger said expressly, and he was loudly cheered on all sides as he said it, that they did not assent to the second reading of the bill as it stood, but to what they intended to make it when it got into committee.

“ It is clear, therefore, that if we allow this bill to go into committee without a demonstration of desperate resistance, as men should show who are fighting *pro aris et facis*, we reduce the struggle to a mere red-tape discussion about phrases and clauses, in which we shall be trodden contemptuously underfoot.

“ Up to this time there has been neither enthusi-

asm nor self-sacrifice nor devotion in the struggle ; the character of the contest has been alike unworthy of the Irish Church, or the chivalry of the Irish people. I have hitherto, most unwillingly, bowed my soul beneath the yoke of frigid dialectics that has been imposed upon me ; but I have yielded to the plausible argument, that it is better first to appeal to the reason and good sense of the legislature, than to brave, perhaps unnecessarily, its overpowering numbers.

" But we have tried that course ; and we have been answered, not only by an almost unheard-of majority, armed against all conviction, but by a declared intention on the part of that majority to use its power unsparingly.

" We have yet one chance. The battle will be fought in the sight of Europe and America, whose inhabitants will be assembled on our shores.¹ If our little band fights the good fight of Catholicity and religious liberty with that devotion and that fearlessness which two such causes ought to inspire, I believe that we shall enlist in our favour the sympathy of all brave men, and that England may be shamed into granting to our virtue, what she denied to her own sense of justice. But if, on the contrary, we shrink into a crew of mere pettifogging lawyers, and seek to protect our great cause from desecration, by entrenching it amidst flimsy amendments, the glory of our position will have departed, and along with it its strength and its hope.

" I have now said my say ; I will not abandon this struggle for the liberties of our Church and our people ; but it is for the people and the Church to say

¹ The season of the great exhibition of 1851.

whether they are satisfied with this mode of fighting their battle. If their opinion be in the affirmative I am free from responsibility. *Liberavi animam meam.* I have fought as long as I could fight with honour; I denounce treason when I see it practised. On this matter I now definitely appeal to your Grace; and if you concur in my opinion, you will enforce that opinion with your high authority; if you do not, you will allow at all events that there rests not on my head the responsibility of the ruin I foresee.

" You will see that I was compelled to postpone my motion upon the temporalities of the Irish Church. I think it a most craven shrinking from our duty; I think that there could not be a more favourable moment than that of England's anger against a shadowy aggression, to point out to her the real, substantial, and atrocious aggression she is inflicting on us. I was, however, overruled by others, and I could not persist alone.¹

" If your Grace approves of my view of this matter, a strong expression of your opinion to Dr Gray would set this matter going. I intend to write to him myself, but no time is to be lost.

" G. H. MOORE."

He wrote again saying that the Ceylon bill was the only opportunity likely to arise for the defeat of the Government, and enclosing a list of seventeen doubtful Irish members² on whom pressure ought to be brought, to vote with the Irish party. Then he

¹ Moore had a constitutional inclination to bold political courses, to counter attack by attack.

² Sir J. Burke, Talbot, Somers, Grogan, Morgan, Sir P. Nugent, Maurice O'Connell, Martin Blake, E. B. Roche, Sir A. Armstrong, Dr Power, O'Gorman-Mahon, N. Power, Tennison, Corbally, Morgan J. O'Connell.

added: " My wish to oppose direct obstruction by every form of the House, to this work of persecution, has been overruled—fatally overruled, as I believe—and I fear the beginning of the end is approaching."

By these and similar methods, Moore was able to bring great pressure on the doubtful members, and a dinner was arranged at Richmond to consolidate the party. During the discussion of the future policy, he read the letter he had meanwhile received from Archbishop MacHale, and it had a decisive effect on the waverers, who began to fear the opinion of their constituents. Keogh and Sadlier especially rallied to the party of Independent Opposition, and became its adherents to such an extent, that for nearly two years they were Moore's firmest allies.

The character of Keogh is an interesting one, and has been drawn by many skilful hands. Mr T. P. O'Connor and Gavan Duffy have described him picturesquely, as a clever political schemer, without a shade of honest purpose. But the character of such a man is not to be interpreted so simply; like many Irish adventurers, he had a strain of enthusiasm and patriotic fervour, which sometimes, under favourable circumstances, seemed to dominate his actions, and which indeed was probably the motive power which led to his success. The letter to Archbishop MacHale shows that Moore's first opinion was very unfavourable, but most unfortunately documents are not available for gauging his later private view; it is known only that Moore, Sadlier, and Keogh worked together in complete harmony, and that no sign of treachery was apparent, so that Keogh refused to accept office when offered by

Lord Derby. He had a charming personality, and seems to have been almost irresistible in his attractiveness, both to his companions and the populace. Frederick Lucas, a very clear-sighted man, of the same transparent honesty of purpose as Moore, was his bitter enemy, and attended a public banquet at Athlone, for the purpose of accusing him to his face, and in presence of his supporters and friends, of political dishonesty. Yet he was completely won over, and lavished praises on him when they sat together in the House of Commons.

Much might be written on the subject, but it would interrupt the course of this narrative; some of Keogh's letters may help the reader to form his own opinion on a very puzzling matter.¹

“ 20th Nov., 1851.

“ MY DEAR MOORE,—Last night I returned from Wexford, where I attended at a loss of at least fifty guineas to myself. The meeting was good, and the speeches, as far as Sadleir and I were concerned, thoroughly up to our policy. Greatly it pleases me to know you are in good resolve to attack the old humbug, which be assured is not yet dead. I will second you to the last and incur every risk you encounter.

“ I am most anxious to have your advice on every subject, and I followed it at the last meeting² when I steadily declined to allow my name to be further used, and I only yielded at the request of the Bishop, and merely until a day fixed; and beyond that not an hour.

“ WILLIAM KEOGH.”

¹ I have some letters from Lucas which show that the matter was discussed, but Moore's views do not appear as the replies are not available.

² Catholic Defence Association; he resigned the Secretaryship.

The party worked well together henceforward and though finally a bill was passed, changed in form and matter, public opinion was so altered during the struggle that it was never put into operation. It imposed penalties which were never enforced, and were indeed openly flouted. For instance, it was made a penal offence for a Catholic bishop to use the name of any place in the United Kingdom as the title of his office, but within a week of the passing of the act, Dr MacHale gave his name, when examined as a witness before a committee of the House of Commons, as "John, Archbishop of Tuam," and declined the suggestion of the chairman to adopt a more legal title.

But resistance to this measure was attended with other and more important results. The House realised that Irish members could at least revenge persecution, and began to respect them accordingly.

The Ministry had been repeatedly defeated,¹ and was utterly discredited; only the opening of the great exhibition of 1851 saved it for a while, by diverting men's minds to less serious matters.

" But the effect which it produced in Ireland was even more extraordinary. The people had been so long accustomed to the paralytical jogtrot of Irish patriotism, that this sudden symptom of vigorous vitality struck them like a resurrection of the dead. They had been so long accustomed to regard their representatives as low traders in a small political business—something between huckstering and petty

¹ 11th March—Lord Duncan's motion on Crown lands. 7th May—Hume's motion on Income Tax; Lord Naas' motion on spirit duty.

larceny—as retail dealers in petty government appointments—that this sudden recognition of a noble purpose flashed upon their minds like a revelation from another world.”

The Brigade members returned to Ireland, and began to utilise the enthusiasm they had raised to organise the country. A great aggregate meeting of the Catholics of the United Kingdom was held in Dublin to institute a Catholic Defence Association. Bishops and priests of England, Ireland, and Scotland met together, for the first time in history, in united conclave.

Local meetings were held all over the country to support the Brigade policy. At Ballina in November Moore was entertained at a great dinner by his supporters. The Archbishop of Tuam presided, the Bishop of the Diocese was present, and a numerous array of priests and laymen; while Keogh and O’Flaherty represented the Brigadiers. He commented on the parliamentary history since the Union, and pointed out the errors that had, after so much sacrifice and so many struggles, left the people still in bonds. He sketched the new policy and said :

“ If you do not mean by your presence here to-day unequivocally to declare that you adopt, and ratify, and accredit the plan of combined action put in force with such effect during the past session, the high compliment you have just paid me would not only be valueless in an extended political sense, but absolutely without meaning even as an expression of your

approbation. And why? Because if you do not approve of my conduct in this matter, you cannot approve of it at all. Upon this I take my stand—upon this I challenge your opinion—upon this I stand or fall. I claim to be one of the founders of the policy. I have argued its necessity since I first came into Parliament. I have never ceased to urge it through years of shame and terror and disaster. I have lived to see it adopted at last by Irish representatives, and accredited by the Irish people; I have lived to see a Ministry go down before it like a water-logged hulk in contact with a fire-ship; and if it be only adopted and enforced by the people of Ireland, I hope yet to see the day when it will have placed in the hands of Ireland, not only the rule and government of her own people, but a great and commanding influence over the destinies of the world.”¹

He recounted what had lately been achieved as a pledge of the future:

“A bill was introduced into Parliament at the absolute mandate of an overwhelming and overbearing majority out of doors; both parties in the legislature outstripping and outbidding each other in their zeal to carry it out, and both parties hallooed on by the whole Press of the country, metropolitan and provincial. The average majorities in the House against us were at least ten to one in every division; and I believe these majorities but too truly expressed the Protestant feeling of the country. To oppose all

¹ How prophetic these words, spoken sixty years ago, sound to-day, when we consider the action of the Irish parliamentary party on the Liberal Government.

this, what was our effective force? Twenty-five men. With that quarter of a hundred, with that twentieth part of the House, we drove this exulting Minister ignominiously out of office; and not only that, but we scared every other candidate from taking his place. Lord Stanley told the Queen as his principal reason for refusing to take office, that he could not count upon those who put him in allowing him to remain. There we were for ten days sentries over Downing Street, with 'lodgings to let' written up in the windows; there we were, strong only in the justice of our cause and in our own determined purpose, master of the government of that country upon which the sun never sets, till in consideration of their mutual discomfiture the two parties agreed to postpone their mutual quarrels, and allow a provisional government to continue in office until the twenty-five Irishmen should decide as to which government they would eventually support. Now, upon that subject we have not yet made up our minds; but I think I can inform you what government we will not support—the government of Lord John Russell. Upon that point we are quite unanimous—and when we do agree our unanimity is wonderful.”¹

Till now the Brigadiers had swum on the rising tide of popular enthusiasm; they had formed an alliance with the only other organisation in the country, and Ireland seemed to present an unbroken front, and a firm determination. But in December of this year the first check was received. Keogh resigned the secretaryship of the Catholic Defence Association, and the Brigadiers, supported by the

¹ Ballina speech, Nov., 1851.

Archbishop of Tuam and all the bishops present, wished to elect an Irishman.¹ Dr Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, who had been insidiously monopolising more and more the leadership of the organisation, now resolved to make the religious element supreme at the expense of the spirit of nationality. He took this opportunity to strengthen his position, and insisted on the appointment of an Englishman named Wilberforce.² He was successful, and when the Brigadiers appealed to the country³ there was little response. This reverse had a very depressing influence on Keogh.

"MY DEAR MOORE,—I don't intend publicly replying to the Rev. Mr Maher; I have done so privately. Continuing a newspaper controversy would not in my opinion be of any service. Besides, he speaks under the protection of the Primate and is sure to have the advantage. We have made our appeal to the people and the Press; they have not met us, as we had good reason to expect, and I for my own part will not take any further steps. I did write to Maguire, and he replied by an attack upon our address. It really strikes me that the Irish people like to be ridden by Englishmen. I saw Wilberforce (the new secretary); he looks a perfect imbecile. I had only a passing word with him."

"WILLIAM KEOGH."

¹ James Burke a Connaught Catholic.

² Son of the anti-slavery crusader and brother to the Bishop of Oxford.

³ The appeal to the national spirit was written by Moore and signed by Keogh, Sadleir, O'Flaherty and the other principal men; it was posted on every chapel door in Ireland and published in the newspapers; in the county districts it excited only mild curiosity, and a little controversy in the towns.

"**M**Y DEAR MOORE,—I entirely concur in the spirit of your letter and I wish I could do as you desire. But I do not think you make just allowance for the difficulties of my position. I am here alone, without anyone to consult, or to support me in any move I may make. Every engine is set to work to injure and calumniate me, and I am not worth defending. You must recollect too, that when you and I parted it was agreed that you should write (failing the Archbishop); indeed, I should not have signed the address but that I expected the Archbishop (Dr MacHale) would have sustained us. I think it more dignified to remain silent now, as the country appears as you properly say 'dead to insult.'

"As to the Limerick dinner, I am by no means desirous to go, but so many of our party, Meagher, Devereux, etc., have already said yes, that I fear to say no. Sadleir too wishes to go and give expression to our views. I merely mention what we intend to do, as I don't wish to keep anything from you in future.

"W. KEOGH."

Moore thought the best line of action would be to silently abandon the Catholic Defence Association, to leave it in the hands of Cardinal Cullen, and turn their attention to the Tenant League. It would be sure to die of inanition in his hands; but Keogh was greatly discouraged, and no doubt this incident largely tended to determine his future action. He thought there was no hope for a servile people under the tutelage of an ecclesiastic of this character; probably he began to consider that his enthusiasm had led him astray, and that it would be wiser to attend to the interests of his own life.

If the Brigadiers were in difficulties, so also was the Government. Palmerston pursued an independent line at the Foreign Office ; he received a deputation in favour of Kossuth, and approved the *coup d'état* in France, in direct opposition to the policy of the Government, and was obliged to resign ; but he revenged himself by introducing an amendment to the Government Militia Bill, and a combination of Tories, Palmerstonians, and Brigadiers defeated the Government by eleven votes, and forced it to resign. So unsuspected was this ministerial defeat that Lord Derby had gone on a visit to Badminton that very morning. These combinations were often negotiated by Moore and Disraeli, while the official chiefs were kept in the dark.

Moore, Keogh and some of the members of the Irish Brigade were offered places in the new Tory Government but refused, so party discipline was kept for the time.¹ The Ministry started with fair success ; they carried their Militia Bill by a majority of 150, and the Franchise Bill was rejected by 53 votes. Early in May the second reading of the Tenant Right Bill was taken, but the Tories opposed it, and it was rejected. On the 10th May Disraeli moved the transfer of four vacant seats to Yorkshire and Lancashire, and the first trial of strength took place between the two parties ; great exertions were made by the Opposition to bring together the various sections, but it was feared that the Brigadiers would not consent to go into the same lobby with Lord John.² They kept their secret to the last moment, and then, voting with the Whigs, inflicted a serious defeat on the Govern-

¹ See statements Keogh, Lord Naas, Major Beresford and Disraeli in Parliament, 16th June, 1853.

² "Greville Memoirs."

ment; six weeks later, after suffering one more defeat, Lord Derby was forced to dissolve Parliament.

Thus the second session ended as the first began, in the complete triumph of the Irish Brigade, and the utter prostration of English parties. A small but disciplined force under skilful generalship, had driven two ministries from office, and had now forced a third to appeal to the country. It successfully waged war with the man who had for years been the undisputed leader of the popular party in England, and so discredited him that, though the Whigs returned to power after an interval, Lord John Russell remained always in a subordinate position, and was never again Prime Minister of England.

Much more, however, than mere vengeance was accomplished. Ireland was roused from the lassitude that succeeded the famine; the nucleus of a party was created, and the Irish people were taught that though rebellion had failed, there were still weapons with which to fight the battle of liberty.¹

¹ "The spirit in which the recent short session has been carried on by the different parties and leaders presents a very unsatisfactory prospect for the future; for while a more disgraceful and more degraded government than this cannot be imagined, it is difficult to see, if they fall, how any fresh combination can be formed, likely to be efficient, popular, or durable. It will be equally difficult to do without and to do with John Russell. The Whigs will acknowledge no other leader, but their allegiance to him is very loose and capricious; he has lost his popularity and prestige in the country, and has very little personal influence. Then the unappeasable wrath of the Irish Catholics, who will come to Parliament brigaded together, and above all things determined on his personal exclusion, will make any government of which he is the head or the House of Commons leader impossible. Nothing in the present balanced state of parties can resist a compact body of sixty or seventy men acting together by word of command, and putting a veto on one particular man. No past services or future expectations will atone for the Durham letter which they seemed pledged to a man never to forget or forgive."

CHAPTER XII

TENANT LEAGUE

WHILE the events related in the last chapter were in progress, another popular movement began to make itself felt in the Irish political world. The famine had brought the evil conditions of the agricultural population to a crisis; many of the landlords were ruined, and sold their estates to English adventurers, who raised the rents of their tenants to the highest point. Others were in great difficulties; while receiving no rents they had been taxed to the extent of twenty shillings in the pound to support the people, and now endeavoured to save themselves from present and future calamity by clearing their estates of a congested population.

This sudden change of circumstances caused infinite suffering; numbers who survived the famine were reduced to destitution, and fled as paupers to America. On the other hand, landlords and agents were frequently murdered, and with all classes steeped in poverty, the evils of society were infinite.

An agitation sprang up among the peasants, and their leaders began to organise defensive leagues in different parts of the country. The Callan Society was the first of these, but the movement spread rapidly from county to county, and it seemed to some that the northern Protestants were as enthusiastic as the southern Catholics.

George Moore was in full sympathy with the cause of the people, and stated their case thus in Parliament:

"About two hundred years ago the English drove the whole Catholic people of Ireland from every other part of the country into Connaught, giving them the other alternative of hell, which, however, they did not choose to adopt. Since that time the possessors of the soil had scarcely reclaimed an acre of the wilderness to which the people of Ireland had been driven. They had scarcely built a farm-house, they had scarcely constructed a farm-yard, they had scarcely made a fence, they had scarcely dug a drain. The old population driven by the English conquerors into that country, by the sweat of their brows, by the toil of their own hands, had reclaimed a howling wilderness and made it a fertile land; and since that time, year after year, generation after generation, the landlords had grasped and confiscated the property which the tenant had created, thus generation after generation driving him further into the wilderness, again to reclaim, again to drain, and again to live upon his labour. Was not this a great moral wrong? It was not, however, a legal wrong, and we now seek to make it so."

As we have seen from his letters to Archbishop MacHale, Moore had long been looking for some sign of political life among the people, and he welcomed this movement from the first. In July, 1850, about a month before the foundation of the Tenant League, he declined to support Butt, unless he

admitted the indefeasible right of the occupant to whatever improvement he might make in his farm, and a full and fair compensation for all such improvements. But Sharman Crawford, who had for sixteen years advocated the cause of Tenant Right in the House of Commons, and others who acted with him, were opposed to part of the League programme, and Moore was of opinion that in the present state of public opinion its proposals were not feasible. He agreed with Sharman Crawford also that the appointment of public valuers to forcibly reduce rents would be unwise, and would lead to disastrous results.¹ Between the two parties he attempted to mediate, so as to accommodate, if possible, the divergences of opinion.

"DEAR MR MOORE,—I wish much that I could see you before you leave town for Mayo, as I find that your notion of a conference about Tenant Right was highly approved of by the northern moderates to whom I mentioned it. I did not mention your name specially, but I find that you have a very high character in Belfast, as one of the M.P.'s who are a credit to us, and from whom great good may be expected as representatives of Ireland. The northern Whig people praised you highly, and I am sure if you, Mr Bernal Osborne, and some others would make an approach to the League, or at least put forward some moderate and rational declaration of opinion, that numbers of men of influence and

¹ In both these views time has shown that he was correct. It was not till 1870, twenty years after, that anything like the very moderate reform he advocated was even partly realised; and the Land Purchase Acts show that the appointment of so-called valuers and land commissioners has not been a successful experiment after a trial of over thirty years.

weight would gather round it and support you. I was very glad to find that there is room for an active moderate party on the subject. Mr Tenant, M.P. for Belfast, and Lord Castlereagh expressed privately sentiments very similar to yours. The northern Whig people strongly advocate the cause you recommend, and will follow you if they are led to it.

D. OWEN MADDYN."

These negotiations were not very prosperous, and the conference did not take place for nearly a year. Meanwhile his attention was diverted by the publication of the Durham letter, and he turned for a time towards this new excitement as a readier means to accomplish his purpose. The agitation already described was bitterly resented by the Tenant Leaguers, who feared it would distract men's minds from the object they had in view. They feared also—and this was a more reasonable fear—that the alliance of the Northerns might be strained by a religious agitation, and that a revival of the spirit of ascendancy would prevent their co-operation with the Catholics. They seemed to forget that the struggle was forced upon the latter, and that only a slavish submission could avert it. Gavan Duffy was the leader of these malcontents, and the *Nation* left no stone unturned to undermine the credit of the Brigadiers; he ought to have foreseen what a weak bond such an alliance must be, and that in the many trials which lay before them it must inevitably be rent asunder. Moore sought, therefore, rather to excite the enthusiasm of the Celts than to buy, by a sacrifice of honour and principle, the toleration of the Presbyterians.

"I wish I could believe that in the North, where Tenant Right is so much agitated on the platform, it will be as powerfully enforced on the hustings. Now on this subject, at all events, if on no other, we have a right to expect effective aid from the men of the North. A year ago there were some amongst us who laboured under the delusion that the Protestants of Ulster were to stand shoulder to shoulder with us, in defence of our common liberties, civil and religious. I never imagined any such thing; I never expected the descendants of the old Puritans to be sincere supporters of religious freedom for Catholics. The last session must have dispelled that delusion for ever, and I hope for the future such visionary expectations will never pass current amongst us. I do not expect, I am not so unreasonable as to expect, the men of the North to return friends to Catholic liberty, but we have all a right to expect that they will return friends to Tenant Right. We have a right to demand that Mr Sharman Crawford's bill be made a *sine qua non* with every candidate for a northern county."

Moore set himself again to bring about a conference between the Tenant Leaguers and the parliamentary party he had created. Unless an alliance could be cemented between these two, it was becoming apparent that the cause of Tenant Right would fail. Hitherto the Leaguers had been unsuccessful at every by-election; Longford, Cork, and Limerick had gone against them in the space of a few months. They were not able, it would seem, to excite sufficient enthusiasm to counteract the intimidating influence of the landlords, or the corruption of

the Whigs. Yet it was not an easy matter to accomplish this union between two parties, so mutually suspicious or even antagonistic to each other. The northern Presbyterians had a strong distaste for the men who had fought the battle of toleration ; they looked with jealous eyes even upon Lucas, the secretary of the League, for his outspoken views in the *Tablet*.¹

On the other hand Keogh and his friends, who were at this time at the high tide of their success, cared little for the help of the League ; most of its leaders were his personal enemies, from whom he could not expect any toleration.² Sharman Crawford, who stood apart, regarded the Tenant Leaguers as mere agitators of extreme views, with whom it would be impolitic, even dangerous to associate. But Lucas on one side and Moore on the other, succeeded in overcoming opposition, and a deputation of the League was sent to London to secure the co-operation of Sharman Crawford. A combined meeting took place in August, 1851, immediately after the Catholic meeting founding the Defence Association already described, and was well attended by both parties. Keogh, Scully, Reynolds, Ouseley Higgins, O'Flaherty, and Moore represented the Brigadiers ; Dr McKnight, Rev. Mr Rentoul, Maguire, Father O'Shea, Lucas and Duffy and Sergeant Shee were members of the Tenant League. An agreement was come to after much discussion, and Keogh con-

¹ Letter, Dr Knight to Duffy in note to "League of North and South" : "How one-sided this alliance proved to be became evident when at the general election not a single northern county elected a Leaguer ; later in the year when Keogh and Sadleir accepted office, Dr McKnight and the Northerns were the first to support their action."

² Lucas had attacked him at the Athlone banquet.

gratulated Mr S. Crawford, the League and the Brigadiers on having settled their differences. Moore did not think the introduction of the new matter wise, but he modified his opinions to meet the general wish.¹

"I hope," he said, "I am not guilty of overweening egotism if I experience honest pride in the thought that I have been in some humble degree instrumental in bringing together the conference, out of which such happy results have arisen. More than a year ago, as Mr Lucas could testify, I saw the necessity of such a conference, and made some anxious and active exertions to bring it about. Seven months ago, as Mr Lucas could also attest, I made another effort in the same direction; and though the proposal was at first coldly received by particular parties, I never relaxed in my exertions to bring about in hearty intercourse and communion, men who differed in extent only, and who were animated by the same hearty zeal in the cause of the people.

"Having spoken of mutual sacrifices, I think it right and candid to state, that in giving my entire and hearty assent to the compact entered into between members of the House of Commons and the League at the conference, I have made great sacrifices of preconceived opinions. The deplorable state to which the peasantry of the country are reduced, prove the necessity of a great and speedy adjustment of this question, and nothing but great and united action can save the country and the people. There is no sacrifice, short of sacrifice of principle, which I am

¹ It is noteworthy that Sergeant Shee, who drew up the new clauses and guaranteed that they would be passed, afterwards attributed the failure of the bill to their introduction.

not prepared to make for that purpose. I would feel prouder in making that sacrifice of opinion, than of any humble exertion that I was ever called on to make in the cause of the people."

In November, 1851, Moore attended with Keogh a Tenant Right meeting in Ballina, but warned the people not to expect that the bill Sharman Crawford intended to introduce could be passed into law next session of Parliament.¹

" That bill we will exert every power of mind and body that God has given us to carry ; but remember this one fact—exert what influence we may and what power we can, we shall be defeated during the next session of Parliament on that very bill by a large majority. (A voice—There will be a resurrection.) But how is that resurrection to be accomplished? Depend upon it if we confine ourselves to introducing Tenant Right bills and voting for them in Parliament, we shall have the pleasure of pursuing that profitable employment from generation to generation without effect. It is by bringing the power of the constituents to bear upon their representatives, and the power of their representatives to bear upon the administration

¹ Duffy writes of Moore in "League of North and South," that he had seen much of the seamy side of human nature and had only limited confidence in the immediate success of their efforts. I am not sure if this was meant slightlying but it took thirty years to complete the policy of the League, and twenty before even a moderate reform was effected. Duffy writing thirty years later claimed to be the author of Independent opposition, but so far from this being correct, he condemned it in the *Nation* as late as Dec., 1851 and, strangely enough, quotes a condemnation in "League of North and South," without perceiving the refutation of his own claim. He was afterwards one of its most loyal supporters. See p. 185, "League of North and South." In *Daily Express*, 27th May, 3rd June, 1899, and ante, there was a controversy on the subject, and Duffy expressed his views fully.

through English party questions that we can force the necessity of passing that measure. I say this not only to the Catholic constituencies of Ireland, but I call on the Presbyterians of the North, if they are really anxious in the cause of the tenant, to show that real sincerity, not by talking at the hustings, nor upon platforms, but by returning in the North men who will co-operate with us on the subject in Parliament. I will receive with pleasure any real aid they may send us, but at the same time I must tell the Catholics of Ireland that if they intend to fight their own battles with success, it will be, as I told you last night, by fighting in your own ranks, under the sacred shadow of your own standards and under the shelter of your own shields."

Early in July, 1852, Lord Derby, finding the Brigadiers determinedly hostile, dissolved Parliament and appealed to the country. Moore returned to Mayo and found his position very critical. The landlords who had supported him in the last election were no longer unanimous in his favour; some few could be relied on, but his advocacy of the tenants' interests had already alienated many.

The Protestant voters, who in the narrow franchise of the period formed a greater proportion of the voters than in the large Irish constituencies of to-day, were opposed to him for the leading part he had played in the struggle against the ecclesiastical titles bill, and now brought up in judgment all the violent speeches he had made during that exciting time. But he had for some months become aware of a more sinister danger. His colleague in the representation of the county was at this time Mr Ouseley Higgins,

a Catholic and a Brigadier. This gentleman's father had raised himself from a comparatively humble position, and his family had by the exercise of great diplomatic ability, advanced themselves almost to a recognised position in the county. He had entered Parliament more to secure his foothold in society than for any public advantage. His first vote in Parliament had been cast for the Whig government, and though Moore's influence and the excited state of public opinion, had forced him into the ranks of the Brigadiers, he had no sympathy whatever with a policy which placed him in antagonism to every English government, and presented a serious obstacle to his entry into London society.

He sought for an opportunity to free himself from this bondage, so he cunningly set to work to dig a mine under the feet of the leader and champion of the party of Independence. He entered into a conspiracy with the remnant of the old corruptionist Whig faction in Mayo to oust his colleague from his seat. Higgins was no orator, but he was a very clever diplomatist, and he played his cards with skill. It was arranged that all the votes that could be collected for the purpose should either be split between himself and the Tory, or be given as plumpers for him alone.¹ As it was expected that all Moore's friends would split their votes with him, while all the Tory voters would plump for their own candidate, it was calculated that Moore would come last on the poll. It was a plan cunningly devised, and on paper seemed likely to succeed; it certainly made a very grave situation. Moore's course,

¹ Each elector had two votes and could either divide them between the two candidates or vote for only one.

besides this, was complicated by personal jealousies and private enmities. Lord Sligo had always been his supporter, and had lately been engaged in a bitter quarrel with Higgins. To exclude the latter he now brought forward Colonel McAlpine as his nominee, and gave him all his support. Finesse and intricate diplomacy, was as necessary to play off against each other the various territorial magnates among whom the constituency was divided, as the oratorical skill which played on the follies and prejudices of the ignorant populace.¹

"MY DEAR GEORGE,—I do not at all find my position embarrassing ; if it is quite clear that the race lies between you and McAlpine, I am at liberty by my letter to you, and bound by my word to him, to plump for him. Certainly if he is in danger, I shall plump for him every vote I can, nor, should that throw you out, shall I consider it at all inconsistent with my letter to you ; at the same time, if I believe that McAlpine be at the head of the poll, and the race lies between you and Higgins, my course is equally clear to split between you and McAlpine. Now to keep mine unpolled till Dillon's have voted may not be possible, on account of the violence threatened ; however, as long as I safely can, I intend to keep them, but of the moment of polling I shall be sole judge. McAlpine's friends urge me for his safety to poll early, you to wait till Dillon's have polled. I totally disclaim any responsibility for your

¹ "MY DEAR MOORE,—On general principles I should say you lose much by every day that you abstain from blowing up the whole conspiracy, giving names, facts, and everything ; your reliance is on public opinion. In private management Higgins will best you. What can I do ? Give me the word and I will lay on like a Philistine. F. LUCAS."

election, and cannot be frightened about it, nor by the charge of treason. You have your election in your own hands at any moment,¹ but even if you throw away that certainty, I will do my best to pull you through consistently with McAlpine's safety; but I will not risk that, even though you may think me guilty of treason.

SLIGO."

Clever as he was, Higgins found himself checkmated; without Moore's votes he had no chance of beating McAlpine, and when he was threatened with the withholding of these, he found himself compelled to sign a pledge to retire if Moore's return was endangered. Moore, in his address to the electors of Mayo, claimed their support for the policy he had instituted:

"I believe this policy to be wise and sound; I know that it has been effective and successful. I found no Irish party in the House of Commons when I entered it, but two miserable bands of despised stipendiaries; I left in it a strong and resolute body of Irish representatives, outwardly feared and inwardly respected, the arbiters and not the make-weights of a party, who have bequeathed to their successors a position more commanding, and a responsibility more honourable than Irishmen ever possessed in the Senate since the union. I claim the honour of being the founder of this policy; it has obtained the sanction of the Irish people, and I claim from the Irish people permission to complete what with their sanction I have begun.

"Without the support of the formidable body to which I belong, no administration can hold office,

¹ By joining McAlpine.

and should I be returned to the next Parliament, I will venture to pledge myself, that the party will make the Government of the country impossible to any administration refusing to comply with these conditions."

Moore	695	} elected
Higgins	550	
McAlpine	360	

A petition against Moore's election was lodged by the Tory candidate on the plea of intimidation, and the Government, which in those days was not very squeamish of giving underhand help to its partisans, was very anxious to secure his exclusion from the House of Commons. He was regarded as the principal disturber of the parliamentary peace, and the office seekers on both sides were exasperated at his breach of the traditional rules, which enabled each party in succession to hold for a while, in comparative security, the pleasures of place. An effort therefore was made to prejudice the petition, by representing that he had exceeded his duty as a magistrate, by sitting on the bench at the trial of some cases arising out of the usual election riots. The resident magistrate, Mr Singleton, was secretly deputed by the Lord-Lieutenant and the Lord-Chancellor to make up a case, and on the 17th August he received an intimation from the latter that certain charges had been formulated against him. He replied that he had attended the sessions in the barony in which he resided, and in a district in which, with the exception of the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, he possessed more property than all the magistrates of the district put together, that he

had been requested to take the chair, and had only reluctantly consented when pressed by all the magistrates present.

" I find now that a secret inquisition was instituted, surreptitious information sought and obtained, and clandestine council held with Orange squires and county attorneys on my character and conduct; while from the 5th to the 17th of August, when I received your lordship's summary and—with all respect to your lordship—adoption of the charges thus strangely obtained, I was kept in utter ignorance of the miserable surveillance to which I was subjected. Except the fact of my having presided at the sessions in question, having been moved into the chair by Mr Kearney, one of the magistrates of the district, the whole of the allegations which your lordship has condescended not only to state, but to argue and to advocate, are so ludicrously at variance with the facts of the case, that I scarcely know how to give them a grave contradiction. . . . As to the further statement to which you feel yourself bound to call my attention, I find that the allegation, as originally penned by your lordship, went as far as to intimate that the fines were paid by me. But as, after a careful but transparent erasure with a penknife, you have altered the words into 'by one or more of the magistrates by whom the fines were imposed,' I presume the offensive imputation is not directed against myself. With regard to its amended and somewhat vague application to my brother magistrates, I can only say that no such subscriptions were entered into from the bench at which I presided, in my presence or with my knowledge; beyond that it

is certainly not within my province to pursue the inquiry. If your lordship is in a position to charge any magistrates with such an act, you will, I suppose, write to him upon the subject; if not I would most respectfully suggest that you will withdraw an imputation which you are unable to sustain."

In November an inquiry was held in Castlebar by Mr Sergeant O'Brien, from which some of his accusers found it convenient to be absent, and the others said that the statements made in their names were untrue. In answer to Moore's demand for an apology the following was received.

"SIR,—I have directed to be forwarded to you a copy of Mr Sergeant O'Brien's report of the investigation recently held by him at Castlebar. You are fully entitled to my opinion, which I have much satisfaction in expressing, that the charges brought forward against yourself, Mr Blake, and Mr Higgins, with respect to your conduct at the petty sessions, held at Castlebar on the 28th July last, have not been substantiated, and appear to have been without foundation. While I unreservedly extend this opinion to the whole of the magisterial conduct of yourself and the other gentlemen whom I have named, in the transaction in question, I have to express my regret that, upon an occasion in which, from the nature of the charges inquired into, excitement might reasonably have been anticipated, the investigation of them was not left to the bench of petty sessions as ordinarily constituted, and that even a pretext should have been afforded for impugning the proceedings of the court, by the attendance of

magistrates who had seldom or never before acted as members of that tribunal. Although I cannot forbear to notice your aspersions on the other members of the Government and myself, I do not feel that I ought to enter on a refutation of them further than by simply asserting, as I confidently do, with all respect to you, that they have no foundation in the course of conduct of those proceedings which were instituted solely from a sense of public duty.

“ F. BLACKBURNE,

“ *Lord-Chancellor.*”

“ MY LORD,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your lordship’s letter, and of the report to which it refers. The Government is no doubt fully entitled to the credit which your lordship claims on its behalf, of having instituted these proceedings solely from a sense of public duty; but while I unreservedly extend my belief in the purity of its intentions to this and every other government, I must express my regret that, in a case in which doubts as to its motives might reasonably have been entertained, it should have afforded even a pretext for impugning its course of conduct, to those who have less faith than I in the intentions of governments in general, and the present one in particular. Although I cannot forbear to notice the words of counsel, which your lordship has condescended to bestow on me, I do not feel that I ought to enter upon any reply, further than by asserting, as I do—with all respect to your lordship—that I see no cause to regret any part of my conduct in these proceedings, which were actuated solely by a sense of duty.

“ G. H. MOORE.”

Of the petition nothing need be said; it fell through as hopelessly as the magisterial investigation.

In Ireland the general election seemed to give a decisive victory to the Independent cause; its representatives had been increased from twenty to fifty, commanding a hundred votes on a division. The English parties were more evenly balanced than ever, and judging by the experience of the year before, the Irish seemed to be masters of the situation.

Whigs,	150	}	320
Radicals	130		
Peelites,	40		
Tories,	292		342
Irish,	50		

But there was a general break-down in the North; Sharman Crawford, the champion of the League in Ulster, was defeated by a thousand votes. Dr Gray, though a Protestant, received the votes of all the Catholics in Monaghan, but the Presbyterian farmers refused to make any sacrifices for the cause they had boasted about so loudly, and he also failed.

Among the newly elected members Lucas and Duffy were the most valuable recruits, both for ability and honesty of purpose. The former had been a Quaker, and became a Catholic; he was a relation of John Bright, and was not inferior to him in ability or honesty of purpose. His writing possessed the same character of extreme lucidity, displaying his thoughts, hopes, and wishes in every sentence.¹ Gavan Duffy had risen from being a

¹ An adverse wit said of him, "Lucus sed non lucendo" and translated it "Lucas, not Bright" (Duffy).

writer on a small provincial paper to the editorship of the only literary journal in Ireland; he had been tried three times for his life as a rebel in 1848, and was afterwards successively Prime Minister of Victoria, and Speaker of the House of Assembly; in his old age he became the historian of the events of his youth. Sergeant Shee was a lawyer of much the same texture of mind as Keogh's, with considerable powers of speech, but more harsh and strident, and without his showy and attractive personality. He had obtained a position in the Tenant League, by embodying extreme clauses in a bill he had drawn up, and pledging his reputation as a lawyer to carry them through. He was afterwards a judge in England. But these men were all new to parliamentary work, and had no experience of the tricks and jobbery of the House of Commons.

Unfortunately the section led by Sadleir and Keogh had become much more powerful. The former had stealthily gathered round himself a family party to increase his political influence; his brother and his cousin were members for Tipperary; Waterford elected another cousin, Mr Keating, and Cork county a third, Mr Vincent Scully.¹ Keogh's debts had been crowding more and more thickly upon him, and he knew not where to turn for money to meet his engagements. The bailiffs were at times in his house; his election expenses had been paid by private subscription, and his difficulty to prove himself in possession of the necessary qualification of

¹ It was Vincent Scully who threatened in the House of Commons, if he were interrupted again, to speak for four hours, and did so. I think it was this Scully who was shot. A reluctant witness questioned as to whether he approved of the shooting, equivocated by saying they had shot the best of the Scullys.

three hundred pounds a year, threatened his seat in the House.¹ Pressed so hard on one side, on the other his enthusiasm for the national cause had been waning rapidly. The failure of the Brigade manifesto in December to stir public opinion had thoroughly disgusted him. He had experienced the flabby weakness of the national spirit, and he foresaw the hopelessness of depending for support on a corrupt and degraded electorate. In 1847 he had been returned for Athlone by a majority of six, though he stood as a representative of an English party, and had performed no services for his country. In 1852 he was a popular idol; he was a leader of a party that had raised the enthusiasm of the people by the most brilliant success, but he only—again by six votes—managed to secure his re-election.

The small Irish towns of this period had been in a state of continuous decline since the union; the few local industries, such as tanneries and woollen factories, etc., had gradually disappeared, and the towns had sunk into mere distributing centres for the surrounding peasants; doing a sort of work that could have been more economically effected by half a dozen general stores. But when trade had departed, there had remained a decaying population, clinging desperately to their homes, and its numbers had been augmented since the famine by a swarm of paupers, who had lost their cabins in the country districts, and were too helpless to migrate to America. Under such circumstances it may be imagined the householders had difficulty in keeping up their crumbling roofs.

¹ Duffy, "League of North and South."

The number of electors were generally only some two or three hundred, and as the value of their votes depended on the closeness of the contest, it was a matter of personal interest as well as urban patriotism to band themselves in two nearly equal parties. The price of a vote was about forty pounds; this was regarded as a sort of periodical bonus to cover the annual domestic deficit. The candidate who squandered most money in the town, could only be rivalled by him who had most government appointments at his disposal.

Keogh was more upright than the men he represented; he could at times rise above the sordid meanness of their hopeless poverty, but now, overwhelmed with debt, he sought to escape from ruin, and it is clear that at this time he strove to increase his power only to render it the more saleable. At the elections he gave his support everywhere to the men whose consciences would not be scandalised by political turpitude, to the men who had joined the party only when forced by public opinion, and who longed for an opportunity to desert. He had little difficulty in securing a considerable following of this sort. Besides the Sadleir family party, Magan of Westmeath, Anthony and Edmund O'Flaherty, Dr Maurice Power, and Mr Monsell¹ were his immediate adherents.

Many people had not only suspected but openly accused him of political dishonesty, but Keogh defended himself with skill,² and pledged himself with

¹ Afterwards Lord Emly; in justice to him, however, it should be said, that though he belonged to the party, he had given no definite pledges like Keogh and the others.

² Keogh's speech, Athlone banquet, Oct., 1851.

such boldness it seemed impossible not to believe him. He declared that he had no connection with any English party, that he would not take office from either Whigs or Tories, and that if the Peelites joined the Whigs, they would have his unmitigated, untiring opposition, till justice had been done. He gave a long roll of Irish measures, including the repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, and the passing of a land bill, as the measure of justice he demanded.

After the elections, the mind of the country turned to the question as to how the various parties who had declared themselves favourable to Tenant Right should act in Parliament.

On 24th July Lucas wrote to Moore :

" What is to be the mode of calling the conference? I think you occupy a position very favourable for making a first move. Somebody must move first, and I think no one can with more propriety move first between the old and the new members than yourself. In last week's *Tablet* and in the *Freeman* you may perhaps have seen some remarks intended to be conciliatory, uttered by me at the declaration of the poll at Trim, but not very accurately reported. These remarks, I hope I need not assure you, were made with the greatest possible sincerity. I am prepared to work cordially with every member of the party, and if the past is made to impede our future operations, I am determined that no part of the blame shall rest upon me. There is work enough and more than enough for all of us, if we were twice as many.

" In the present position of affairs I take it that one

of your natural functions is that of peacemaker, and whatever you are disposed to do in that way I am heartily disposed to back you in. Of course this is said to you in the unreserved confidence which I feel. You will not misunderstand it as an indirect message to anyone else, but it is merely to assure you of my personal disposition if ever you shall find occasion to turn it to account.

" It would have given you great satisfaction, as it gave me, to hear the confidence and respect for your public and personal character expressed everywhere in Meath by the clergy, and all others with whom I have conversed during my recent canvass. I don't know whether you have been much in Meath —I fancy not—but your public career has left traces on men's minds very different from those left by other men. I perfectly agree with you as to the necessity of some agreement as to principles before the conference is entered on, and I look anxiously for the first opportunity of talking these over with you.

" F. LUCAS."

Through the mediation of Moore on the one side and Lucas on the other, a conference of the old and new members was brought about. It assembled in Dublin, 8th September, 1852, and was attended by nearly forty Members of Parliament. The leading Tenant Righters crowded in from all parts of the country, and the Presbyterians of the north were well represented. Moore stated that though he and those with him attended the conference he could not pledge himself beforehand to be bound by all its conclusions; but still he would consider himself bound by any resolution to which he

did not specifically dissent.¹ Mr Potter proposed that the League should oppose any government that did not make Sharman Crawford's bill a Cabinet question.

Moore stated that this resolution embodied the whole question of policy, and that "if they were to go back to the old system of duly introducing certain bills, and getting them duly negatived, and then go on in support of the Ministry by whose sanction these bills were lost, then such a conference or such a bill as Mr Crawford's would be a delusion, a mockery, and a snare." But he exposed the absurdity of pledging themselves to give a pertinacious opposition to every government which did not include in a bill every syllable of Sharman Crawford's measure; in the progress of the Tenant Right Cause a period might arise in which a strict adherence to those pledges would not be consistent with the duty they owed to the tenant farmers of Ireland. He suggested as an amendment that they should pledge themselves not to support any bill not approved by the tenant farmers. This amendment was rejected, and after considerable discussion Keogh proposed a compromise which was finally adopted and passed unanimously:

"That in the opinion of this conference, it is essential to the proper management of this cause that the Members of Parliament, who have been returned on Tenant Right principles, should hold themselves perfectly independent of and in opposition to all

¹ Moore's course on this question has been misrepresented by Sir C. J. Duffy, p. 216, "League of North and South." A reference to the *Tablet* of that date will show that my account is the correct one.

governments which do not make it a part of their policy, and a Cabinet question, to give the tenantry of Ireland a measure fully embodying the principles of Sharman Crawford's bill."

Moore stated that he bound himself with the greatest reluctance; and after leaving the conference, he foretold to Frederick Lucas that a period would ultimately arise, at which a bill would be introduced into Parliament which would not embody anything like the essential principles of Sharman Crawford's bill, and yet one which, under all the circumstances of the case, it would be their duty to the tenant farmers to support.¹

Keogh and Sadleir and their satellites, had no difficulty in pledging themselves once more to a policy to which they were already pledged by a hundred oaths, but which they had determined to break. They agreed without demur to every proposition, and outbid everyone with their all-embracing promises.

The result proved the absurdity of such a pledge; the dishonest men found it easy to give specious reasons for evading it. The honest men, like Duffy and Lucas, erring somewhat from lack of experience in public affairs, found themselves later on embarrassed by a bond which was palpably at variance with the necessities of the situation. The Presbyterian ministers² hinted that Moore was backsliding;

¹ See Tenant Right Conference, 4th Oct., 1853, at which Moore restated this and referred to the Tenant Right Bill lately introduced as a case in point, which he was, owing to the stringency of his pledge, obliged to leave unsupported.

² These ministers, the Rev. Mr McKnight and the Rev. Mr Rogers, were the first to condone the breach of the pledge by Keogh and Sadleir.

it turned out afterwards that Moore was the only one in the whole assemblage who adhered strictly and literally to the terms of the pledge, and those who were most eager for it were the first to break it.

There seemed to be no longer any cause for dissension. The Irish members crossed the Channel reinforced in numbers, and apparently united for a triumphant campaign. All Ireland stood expectant; the successes of last year seemed but faint shadows of the future, and never in the days of O'Connell did the prospect seem so bright and so secure.

Indeed the Irish party was fairly equipped for success; its numbers had been doubled at the general election; twenty-five had been turned into fifty, and such a party was nearly omnipotent in such a house. The Whigs and Radicals were very loosely bound together, and the Peelites were nearly as much inclined to the Tories as to the Liberals. The Tories were the most compact party, but no party could hope for a majority if opposed by the Irish, and they hated each other far too cordially to coalesce. Parliament assembled in November, 1852, and two Tenant Right Bills came before it. The Irish members brought forward Sharman Crawford's bill, and the Government toyed with the question, producing a bill designed only to divert attention from other matters. It was quite apparent to anyone that a Tory government of that day, depending as it did almost exclusively on the landlord class, could never attempt to pass any reasonable land bill.

But Disraeli, surrounded with enemies, sought only for a little time to placate different sections of the House. If he could tide over the Budget, matters might yet be adjusted, a few promises more

or less would matter little; a government never finds it difficult to evade the fulfilment of secret negotiations. He entered into correspondence with Sergeant Shee, and some of the new Irish members, full of the self-confidence of novices, fell headlong into the trap set by this skilful Parliamentarian.

Lucas and Duffy, on the strength of these terms undertook to support the Government. Moore, on the other hand, arraigned it in no measured terms for its duplicity, for its attempt to extend the Income Tax to Ireland, and its refusal to relieve the bankrupt poor law unions of the weight of the consolidated annuities. He told the Irish members of both sides that, "if by their votes they contributed to impose the Income Tax on Ireland, or surrendered the interests of that country at discretion, as they seemed prepared to do, he hoped they would never again canvass an Irish constituency under false pretences, or Irish gentlemen with false promises; and, above all, that they would never accuse any other men of deserting the interests of their country for the purposes of faction."

The two land bills were allowed to pass the second reading, and this seemed an important concession, but it was only meant to throw dust into the eyes of the Irish members; the Government never dreamed of allowing them to go further. But the well-planned scheme of the leader failed at the last moment, through the obstinate dullness of his followers, who failed to comprehend the finesse. The landlords were alarmed at Disraeli's dallying with the land question, and Lord Derby, pressed in the House of Lords, threw over his colleague and declared that the Government would never adopt any

bill containing the principles of Sharman Crawford's measure.

This decided the fate of the Cabinet; Disraeli fought for his Budget with splendid eloquence. He knew he must fall, but he attacked his enemies with a bitterness that was excused by the genius and courage with which it was executed. Gladstone replied to him in a speech of great power and grasp of detail. It was a battle of giants, but for fine oratorical effects many gave the palm to Disraeli.

On the division the Tories were defeated by a combination of Whigs, Radicals, Peelites, and Irish, but only by nineteen votes. Lord Derby resigned, and a coalition cabinet was formed. Lord Aberdeen became Prime Minister, and had with him in the Cabinet, Gladstone, Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Sir James Graham, Sidney Herbert, and probably more men of exceptional ability than any other Ministry that has held office in this country. A few days later the minor appointments were published. Keogh was Solicitor-General, Sadleir Lord of the Treasury; Monsell and O'Flaherty had minor appointments.

"Private and confidential.

"**M**Y DEAR MOORE,—I am Solicitor-General, and I ask you to believe until you see the contrary, that I would not be so if I were not satisfied that full justice would be done to Ireland and Irishmen. I am satisfied that you will see good reason, not only not to oppose, but to support this Government. Time and trial is all they want. But this has nothing to do with

the subject of your letter. Whether you oppose or support I hope your friendship will remain unbroken, and as far as I can you will always find me ready to carry out your views.

“ WILLIAM KEOGH.”

The Government had solved the parliamentary situation by bribing the leaders of the people.¹

* This is, I think, the first time the history of independent opposition has been written. Lord Morley, in his “Life of Gladstone,” omits all reference to the Irish party, and makes the Peelites the determining factor. Gladstone has since become a popular idol in Ireland; but it should not be forgotten that he was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Cabinet which played this dirty trick, and ruined the Irish party for twenty years. Compare this with his action towards Parnell which had similar results.

CHAPTER XIII

CORRUPTION

MOORE took immediate steps to separate himself from the traitors. The day after the receipt of Keogh's letter he issued an address to the people of Mayo, and wrote a letter to the *Freeman*.

There was a meeting of the Tenant League to consider the position, and the deserters were condemned by all, except the Ulster Presbyterians; these hoped for special treatment from a Cabinet in which the Prime Minister and three other members were their co-religionists.¹

The Rev. Mr Rogers urged that those who joined the Government had good motives and ought not to be condemned, when it was said that Mr Moore also had sought such a position.

Moore replied immediately that not only had he not sought for a place, but it had been offered to him and refused, and Mr Lucas, who was present, was aware of the fact.²

Mr Rogers equivocated and said that though he did not believe it himself, it had been stated in Belfast; Dr McKnight repeated the same guarded

¹ "If Ulster had in Parliament Liberal Presbyterian representatives every one of the men who might be qualified would have a place in the Irish administration. This is no mere hypothesis."—Dr McKnight in "Banner of Ulster."

² He was offered the position of Chief Secretary for Ireland.

slanders in his newspapers, stating also that Moore, being a friend and associate of Mr Disraeli, was in favour of the Tories; but these libels were universally condemned, and Moore was deputed, with Lucas and Duffy, to oppose Sadleir in Carlow.

“ DEAR MR SADLEIR,—You are of course aware that I disapprove of the course you have taken in accepting office under the present Government, and breaking up, as far as in you lay, that Independent party in connection with which we have so long acted together.

“ I felt on such an occasion I was bound either to join you earnestly or oppose you earnestly, and I have thought it my duty to adopt the latter course. Public opinion must decide between us, and you have appealed to the people of Carlow. I wish to appeal to the people of Carlow also, and to state the grounds on which I have separated from, and disapprove of, your conduct.

“ Your letter to Mr Lucas assures me that you are anxious for public discussion, and it is necessary for the information of public opinion that such discussion should take place. In accordance with these circumstances, and deputed by the Committee of Religious Equality, of which you are, or were, a member, it is my intention to proceed to Carlow on Saturday, and intend you to meet me in public discussion wherever your better knowledge of the locality may lead you to appoint.

“ After the constant intercourse, public and private, which has for years subsisted between us, without the interruption of a single doubtful word or doubtful feeling, I need not assure you that I am uninfluenced

by any motives but those of public duty, and that no issue shall be raised by me but the injury which I believe you have inflicted on the public cause.

“ G. H. MOORE.”

But Sadleir did not relish any such meeting and wrote a querulous reply winding up thus:

“ I disapprove of your appearing here, and I shall be no party to your movement, which I regard as a vain effort on your part to secure the return of Mr Alexander (the Tory); to give an insidious blow to the Liberal party, and a stamp and currency to the libels which have been concocted against me.”

He was not allowed to shrink from the discussion, and Moore wound up the controversy in a letter of which this is the end:

“ But there is a deadlier foe to the honest cause than the open adversary; there is the fatal friend that opens the gate to the besieger; there is the deserter that passes over to the enemy at the hour of trial. If it be true—as you say it is—that there has lurked in the people’s camp a man who for years has been pining, yearning to betray, joining our councils, marching in our ranks, sharing in our victories, in order to turn to his own account and the account of the enemy the toils we have shared, the experience we have gained, and the laurels we have won, what possible comparison can I make between the enmity of such a foe as Alexander and the antagonism of such a friend? If it be true that the people of Ireland have been sold, and sold at a base price, a price that carries with it a thousand other meaner sales, and

opens out a system of corruption and venality, the province of which is to debauch every honest heart and dry up every sort of political morality in the country; if this be true, what act of hostility that a wretched Orangeman can perpetrate can be compared to the organisation of such systematic villainy?

"I tell every Catholic elector in Carlow and in Ireland, and I am ready to incur the responsibility before God and the country, that any one of them, who, either by abstaining from voting or by voting for an open foe, contributes to the defeat of a spy and a traitor, deserves well of his country, and that the voice of the country and posterity will applaud the deed.

"This is the confident, fearless, and unwavering opinion of one whom even you, and in Carlow, will not venture to deny is an honest man."

But if Moore took the lead in the attack he became in return the chief mark for the arrows of the defence.¹ The *Times* and all the English papers singled him out for abuse. The *Dublin Evening Post*, which had once already been forced to publish an apology for having libelled him about the management of his property, collected and published a series of the worst of these articles.

"If permitted," he replied, "by those who have hired you to calumniate me, I would thank you to publish this reply; and as you have been bestowing your tediousness of late on the vice of suppression, I suppose you will hardly think it decent to refuse.

¹ "It must be satisfactory to Mr Moore's pride—if he has any—to find that he is the mark at which all the enemy direct their arrows. Other names are mentioned but he is the chief target."—Lucas in *Tablet*, 29th Jan., 1853.

"Some of these articles are from your own goose quill, and are certainly not calculated to harm any living creature. No wonder Mr Birch's vituperative ability was considerable three times as valuable as yours by those who hired you both to do the same work at such different wages."¹

He described the writers as: "Intellectual bushmen of the Press, who, too puny to draw a bow that can inflict a mortal wound, barb their arrows with the venom that kills skin deep."

Up to this time the deserters would appear to have had no chance; the tide of public opinion seemed to be running strongly against them. The *Freeman*, *Nation*, and *Tablet* did not spare words or phrases. Sadleir was defeated at Carlow, and when public meetings were held in Castlebar and Kells, no one could be found to raise a voice in their defence.

Nearly the whole provincial Press was against them, and never did a cause seem so hopeless.

Many forces, however, had begun to work in an opposite direction, secretly at first, and then more openly. Throughout the constituencies occupied by these men and their friends, hopes and expectations of minor offices were held out to numbers of local leaders, to men who could hope to gain nothing from members who opposed all governments and refused patronage. No doubt they might advance the general good of the people, but the public weal weighed light in the balance with private gain. Public offices could not of course be found for one-

¹ It was found that Birch, Editor of the *World*, had received from Lord Clarendon three times as much money from the Secret Service fund for libelling the enemies of the Administration as the Editor of the *Dublin Evening Post* (Report of Committee, House of Commons).

tenth of those who expected them, but hints and promises were not stinted, and all hoped for what few could receive. Honour and honesty were sapped at the very foundations of the nation, and gradually a change was effected.

But even this deadly poison would hardly have destroyed the manhood of the whole country, had not an even more subtle and baleful influence begun to work for disaster. In Ireland the priests were the unquestioned leaders of the people, and no social movement was possible without their active assistance. To their zeal and influence the rapid development of the Tenant League was mainly due; and to an even greater extent the Catholic Defence Association rested on the religious enthusiasm of the people. But now Dr Cullen, who had already enfeebled the Catholic Association, and rendered it a political nullity, took in hand the Tenant League, and commenced the work of destruction. He banished Father Doyle to a distant parish for having thrown in his lot with Gavan Duffy at New Ross, and for opposing Sadleir in Carlow; and it soon became known that his influence and sympathy were at the service of the deserters. When the Athlone election came on, the Bishop of Elphin—whom O'Connell had named the Dove of Elphin—following this lead, wrote a letter recommending Keogh to the electors, and the man who on the wave of popular enthusiasm had only secured his seat by six votes, was now re-elected by a majority of nearly two to one in favour of place seeking. It was said picturesquely that he went to the hustings leaning on the arms of two bishops.

On what small circumstances and accidents do

the progress of nations depend! If the couple of hundred electors of Athlone had repudiated Keogh, as those of Carlow had repudiated Sadleir, the whole conspiracy might have been defeated.

Meanwhile Parliament had assembled, and a meeting of Irish members was held to consider their future actions. Twenty-one agreed to continue their former course, and seventeen determined to support the Government; about a dozen remained away. The party was, therefore, thoroughly broken up; in numbers it was less than before the elections, and no one knew by how much more it would be reduced.

The war between the two factions was carried from one end of the country to the other, and Moore, Lucas, Duffy, and Gray, were present at every election. But Limerick elected a notorious jobber in Mr John O'Connell; in Clare and Tralee the by-elections had somewhat similar results, and Sligo capped the climax by electing Sadleir.

In Louth Mr Chichester Fortescue, afterwards Lord Carlingford, an Irish Whig, was opposed by Cantwell; Moore, Gray, and Father O'Shea canvassed the constituency in favour of the latter, who was supported by most of the curates, but fifteen parish priests favoured the Whig placeman. In the middle of the struggle Dr Cullen wrote to the Bishop of Ossory, advising him to recall Father O'Shea, and not to allow him to leave the parish for any public purpose.

On the hustings Mr Fortescue accused the Independent party of being in the pay of the Tories.

MR FORTESCUE: They are not only the allies but the payers of the men who stand there.

MR MOORE: This is a most important and a most serious charge, and should not be made except on clear and proper grounds. It is a perfectly fair charge to make if it can be sustained.

Mr Cantwell challenged him to state the facts, and Dr Gray declared it to be a base and wilful lie.

MR MOORE: Say something that will justify you in making so gross a charge.

(The High Sheriff appealed for order.)

MR MOORE: You have made a deliberate assertion which is either true or false. You are bound to state something in support of it or to withdraw.

MR FORTESCUE: I did not mean that Mr Moore or Mr Cantwell or Dr Gray were bribed to come here—

MR MOORE: What did you mean?

MR FORTESCUE: What I did mean is this—it was my inference that as the Carlton Club was canvassing for Mr Cantwell, and expressing the strongest anxiety for his success, that the sinews of war are probably coming from the same quarter; but whether they are or not makes not the least difference.

MR MOORE: What Mr Fortescue said was this, I took the words down at the time: "The Carlton Club was the payer of those gentlemen who stood there."

MR FORTESCUE: I did say that.

MR MOORE: According to his statement he said that for which he had not a particle of proof whatever. He stated that which I declare to be an utter falsehood, and I do not in any way accept the explanation afterwards given. Mr Fortescue has thought proper to call some people shuffling spouters; who is the shuffler now?

MR FORTESCUE: I want to know what Mr Moore means by a shuffler?

MR MOORE: I mean you shuffle.

MR FORTESCUE: You wish to fasten a personal quarrel on me.

MR MOORE: I stated simply that which is a fact, and which I repeat again and again to be true, and I care not one farthing what the consequences may be. Strong charges require strong language to express them in. If you indict a man for wilful murder it is difficult to convey the charge in words particularly complimentary.

The influence of Dr Cullen and the bishops turned the scale, and Mr Fortescue was elected by a majority of one hundred and fifty.

Though election after election was won by the Sadleirites, it was remarkable that they were unable to assemble any considerable body of people in public meeting to openly support their pretensions. Their work was done in the dark or behind closed doors; if one could judge by public assemblies the country would have been almost unanimously against them.

On the 23rd Jan., 1854, representative men from nearly all Connaught assembled in Tuam, to take counsel together, and to retrieve a failing cause. They met in the ecclesiastical capital of the west, and with the sanction and co-operation of its illustrious chief. There came there also the leaders of the League: Duffy, Lucas, and Gray, and the Members of Parliament who still remained faithful and honest. It seemed the last vantage-ground of Independence, the rallying-point for a final struggle. It was

becoming more and more clear that if the ecclesiastical discipline inaugurated by Dr Cullen were adopted in the other diocese of Ireland, and if the priests were only allowed to take part in politics on condition of supporting the Government candidates, the agitation for Tenant Right and Religious Equality must hopelessly fail.

Moore, in one of the finest speeches he ever made, sketched the parliamentary history of Ireland since Catholic emancipation, and laid down the policy he had developed in 1851. He finally appealed to the nation :

“ I have placed before you the issue that Ireland has to try ; it is a very simple one, as most grave national questions are. It is a simple question between two policies—there are but two, and there is no middle course between them. On the one hand alliance, defensive and offensive, with a party and for a party ; on the other, independent opposition to every party that refuses to redress wrongs that all parties acknowledge. If, indeed, the Catholic people of Ireland have no better hope of obtaining equal rights and equal honours in their own land than by accepting the hire of those who deny them justice, it is a sorry sight for an Irishman to look upon ; and if, as I believe, the rights of their fathers’ land, and the honour of their fathers’ faith are within their grasp, and they care not to leave both to be gambled away by swindlers, it is a sight more grievous still.”

He appealed to the bishops and priests not to desert the people, and expressing his confidence in

the future, he said : " The bricks have fallen but we will build with square stones ; they have cut down the sycamores, we will replace them with cedars."

Three hundred people were assembled at the banquet, and among them were the priests of the Archdiocese of Tuam, and numerous representatives from all the dioceses of Connaught ; but bribes were more eloquent than orators, and in spite of the enthusiasm of public assemblies, the national feeling, which had achieved such victories in the preceding years, continued to sink into deeper and deeper apathy ; so that at last the deserters were even emboldened to take the offensive.

A meeting was assembled in Dublin by Alderman Reynolds, a brawling demagogue and one of the most corrupt of the Whig placemen, to present a petition against a bill for the inspection of convents. With him were associated Mr John O'Connell and Sir Edward McDonnell, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, who presided at the meeting, which was packed with their partisans so as to prevent any expression of opinion hostile to the policy of place seeking. Moore was in London, but he determined to attend the meeting. Travelling all day, he arrived in Dublin, drove direct to the Rotunda, and entered the room just as a resolution was proposed.

Lucas was insulted, and asked to be allowed to defend himself, but he was howled down by an angry mob ; he maintained his position with stubborn resolution, but the platform was invaded and he retired to avoid a scene.

Moore's unexpected arrival in the assembly somewhat embarrassed the promoters, and the Chairman

refused to allow him to address the meeting; he obtained permission, however, to speak on a point of order, but on no account, the Chairman said, was he to discuss Independent Opposition or place taking. He began by some jokes to amuse the people, and then gradually working round the point and playing with the sentiments of his hearers, in a few minutes he caught the ear of the meeting and was being cheered as enthusiastically as if it had been a meeting of the Tenant League. He led them unconsciously to the forbidden subject.

“ There is another subject upon which I wish to address you, but a subject which I find by advice, to which I bow with submission, I am precluded from entering upon as I should wish to do. I did think that we were here assembled in a council of moral warfare, not to indulge in abstract declamation against this measure or that, but to take counsel together as to the best mode of resisting aggression—(vehement cheering)—to take counsel as to the best means of repairing our past errors, of defending our present rights, of establishing and consolidating upon a solid base our future liberties, civil and religious. But I am told that which I thought the most relevant subject that could come before this meeting is the only subject which I am precluded from discussing—that when met here in self-defence we are to be precluded from considering any defensive operations. Now while I bow implicitly to this decision, I hope I may be permitted to say in vindication of my own opinions, that it is a decision and an advice which my understanding does not enable me to comprehend. Suppose that, instead of this being a moral warfare

against convents, it was a real war in which we were engaged ; imagine a body of soldiers surrounded, besieged, hemmed in by organised discipline and ruthless enemies—imagine that body of soldiers assembled in a council of war together, and the President of the council thus addressing them : ‘ Gentlemen, the enemy is about to attack us ; they are ruthless, unsparing, determined—they are strong in numbers—they are united in purpose—we are in circumstances of extreme peril—I hope that any gentleman addressing himself to these circumstances will confine himself to protesting with his whole might against the atrocious attacks of the enemy—(laughter and cheers)—to declaring that he is prepared to take every measure consistent with his own interests—(renewed laughter)—for repelling the aggression ; but as to the mode and means of defence which ought to be adopted, that being a subject on which great difference of opinion may exist, it is a subject that ought to be studiously avoided. (Cheering and laughter.) But there is one subject to which I would call your special notice : there are some very able officers in our corps who have thought it right and proper to accept commissions from the enemy—(laughter and cheering)—and who at the present moment are warmly exerting themselves in their favour. I hope nothing will be said against the feelings of any of these gentlemen, but that, on the contrary, every advice they give us will be received with the most respectful attention.’ Would you not believe that any men capable of listening to such admonitions as these were doomed to destruction ? (Cheers.) Would you not say they deserved their fate ? ”

Having secured the audience, the Chairman did not dare to interrupt him, and, pursuing his theme, he showed that all the burdens that had been put upon Ireland, all the neglect and mismanagement of the famine, were due to the support that the Irish members had extended to the Government.

"Lord John Russell had told Mr Shiel that he thought himself safe in introducing the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill because he believed the Irish Catholic members and the clergy were friends to the Administration. The Irish people were starved and their religion was to be uprooted because the Minister found that the Irish members and the Irish clergy were friends of the Government. These are words that should be engraved on every famine tombstone in every graveyard; these are words that should be written on the hearts of all sorrowing Irish Catholics."

Then he quoted the resolution of the Rotunda meeting of 1851, presided over by the Archbishop of Dublin:

"That all our hopes of redress under divine providence are centred in the creation and sustainment of an Irish parliamentary party ready to defend, at all hazards, with an independent spirit, our civil and religious liberties." (Tremendous cheering.) This was the resolution he had to propose and he put it to the meeting himself: "Is there a man in this vast assemblage will gainsay this resolution? (Shouts of no.) Let all who approve of this resolution hold up their hands. (Here the entire meeting and some of those on the platform held up their

hands.) If there be a man whose hand is so soiled by ministerial corruption that he can hold it up against this resolution, I should like to see that filthy palm. This resolution I solemnly propose to the Chairman to put or not as he considers best, but it is already carried by the unanimous voice of this meeting."

This is an example of the strange magnetism he exercised over a public assembly. Men who saw him address many meetings in adverse circumstances have said that no mob could resist him; he had a manner of squaring his shoulders and looking at the people that at once attracted attention; when he joked he had a laughing, quizzical expression, and his first words put them in good humour and placed them in sympathy with his feelings.

Though dishonesty seemed to triumph everywhere, the gods had already begun to mark down the wicked for punishment. Mr Sadleir had employed many illegal devices to secure his election for Carlow; he had caused a Mr Dowling, one of his opponents, to be arrested for debt before the polling, and had obtained a false signature for the purpose. When the case came for trial the forgery was exposed, and Mr Dowling was acquitted; another jury awarded heavy damages for false imprisonment, and Mr Sadleir, publicly disgraced, was obliged to resign his office as a Lord of the Treasury. This was only the first step in his downfall, but it served to blight all his ambition and all the hopes he had cherished of rank and fortune. Moore had been waiting for the end of the legal proceeding to bring before the House Mr Sadleir's actions.

Lucas wrote :

" I have no wish personally to be very prominent in it, and I told Cantwell last night that your position in the party and the House gave you a sort of right to the management of the case, if you were inclined to take it up. Duffy seems just now averse to touching the case; Maguire shrinks from it, and I take for granted Shee will not meddle with it. It will therefore be between you and me; tell me exactly what you wish and I will communicate at once with Cantwell¹ with the view to his going over the case with you."

In the debate on bribery in Sligo Moore said :

" I believe it is no reflection on the character of either, to say that the honourable member and the honourable borough are worthy of each other. The honourable gentleman was tempted in an evil hour to throw down his gage to me and challenge me to the discussion of his political conduct in his presence. He will not have to complain, when he has done with me, that that challenge has been unanswered. He paid a great compliment to my powers of fanciful invective when he accused me of a libel on his character. I shall not be accused of libel, I hope, when I state that a jury of his country, empanelled at Carlow, lately declared by solemn verdict and upon their oaths that he had connived at a forgery. It is my intention, I give the honourable gentleman notice, to bring these

¹ Cantwell was the solicitor who had worked for Mr Dowling against Sadleir in Carlow. He made the case, by his own extraordinary exertions and courage, the outlay of several hundred pounds, and the refusal of £750, for his own share of a compromise.

facts before the House, as soon as he is willing, or finally compelled, to accept the issue on which those juries have pronounced. I am no lawyer, and I know not what further delays the law may afford him; I am not the honourable gentleman, and therefore know not to what period he may attempt to protract the final issue; but, whenever he informs me that he is willing to meet me on the issue I have stated, I pledge myself in accordance with his own challenge to impeach him of high crimes and misdemeanours against the privileges of the House."

Soon after, the Tipperary bank, of which Sadleir and his associates were the principals, was closed, and numerous frauds came to light. Sadleir, bankrupt in character and fortune, committed suicide to escape prosecution, and his body was found on Hounslow Heath. He was the first but not the last of the deserters to meet disaster.¹

¹ Keogh committed suicide; O'Flaherty and James Sadleir fled to America. Though Monsell deserted his party for a place, at least he had taken no pledge. It is remarkable that he was the only one of the principals who did not come to a bad end, and few of them have left any representatives.

CHAPTER XIV

ECCLESIASTICAL DOMINATION

THE last chapter dealt with one of the diseases which had undermined the patriotism of Ireland, and against which Moore had waged war; but there was an even more malevolent influence at work, and one more difficult to attack. It was possible to seek out and openly denounce political corruption, but to defend the national spirit against the Primate and the bishops of Ireland was a more difficult and dangerous enterprise. The Irish Catholic nation had been reduced by persecution to a dead level of poverty and ignorance, from which one class alone stood out, not in wealth indeed, but in knowledge and goodness. During all these centuries this class had suffered for the people and with them; they had been the leaders and friends of the people when the people had no other leaders and no other friends. It was not wonderful that the people had learned from long habit to look to the priests for guidance in their difficulties, and that they submitted—often perhaps somewhat blindly—to their advice and direction. On the whole the influence of the priests has been exercised with wisdom and discretion, and it has had an ennobling influence on the people. Without their assistance the struggle with adverse circumstances could never have been maintained; the penal laws

would have remained unrepealed for years ; Catholic emancipation would have been indefinitely delayed, and the landlords would at the present moment hold in their hands the property of the people.

But there were dangers as well as advantages in this predominance of the Church. The priests indeed were in touch with the people, and were rarely wrong in their sympathies, but the bishops were chosen for ecclesiastical, not for political talents. They were men no doubt eminent for the sanctity of their lives, and some of them were possessed of ability, and were fitted for the government of a diocese ; but neither their personal qualities nor their education fitted them for high control in political affairs ; their position removed them from direct contact with the people, and they often inclined to subordinate the temporal welfare of the country to what they imagined, sometimes wrongly, to be the general interests of the Church.

Among all the bishops of Ireland the one most unsuited by the natural bent of his mind, and by the surroundings amongst which he had lived, to direct Irish politics was Dr Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin. He had lived for many years in Rome, and would doubtless have made an excellent Italian monk ; the struggles of the Irish people for rights and liberties he regarded as mere local quarrels, devoid of significance and unworthy of serious thought. His only object in entering into them was that he might use whatever power he could obtain to extend the influence of the Church in England and throughout the Empire. He had little knowledge of Ireland, but he schemed to gather into his own hands the results of agitation, and to exclude one by one the

men who had created it; while lamentably failing in his own plans, he utterly ruined the structure that Moore and others had so laboriously built up. The Catholic Defence Association lost favour when Moore, Lucas, and the Brigadiers ceased to advocate it; in a few months it was almost forgotten, and then when he saw the ebbing tide of popular support he was again in search of a party; he hastened to throw in his lot with the Sadleirites, and influenced the majority of the bishops to throw the weight of their authority in favour of dishonesty. Some priests were Whigs by personal inclination; some were willing to support their bishops against their own opinions; it became necessary to coerce the remainder.

At this time Sergeant Shee openly deserted to the Government. He had been in charge of the League Bill, and had pledged himself at the conference to agree to nothing less than Sharman Crawford's measure; but he now introduced a bill which the League considered would reduce the tenants to a worse position than before, and when none of his colleagues would back it he obtained the name of one of the deserters. Father Mathew Keefe, one of the Callan curates, arraigned him in a public letter, and a controversy ensued which threatened to endanger his seat. The Bishop of Ossory intervened at this point, and commanded Father Keefe to pursue the matter no further; he followed this up by forbidding him to attend the League meeting in his own parish, or to take any further part in public affairs. So arbitrary an exercise of ecclesiastical authority had not before been known in Ireland, but it was only part of a large scheme to be extended over all the

country; it developed into what was called the "Ossory discipline."

It was quite plain to all that the League agitation could not continue without the aid of the priests; the people would be defenceless against the landlords, and dare not face the threat of eviction.

The prohibition of the Bishop of Ossory to Father Keefe to attend the Callan meeting in his own parish caused an outburst of indignation, and sixty-two priests signed a requisition calling for a county meeting at Thurles, and five-and-twenty thousand people attended on the 3rd December, 1854.

Moore quoted the declaration of the Bishops at the synod of Thurles:

" We behold our poor not only crushed and overwhelmed by the awful visitations of Heaven, but frequently the victims of the most ruthless oppression that ever disgraced the annals of humanity. The desolating track of the exterminator is to be traced in too many parts of the country: in those levelled cottages and roofless abodes whence so many virtuous and industrious families have been torn by brute force without distinction of age, or sex, or health, and flung upon the highway to perish in the extremity of want."

He asked:

" Is it conceivable that any Christian man, and above all any Christian prelate, should hold it as a crime that any Christian priest should endeavour to procure a remedy for such atrocities? Is it conceivable that any Christian should characterise the performance of such an obvious duty, as an interference in politics which called for condemna-

tion? It is an interference; it is an interference with a great crime, with a vast system of atrocity, which calls for the interference of every Christian man. Why, when that model Lord-Lieutenant, Herod of Judea, issued his comprehensive measure for the massacre of the innocents, the angel who warned the holy family of their danger was equally guilty of interference with politics. Nay, more, he was absent from his parish, and I have no doubt that the High Priest, if he had been able, would have suspended him in the performance of his angelic functions.

" Amidst all their wrongs the Irish people have hitherto held fast to one sacred right, which, though often menaced, has never been betrayed—their right to that which has been their sword and shield in doubt, in trouble, and in danger; their right to that one social blessing that has brightened their past and cheers their future history; their right to that leadership of political guidance through which they have obtained all their rights, and through which, with the blessing of God, they are resolved to maintain them. The right to the free voice and unfettered patriotism of their clergy is the birthright of their bondage, is a right they have bought with their blood, and they will never permit it to be sold. But how are you to prevent it? The bargain is not made in the market-place; the bill of sale of the Church and the people is not posted on the chapel doors; the buyers and sellers are in the very temple; the money changers are there, and there are not wanting those 'who sell doves';¹ and unless a scourge be sent by the same

¹ The Bishop of Elphin was called by O'Connell the Dove of Elphin. It was he who wrote a letter recommending Keogh to the electors of Athlone.

blessed hands that wielded it of yore, there will be perpetrated amongst you and around you a sale the most scandalous and vile that ever desecrated a Church or betrayed a people. The rights and liberties of a nation, the honour and integrity of a glorious Church, whose martyrs were patriots, are at the hammer, knocked down at the basest price for which humanity was ever sacrificed—sold for English lies and foreign intrigues, and sold by the hands that are in the ‘same dish with the people.’ I believe that to place an interdict on the Irish clergy in their efforts to vindicate the social and religious rights of their people, to be the most wicked because the most subtle and dangerous of all the penal laws by which it has been sought to damn and degrade us.

“If we once surrender those fierce and faithful guardians of the fold, whose voices we have heard around us through our night of bondage, no matter what legislative fence may be built up about us, the wolves will be amongst us even in the light of day.”

It was resolved that Lucas should go to Rome and present a memorial to the Pope from the Catholic Members of Parliament, that a separate memorial should be presented by the priests, and that the Callan curates, Fathers Keefe and O’Shea, who had been specially attacked, should put forward their own case.

The mission seemed hopeful at first. It was known that the great majority of the priests all over the country were in favour of it, and many bishops (with one exception all the Connaught bishops) were in sympathy with its objects. Eminent theologians, among them Dr O’Hanlan, senior professor of theology at Maynooth, were consulted, and declared

that the Holy See would never ratify the doctrine involved in the Ossory discipline. In Rome, Lucas had conversations with Dr MacHale, Dr Derry, Bishop of Clonfert, and Cardinal Wiseman, and they all expressed their satisfaction and their confidence in the result.

But Dr Cullen was apostolic delegate, and the Court of Rome was not very ready to condemn him; delay succeeded delay, and after a time an interview was arranged by the secretary to the propaganda with Lucas, Dr MacHale, and Dr Cullen. It resulted only in an exhibition of extreme bitterness on the part of the latter, and a determination to fight the battle to the end. Meanwhile the necessary support from Ireland was not forthcoming; the priests' memorial had been drawn up by a clerical committee, but class feeling is one of the strongest motives of the Irish priesthood, and though nearly all expressed their approbation, there was a general disinclination to attach signatures to what seemed to be an attack on their own Order. The priests attended meetings in large numbers in Tipperary, Wexford, and Mayo, but made various excuses for not signing the memorial; forty-six signed in Meath, and the same number in Cashel, but very few names were received from other dioceses. Episcopal threats and the secret influence of Dr Cullen were exerted to the utmost.

The Bishop of Ossory stated that he was maligned in the memorial, and that he courted investigation; in face of this the Wexford priests, sixty of whom had signed the resolutions of the Wexford meeting, declined to put their names to the memorial, but when Father Keefe applied for permission to go to Rome to lay his case before the propaganda, he

was peremptorily refused. The Archbishop of Cashel, who was hitherto supposed to be friendly to the movement, informed Father O'Dwyer that if he carried the priests' memorial to Rome he must sever his connection with the Archdiocese of Cashel.¹

Lucas complained that if three thousand of the picked men in Ireland were capable of such cowardice, what could be hoped from the people?

It is impossible to reflect on these issues without perceiving that the Irish priests did not obtain redress for their grievance, for the same reason that the Irish people had failed in their struggle against the English Government. There has been in Ireland a lack of moral fibre, an easy good nature, which has prevented continuous resistance, and induced Irishmen to accept—after a time—words instead of facts. They begin by demanding all, and refusing compromise, which would secure many of their rights; they are eventually deceived by promises which are withdrawn as soon as pressure is relaxed. Their history in a succession of such incidents. If in Elizabethan times and again in 1640 they had Cromwellian stubbornness, they would not have suffered centuries of bondage.

Hitherto Dr Cullen's friends among the bishops and priests had been careful to avoid public controversy, but the Rev. Dr Maher, an uncle of the Archbishop, published a pamphlet embodying their views. He laid it down as his principal proposition that:

"It is hostility to religion to assume its defence

¹ Duffy, "League of North and South."

against those who, by the grace of God and the favour of the Holy See, have been constituted its legitimate ministers, administrators, and guardians."

Moore took up the challenge at once.¹ He said that this proposition meant: "Either that it is hostility to religion to find fault with bishops when they are wrong, or that bishops are never wrong, and that therefore it is hostility to religion to find fault with them at all."

Both these dogmas, he said, were theologically unsound and historically false. He instanced the English Reformation, when the bishops betrayed their Church, deserted their people, and became apostates to the faith in which they were born; the clergy and laity, who had assumed the defence of religion against its consecrated guardians, were taunted then, as now, with disobedience to their bishops. He instanced also the resolution of the bishops of Ireland in 1799, approving the veto of the Crown on the appointment of bishops, some of them even going so far as to state that they were willing to make the King practically head of the Church.

These resolutions were long before the public, and were only withdrawn in deference to a violent agitation among the laity, which was carried to such an extreme that effigies of the bishops were publicly burned. Dr Milner declared that it was only due to this proceeding that his eyes were at last opened to the danger of the Church.

When the eyes of the bishops had been thus opened by the laity, Dr Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, described the policy of the veto "as imposing

¹ Pamphlet dated 15th April, 1856, published *Nation*.

new and disgraceful bonds on the Church, and the degrading and enslaving of the sacred ministry."

The Right Rev. Dr Milner, speaking of the bill in which the resolutions were embodied, said :

" It was contrived with a heart of malice which none but the spirit of wickedness in high places, mentioned by St Paul, could have suggested to undermine the fair trees of the English and Irish Churches."

Moore asked if it was hostility to religion to undertake its defence then against the policy of those who, " by the grace of God and favour of the Holy See were constituted and consecrated its legitimate ministers, administrators, and guardians."

" We find at the present period a policy in operation by which the right of domestic election is virtually abrogated ; and an absolute right of nomination exercised by a dark and secret agency, rendered eminently conspicuous by the fact that it has been co-ordinate, coeval, and in scandalous collusion with the corrupt sale of a perfured party to the British Government. As Dr Murray and Dr Milner branded this policy forty years ago, so do I brand it now, as imposing new and disgraceful bonds on the Church of Christ."

He prophesied what took not ten years to be fulfilled.

" But it is not only the veto in its most dangerous form that is now thrust upon us, it is accompanied by the rescript of 1845. The clergy is no longer to be the senate of the peasants, the chapel is to be no

longer the chapter-house of their liberties. The priest is to be compelled to desert the people, and the people will desert the priests. The desertion has begun already ; it will become stronger every day. The people will not desert their thatch and their fireside to support Italian intrigues and foreign despotism, and as soon as you have degraded your priesthood, sold your Church, and lost your people, you will have to appeal—and not in vain—to those whom you now villify for protection from your own dishonour.”¹

No attempt at a reply was ever made. The pamphlet is well worth reading even now.

Father O’Dwyer, the curate of Doon, County Limerick, wrote :

“ 21st April, 1856.

“ MY DEAR MR MOORE,—Ten thousand thanks for your grand, your immortal letter ; you have done a service of priceless value to the Church of Ireland.

“ Allow me to give you a specimen of the sentiments of the priests of this part of Ireland towards you and that letter. I happened to be with some half-dozen priests who have never seen you, when the conversation turned on your letter. One parish priest said you ought to have been canonised, and that he would have no hesitation henceforward in saying, ‘ George Henry Moore, pray for me,’ and he repeated the prayer piously several times. This was not all. Another said ‘ the letter was inspired,’ and

¹ This was in 1856 ; in 1866 the Fenian insurrection took place, and it is well known that small respect was paid to the advice of the priests by its leaders or members.

another parish priest said it was the letter of a Dr Maginn; when Father J. Maher, a dignitary of this diocese, exclaimed, 'No, it is the letter of the Holy Ghost,' and stated deliberately there was no irreverence in the expression, for, he said, every line of the letter evidently bore the impress of the finger of God.

"I need not tell you how my pride grew when I reflected that none of these admiring priests ever saw a glimpse of you, and that I was honoured with your acquaintance and confidence.

"J. O'DWYER."

All this time there was a gradual declension of independent opinion, and a greater and greater dependence on the goodwill of the Government; in exact proportion to this declension and dependence, the goodwill of the Government faded away. While the Irish members were still in opposition, promises were abundant. When some of them first took office, a Land Bill—not, indeed, Sharman Crawford's bill, but still something that might be useful—was dangled before the eyes of the people. Then as deserters became more numerous, and it became evident that their conduct had been condoned in Ireland, one provision after another was quietly dropped out.

At last, when the bishops and priests had become the avowed allies of the Government, and no danger of the reconstitution of the Independent party seemed likely to arise, the last remnant of the bill was openly dropped, and in August, 1855, Lord Palmerston stated it would not be proceeded with.

Gavan Duffy, who hitherto had never relaxed hope and confidence, now became convinced of the

uselessness of continuing the struggle. He sold his interest in the *Nation* and went to Australia. That same year Lucas, the best—perhaps the only disinterested—Saxon friend Ireland ever had, died, worn out in her service ; his interest in the *Tablet* was sold to an English Catholic named Wallis, who placed it at the disposal of Dr Cullen and the Whigs.

CHAPTER XV

ALONE IN THE BREACH

THE prospect seemed hopeless: the Dublin Press, except the *Nation*, most of the bishops, priests, and Members of Parliament, the majority of the electors, and the ablest leaders were lost to the cause, either by death, desertion, or ecclesiastical management. Yet George Moore did not shrink; on the contrary he took a more vigorous course than ever; the burdens he had hitherto divided with Lucas and Duffy he took upon his own shoulders. The organisation of the League, popular agitation, the preparation of bills, and parliamentary management, all became his exclusive burden.

It would be impossible to do more than recount a few incidents to show the tendency of events and the character of the struggle.

First he had to fight treachery in the heart of the League. Gray, MacNamara Cantwell, and a few others pretended to think that the whole party, deserters and honest men, could be brought together again by a conference, and induced to work in harmony. But Moore gave notice that the resolution "inviting to become members of the Council of the League, Irish representatives who have betrayed their solemn obligations to the people of Ireland, be formally condemned and rescinded"; and this was done.

" MELBOURNE,

" 1st May, 1856.

" My DEAR MOORE,—How right that old Roman gentleman was, who declared that those who cross the sea change their scenery but not their sentiments. This day I was preparing to visit a constituency which proposes to send me to the new Australian Parliament (one of six which have made me similar overtures) when the *Nation* of 2nd of February came to hand with your letter to the *Freeman* on Gray and Cantwell. Port Fairy and all Australia vanished from my mind, and for half an hour I was back again in the Tenant League. I can only guess how that letter answered its purpose at home, but it tickled my fancy at the Antipodes; and I cannot refrain from thanking you for it. I would never have forgiven you if by any indolence, or even contemptuous indifference, you had suffered a vulgar and ungrateful and unprincipled demagogue to perform a *coup d'état* in the League, and re-establish a tyranny over all honest men. But he lies on the ground an ungainly bulk, 'shot through and through with subtle words,' and it is a waste of words to talk any more about him.

" You have charge of the League Bill, a heavy charge, which I don't think I would have accepted under the circumstances, but you have protected yourself abundantly against misleading the country by false hope. Is there any hope—the faintest glimpse on the remotest point of the horizon? If the country bears in silence that last scandalous aggression of Bernato's¹ on the Meath priests, I will

¹ Bernato was the Papal legate.

not believe there is any. The Lord God be thanked I am living among Irish Catholics who would go to the stake rather than deny their faith, but who would fling that insolent missive into the Yarra Yarra. It makes my blood boil to think of a peasant in a mitre, a shallow, conceited dogmatist, a dense mass of prejudice and ignorance, squatting down upon the Irish cause and smothering it. What is the use, my friend, of motions in Parliament, and meetings in Dublin, if this stupid tyranny is to remain triumphant and unquestioned?

"If you were not encumbered with an estate, I would strive to seduce you here. What a career you would have! We are making a newer and better America. All is growth and progress, and a sense of life that imparts itself to all who are handling public affairs. The seed is sown and grown, and reaped in a span. You propose work and it is done. You expose an abuse and it is abandoned. I am not idealising but reporting nakedly my experience—a sort of experience that belongs only to new countries.

"If there were a few friends here, whom I miss, I would be very happy. I have peace of mind for the first time for many years, and the sense of doing work. Pray write to me when you have time. You have many admirers here, whom you will probably never meet, but who have an eager curiosity about all that concerns the Irish party, and who know the character and characteristics of its leaders to an extent that astonishes me.

"C. GAVAN DUFFY."

Those who have read the early part of this history will have perceived that Moore's management of his

own money had not been very carefully or skilfully conducted, and it might naturally be concluded that finance was not his strong point. Yet by one of those contrarieties of nature, some of his best speeches were made on financial subjects. This is explained, no doubt, by his powers of condensation and lucid exposition of a complex subject, making even figures simple and easy to follow.

Students of Irish finance know that in the year 1853 a new departure was taken in Irish taxation, and from that time impost after impost had been laid on Ireland, till a parliamentary committee reported a few years ago that there was an over-taxation of at least three millions a year.

When the accounts of the famine were made up it was found that some four and a half millions had been lent to Ireland ; but a parliamentary committee reported, that while one half had been spent to the advantage of the country, in building poorhouses, works of public utility, and feeding the people, the remainder had been wasted.

Moore now brought forward a motion that, as this latter sum had been expended against the protests of all the Irish representatives, and indeed of every class and condition in Ireland, and merely in accordance with an English whim, it should not be charged against Ireland.

He admitted the right of the State to interpose in times of emergency :

“ But if Parliament assumes to itself the prerogatives and functions of property, and deals with the vested rights of proprietors at its own discretion, it is bound to show that it has exercised that discretion,

not in intention only but in fact and deed, to the greatest advantage of the community, and to the least detriment of the proprietor, whose discretion it has assumed and whose responsibility it has arrogated."

No serious attempts were made to dispute either his propositions or his figures, but Mr Gladstone, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, replied that he would not finally declare his intentions till he produced his Budget.

He then proposed to abolish the Irish consolidated annuities, which were evidently indefensible, but with a subtlety which marked all his financial propositions for Ireland, he replaced the loss by greatly increased taxation in other directions, the most palpable being the imposition on Ireland for the first time of the Income Tax.

Not satisfied with that, he set to work diligently to reduce the taxes paid by Englishmen, and to transfer the burden to a country exhausted by famine and the gradual extinction of its manufacturing energy. He employed various devices to throw dust in the eyes of Irish members, most of whom, indeed, sought only an excuse to be deceived; the Income Tax was to be imposed for only seven years on Ireland and then to be abolished in both countries.

Moore replied :

" It is incumbent on those who advocate this Budget in its application to Ireland to prove one of two distinct and separate propositions. Either that Ireland is at present too lightly taxed, and ought to be taxed more, or that in this Budget Ireland will not be taxed more heavily than she is at present. . . .

" I undertake to show that the Budget before us will add £350,000 to the burden that Ireland at the present moment barely sustains; and that one way or another it will be a loss to Ireland of little short of half a million annually.

" 'Admit,' says the honourable member for Carlow (Mr Ball), 'that we are to pay a paltry £350,000 of additional taxation for seven years, that multiplied by seven gives less than two and a half millions; at the end of seven years there will be an end of the Income Tax, and we shall have struck off four millions of consolidated annuities, leaving us a gainer of a million and a half by the transaction.'

" I think I shall be able to show that his case is founded on an utter misapprehension, totally setting aside the conceivable hypothesis that we shall not have done with the Income Tax at the end of that interesting period to which all our hopes are to tend.¹

" The fact is that the extinction of the Income Tax at that time, or at any time, has nothing whatever to do with the question at issue. The question is one of the readjustment of the balance of taxation between England and Ireland. And I shall be able to prove that the proportion, which has been maintained ever since the union by the greatest financiers this country has produced, will be altered to the debit of Ireland by three or four hundred thousand pounds of annual taxation. What does it signify as regards that change in the proportion whether the Income Tax be extinguished in both countries, or in both countries be maintained?

" If the Income Tax be extinguished at the end of seven years, it will doubtless be supplied by other

¹ Of course the Income Tax was not abolished.

taxes applying to both countries alike. But even if it were not so, the alteration in the proportion of taxation between the two countries would be still continued. Whatever may become of the Income Tax, the loss to Ireland that readjustment may involve will be permanent.

"I now come to my balance sheet, by which I find that Ireland will gain through remissions or reductions of taxation.

Tea Duty	£365,540
133 Articles Reduced	8,500
123 Articles Abolished	2,659
Stamps and Colonial Postage	32,894
Remission of Famine Debt	154,703
	<hr/>
	£564,296

"The additions to taxation are:

Income Tax	£451,182
Spirits	198,000
Legacy Duty	267,508
	<hr/>
	£916,690

"There would remain to the loss and debit, and, as I think, the wrong of Ireland, £350,000 of annual taxation under the provisions of the present Budget. To this must be added the loss to Ireland by the alteration in the butter duties, which I cannot fix at less than £150,000, so that Ireland will lose altogether as nearly as possible half a million annually."

He then went on to show that Ireland was not too lightly taxed at that time, and that there were even special reasons why temporary remissions should be

made ; he pointed out that, owing to the result of the famine, Ireland had paid for the four previous years nearly one-seventh of her rateable income for poor rate, while England for the same period had paid little more than one-twelfth.

This Budget was passed by the aid of Irish members ; how many millions might have been saved to Ireland if Moore's party had not been broken up, and if the country had not sanctioned the breach !

Early in 1857 Lord Palmerston dissolved Parliament, and Moore made every effort to defeat as many of the Irish Whigs as possible. When he found it impossible to put forward an Independent candidate he sought an alliance with the Tories ; he deemed any honest opponent better than one of the traitors. Keogh was made a judge to save him from the chances of election. Scully and Keating, the last of the Sadleirite family, were defeated, and Pollard Urquhart was forced to retire from Westmeath ; but the three O'Briens, O'Flaherty, Fitzgerald, and Monsell returned with new leases of parliamentary life.

In his own county Moore had a hard fight against Mr Ouseley Higgins, to whom the Government had handed over the whole patronage of the county, and who had for years industriously exercised his very considerable talent for intrigue to strengthen his own position. Every place of emolument, from the highest to the lowest, was at his disposal ; he named the sheriffs of the county, and no one could hope for a position even as postmaster except through him ; promotions in the police were given to his nominees, and the grand jury was packed so that he could name the road contractors and county officials.

Even the Lord-Lieutenancy of the county was jobbed from hand to hand to serve his purposes. He desired to be Colonel of the Mayo Militia, but Lord Lucan would not grant his request. The latter recommended that the Marquis of Sligo should be his deputy during his absence in the Crimea; but Higgins was a personal enemy of Lord Sligo, and he notified that if he were appointed he and his friends would vote against the Government. Lord Arran was therefore selected, but, as he also refused to make Higgins a colonel, the office was passed on to Sir Richard O'Donnell, who proved complacent enough.

If places were few, promises were many, and thus a network of corruption was spread over the country, and many of the electors—poor and struggling men—were caught in its meshes and found themselves unable to vote against the possessor of so much power.

The Tory candidate was Captain Palmer, a young man fresh from the Crimea, where he had taken part in the charge of the Light Brigade; he was neither an orator nor a politician, but he was a man of honour and stated his views very frankly. It was he who made this reply to a threat of his tenants to shoot his agent: "If you think you will intimidate *me* by threatening to shoot my agent you are much mistaken."

Nevertheless it required the exercise of considerable self-denial to support the son of a man who was known only as an evicting landlord, who had cleared his estates with a ruthless hand, and exercised a more than usually tyrannical influence over his tenants. The choice between the two men was certainly distasteful, but the Archbishop and the priests

showed a wise and farseeing discretion when they united with Moore to purify the party as a first step to success. Colonel Higgins was defeated after a severe contest, and though he was able to exact his full meed of vengeance, his mischievous political career was at an end.

When the elections were over, only about a dozen names¹ could be counted as those of members of the Independent party; there were fourty-four Whigs, forty-four Tories, and two or three classed as Independent Tories. The *Nation*, under Mr Cashel Hoey, was the only newspaper in Dublin which still upheld the principles of the League. The *Freeman* had been backsliding for some time, and took every treacherous opportunity to do it an injury; it hinted that Moore's leadership was too despotic, that he was attempting to take too much on his own shoulders, and that he forced his views too much on others.

He replied that he had never sought the position of leader; that for years he had strenuously avoided it, and had only taken it up now because it was forced on him and he could find no substitute.

"The real functions of a leader of the Irish party are very many and ample. His duty, so far from dictating, is to ascertain the wishes of everybody, to endeavour to carry them out as well as he can—to find out everything for everybody—to give notice of everything to everybody—to arrange everything for everybody, and to be responsible for everything to everybody—to take all the trouble and incur all the blame; his crown and reward generally being the worst part of the monkey's allowance—the kicks

¹ Blake, Calcut, Corbally, Greene, Gray, Sir. R. Levinge, Maguire, Edward M'Evoy (Meath), Moore, The O'Donohue, Sullivan, M'Mahon.

without the halfpence. If there be any other gentleman who is so enamoured of this fascinating office, I can only say, if such a person will promise to discharge the duties faithfully, he shall not only be my leader, but my ‘guide, philosopher, and friend’ to the end of the chapter.”

The protests of the *Freeman*, he said, were as amusing as the indignation of the crab at being led from its natural course of progress.

But events were in progress that ended his leadership and put to the test those who envied him.

Colonel Higgins, furious at his defeat, filed a petition on the plea of priestly intimidation, and the decision was referred to a parliamentary Commission. This method of investigation, though not so satisfactory as the present system, worked well enough in England where only two parties existed. It was the custom to nominate two members from each side of the House, with as neutral a chairman as could be found. But Moore was opposed to both parties; he had over and over again caused embarrassment and inconvenience to each of them, and openly announced his intention of doing so again on the first favourable opportunity. Both the Whigs and Tories bitterly resented his policy, and longed for his exclusion from the House; then Irish wrongs and Irish grievances could be quietly settled by a judicious distribution of places.

An impartial committee should in his case have consisted of two Independent Irish members, two Englishmen, and a neutral chairman; but Lord Palmerston and the Whigs, to whom he was especially obnoxious, nominated three Whigs and two

Tories to try his case. Worse still, it was taken for granted that it was not Moore but Dr MacHale and the Irish priests who were on their trial. What justice could he expect from five political opponents; what toleration could they expect from five English Protestants?

The whole gravamen of the charges in the petition was against the Catholic clergy, not as individuals, but in their corporate and clerical character; and yet to try a question in which the character and influence of the Irish clergy were the principal issues, four gentlemen were appointed, all of whom had voted with the extreme Protestant minority against the Maynooth grant, which had been passed by successive governments both Whig and Tory. The fact that two such judges had been taken from one side of the House and two from the other, involved about the same hope of impartiality as if it had been proposed in the trial of Servetus, to associate with his Calvanistic judges an equal number of the familiars of the Spanish Inquisition. Probably the committee consisted of honourable men, but experience had taught Whigs and Tories alike not to place themselves wholly in the hands of political opponents, however honest; and with the good sense which usually animates Englishmen in their relations with each other, a custom had grown up which induced the confidence of both sides.

It was proved before the committee and admitted that all sorts of intimidation, bribery, and irregularities had been perpetrated by Colonel Higgins and his party. His father was High Sheriff at the time of the election, and appointed as his deputy, at each of the nine polling places, a violent partisan; the

booths had been closed as soon as his friends had been polled, and votes had been refused because the voter had not been able to pronounce properly the name of the candidate, and for all sorts of frivolous reasons. Even the polling books had been falsified at Ballinrobe to obtain the desired result. The officers in charge of troops stated before the committee that no riot had occurred and that it was an exceptionally quiet election, but that the Riot Act had been read several times, and they had been ordered to clear the street by Colonel Higgins' magistrates.

On the other hand there was some evidence to show that two young priests¹ had used strong language to the supporters of Colonel Higgins, and that Dr MacHale had issued a manifesto in favour of Moore. That was sufficient for the purpose; the committee reported:

1. That George Henry Moore was by his agents guilty of undue influence at the election.
2. That it does not appear to the committee that G. H. Moore personally sanctioned or was cognisant of the said undue influence and spiritual intimidation.
3. That G. H. Moore should be ineligible to be a candidate at the ensuing election.

It was in evidence that he had not appointed any priest as his agents or solicited their assistance, so that the only logical meaning of the verdict was that the Catholic clergy were held to be the agents of any man they supported, and that such support rendered the candidate penally responsible for the conduct of

¹ Rev. Peter Conway and Rev. Luke Ryan.

every member of that body. Such a conclusion was utterly at variance with the standard by which the landlord candidates were judged. The landlord might give his tenants to understand that, if they refused their votes to his nominee, they could expect no favour from him ; he might carry this intimation into effect by ejecting them from their holdings, and hunting them into exile or the grave. That was not undue influence ; it was only the legitimate exercise of the rights of property.

“ But if a priest told his parishioners that the franchise had been bestowed on him as a high trust and for a great purpose ; that, if he sold it for money or prostituted it to the uses of a despot, and in so doing became the instrument of social wrong and religious oppression, committing thereby a great sin and imperilling his salvation, that was undue influence, and any candidate this sacerdotal offender might support, would be liable to be declared constitutionally unfit to represent a district in which such heterodox doctrines had been ventilated.”

In his farewell address he said :

“ As for my own share in these pains and penalties, it affects me but little. I entered public life with personal reluctance, and were I called upon to abandon it for ever I should do so without personal regret. I leave behind me no sinister ambition crossed, no selfish motive disappointed. I repose upon honest work, honestly performed, and as those who drive the plough and sow the seed must needs rest a while before they can hope to hold the sickle, when the harvest time arrives I still hope to be

permitted to take my part in that good work, for which many have laboured with better ability, but none with more truth and singleness of purpose than your obedient servant."

Colonel Higgins did not venture to present himself again before the electors, and Moore was succeeded in the representation of Mayo by a landlord of good business capacity and singular honesty of purpose.¹

Only one public duty remained for him to perform before he retired, for a time, into private life.

Sergeant Shee, who had betrayed his trust as shamefully as Keogh and Sadleir, offered himself again for election in 1859 for Kilkenny, and Moore, the object of whose political life had been to break the power of the Whig party, determined to exclude him from Parliament. He was requested by the Independent party to contest the county, and there seemed fair cause to expect success in the district, which was the cradle of the Tenant League.

There were four candidates: Ellis, a Tory, supported by the landlords; Shee, a Whig placeman, supported by Dr Cullen, the Bishop of Ossory, and some priests who were under his influence. Father O'Shea and Father Mathew Keefe, the popular Callan curates, were forbidden to interfere, but Moore and Greene, the Independent candidates, had the support of Father Aylward, some of the parish priests, the electors of the Independent party, and the great bulk of the people.

Moore pitted himself against Sergeant Shee, who was no mean antagonist, and threw all his energy into

¹ Lord John Browne.

the contest. His speeches were short, incisive, and rarely more than twenty minutes:

"I have heard it whispered as an accusation against me that I am a Connaught man, and, thank God, I am not a man to deny my country;¹ I am a Connaught man—I am an Irishman, and I am proud alike of my birthplace and my country. I am glad of the taunt, because it reminds me of the story of the good old times when Irishmen had not only a country but a nation. When Cathal More O'Connor was banished from his father's Court, he took refuge for some time in Kilkenny—I dare say it was at Castlecomer. He was reaping in the fields when the news of his father's death arrived, and on being saluted as King by the men of Kilkenny, he cast from him the reaping hook and said, 'So much for the sickle—now for the sword.'

"The unrighteous judgment of an English committee, the unrighteous oppression of Mayo landlordism, would doom me to the sickle; it is the men of Kilkenny that will gird me with the sword in the people's name and in defence of the people's rights."

He was satisfied when Ellis, the Tory, and Greene, his Independent colleague, were elected. He attained his object when Shee was placed at the bottom of the poll and the last of the leading deserters was driven from political life.²

¹ Sergeant Shee had denied in England that he was an Irishman.

² Sergeant Shee made several slanderous charges against Moore's management of his own estates, but on an action for libel being filed, he wrote an ample apology and withdrawal. These charges were frequently made, disproved and withdrawn. Sergeant Shee was made an English judge for his services.

Replying to a taunt of Sergeant Shee, who asked him what he would have given for the support of the gentlemen of the country, he said:

" That question is not very difficult for me to answer. I had no need to sigh for the support of the aristocracy ; I possessed it, and I could have retained it. I surrendered it, and it would be vain and false to say I did so without regret ; but I surrendered it of my own free will, knowing what I lost, but knowing, also, the cause in which I made the sacrifice. It was the cause of a whole nation, the rights of a whole Church, the liberties civil and religious, the hopes and aspirations of a great people.

" I did not expect any more immediate success than I have achieved ; I did not calculate on less hostility than I encountered. The prejudices I had to eradicate were deeply rooted ; the obstacles to be overcome wide and formidable ; the enemies to be grappled with powerful, interested, relentless. The policy to which I have devoted myself was a policy militant, and the military pioneer has need of the sword as well as the hatchet. I knew that my political life would be one of toil, trial, odium, and sacrifice, that the way was long and rugged, and that I should never reach the summit of the steep ascent ; but I know also that every step taken in a righteous cause is a step hewn in the rock ; that step will remain for ever, vantage-ground to hew out another, and in a nation of brave men sooner or later the summit will be scaled and won. My part in the work is well-nigh over, but the work is one that ought to command the service of every honest heart, every healthy brain, every vigorous arm in Ireland.

" It is a work in which the brightest intellects and the bravest hearts in all ages of mankind have exerted their energies and won their laurels; it is the cause of social justice, religious reverence, and civil liberty."

Even if Moore's political life had ceased at this point, he would not have lived and laboured in vain. He had made it impossible for such men as had once been the staple of Irish representation ever again to represent an Irish county. In whatever form the popular power might be again constructed, it would be on an honest basis; by whatever hands the superstructure might be reared he had cleared the space, and laid the foundations. If he had not yet established an honest and powerful party, he had prepared the way for it.

Satisfied that nothing more could be effected in constitutional politics, he retired for a time, and advocated other means.

CHAPTER XVI

REBELLION, 1860-68

ABOUT 1860 the English people and the Government had excited themselves very much over the affairs of Italy, and, seeing their old enemy the Pope in difficulties with his subjects, much logic and passion was devoted to proving that the Romans, and the Italian people in general, were bound in honesty and wisdom to overthrow their rulers. Mr Gladstone made a tour in Italy and wrote a pamphlet to prove the misrule in Naples. It was loudly asserted at public meetings in England that every people had a clear right to choose its own form of government, and to change its rulers if it pleased. This is one of those fine sentiments which Englishmen are so willing to apply to other countries, but the application of which to their own possessions no people resent so bitterly or crush more ruthlessly. Some Irishmen thought the opportunity a good one to drive home the argument, and organised a monster petition to the Queen, demanding self-government for Ireland. The O'Donohue and Mr A. M. Sullivan were the originators of the proposal, and Mr T. D. Sullivan was the secretary of the organisation. The leaders, indeed, did not seriously believe that the petition would be granted, but they hoped to rouse a national spirit in the country, which might eventually lead to some result.

While the English refused to the Irish the liberty they advocated for the Italians, the Irish, sympathising with the Pope, were not inclined to admit that he should be driven out of his kingdom. Logically, therefore, the Irish position was no stronger than the English.

However, over three hundred thousand signatures had already been attached to the petition, when a public meeting was called in Dublin to support it. Moore declined to attend a great national meeting for the mere purpose of addressing an *argumentum ad hominem*, or, as many might think, an *argumentum ad absurdum*, to an English minister. The wisest may sometimes differ upon abstract principles of government as well as upon the application of those principles to particular cases, but for a people to assemble and insist on the application to their own case of a principle, on the justice of which they declined to express an opinion, was hardly the conduct of rational, not to say earnest, men.

He offered to attend the meeting and propose a resolution emphatically "affirming the right of every nation to choose its own government, and to change it if the people became convinced, after reasonable and sufficient trial, that it had not secured, or sought to secure, their interests or their honour; that the power to assert this great national right exists in every people who have sufficient patriotism, patience, self-sacrifice, purity of heart, and strength of will to combine among themselves, to hold themselves apart from corrupt influences, to organise the elements of their own deliverance, and to use the events through which God may enable them to achieve it."

He did not, however, wish to embarrass the action

of other men who had been working so long to obtain their object, and he left it to the committee to decide if his proposal should be accepted.¹

After the meeting he pointed out in a public letter the essential difference that existed between the cases of Ireland and Italy, and the reason why England was more tolerant of Irish disaffection than that of India or the Ionian Isles.

"The immunity exists in Ireland because the authorities believe that the people of Ireland are not in earnest, and that the breath of disaffection that sways their minds is of no more account than the prevailing west wind that turns the heads of all the trees in Ireland on one side. They believe that there are not five hundred men in Ireland who would sacrifice a good place, or a good chance of a good place, under the English Government for all the thorny chances of national independence, which still linger in their imagination, which rise occasionally to their lips, but which have no real root in their hearts or their understandings. That is what the authorities in this country believe. Let the Irish people ask their own hearts, read their own acts, interrogate passing events, and say how far these opinions are justified by reason and experience.

"Freedom is not to be had for the asking. It is a fair lady that faint heart never won, and in the parallel sought to be instituted between Ireland and Italy the essential was omitted. Neither Lord John Russell nor Lord Palmerston had said that every

¹ The proposal was accepted, but the reply was sent at so late a date that it became impossible for him to attend. He did not get it in Mayo till the day of the meeting in Dublin.

people had a right to change their government by presenting a petition. They must not only utter their disaffection but prove it; they must not only wish for the right to choose their own government but win it.

"And how is that right to be won? Lord J. Russell, Lord Palmerston, and the organs of public opinion in England are quite clear upon the point. To acquire the right of choosing their own government they must do as the Italians have done. In the first place the Italians were thoroughly in earnest in the course that they professed; in the second place their conduct was thoroughly consistent with their professions. The course they marked out for themselves they pursued with a fierce, enduring, indomitable perseverance which has no parallel in the records of human resolution. The cause that they professed was the liberation of their country from foreign domination, and the course which they pursued was to conspire against the governments that held it, as they believed, in foreign subjection; a very simple and obvious mode of carrying out a very definite object. Their hostility to the governments against which they conspired was not evinced by begging places from them, and the acts of their conspiracy were not confined to uttering sedition, which they knew well would never be prosecuted, or presenting petitions which they knew would never be entertained. Sacrificing, without grudge or shrinking, all their hopes of prosperity in this world—and if certain newspaper theologians are to be credited, all their hopes of happiness in the world to come—sacrificing place, position, the comforts of a home, and often liberty and life itself in the cause to which they

were devoted, they organised a vast and widespread conspiracy, which gradually expanded from day to day throughout the whole social system of the country, and which enlisted in its favour every day more and more of its numbers, its courage, and its intelligence. It is said that they bound themselves by secret oaths, which was not only very wrong but very unnecessary; but if they did, at all events they kept their oaths, and did not betray each other to the government. Far be it from me to extenuate many of the acts of which they were guilty, but treachery to each other was not among their crimes; corrupt subserviency to the government was not among their vices. If they shed the blood of their enemies they did not sell the blood of their friends, and through privation, exile, imprisonment, and death they remained true to each other, true to the cause in which they were confederated, and truly and persistently opposed to the men, the systems, and the governments they plotted against, undermined, and overthrew.

"Whether right or wrong in their objects they took the right course to achieve success, and they succeeded. After thirty years of conspiracy, suffering, social spasm, and political struggle, events came to their rescue, found them prepared to be rescued, and attained for them a success which their own unaided efforts could never have won. For they were not blind to the advantages of foreign assistance; they were not unmindful of the fact that England herself, in the assertions of her own religious opinions, did not scruple to avail herself of the assistance of a Dutchman, and they naturally argued that it must be equally constitutional for other struggling nations to

look over seas for sympathy and succour. They prepared the way, therefore, for foreign intervention; they organised their own strength so as to make foreign intervention serve their purposes, and at last, after failures and reverses without number, after perseverance without example, they obtained the right of electing their own government by national suffrage, a right which *they* won by the sword, and which *we* hope to obtain by petition.

“ There is an example for you, cries the voice of English opinion; and it is an example which all nations who deem themselves oppressed should study and turn over in their minds with dispassionate and earnest consideration. It is not necessary that we should do all the Italians did. Much we may reject as evil in itself, much as unsuitable to our own position; a part, perhaps, may be rendered necessary by events—a part we may perhaps never have an opportunity of putting into practice. But the people of Ireland have to choose between two courses: either to submit themselves loyally to the Government under which they live as a friendly government, or, on the other hand, to combine among themselves to overthrow it as a hostile one.

“ But the present position of what is called ‘the popular party’ in Ireland is a scandal and a reproach before the nations of the world. That five millions of people, capable of sending into the field half a million of soldiers, should say they are oppressed, and yet not turn on the heel of the oppressor; should say that in their own land there is no honour for their faith, and no security for their hearths, and yet make no show of practical desire to assert the rights of their homes and altars, is a disgrace to their intelli-

gence and their manhood, which, one way or another, they are bound to wipe away.

" Let them create among themselves a new and practical organisation, bound by no secret oaths, pledged to no illegal purposes, but bent upon rendering themselves formidable to the Government against which they are confederated, and true to the purposes to which they are combined. Are there a thousand men in Ireland of intelligence and instruction willing to enter into such a confederation, and resolved to work out equal right and justice for all Irishmen, without heed of the loss, without fear of the danger? I should like to know them. Are there a hundred thousand men in Ireland with true hearts and strong arms ready to do the same? I should like to see them. But no sane man will risk all that is dear in life, and face all that is terrible in death, with knaves, braggarts, and cowards who neither know their own minds nor keep their own counsel. We talk of Lord John Russell's sanction, of Lord Palmerston's approval of the acts of the Italians, as if we hardly dared to whisper to each other what we think of them ourselves; but I tell you, and through you I tell the people of Ireland, that if they act with similar spirit and resolution they will win the respect, yes, and the favour of the English people, as well as the Italians. I tell the people of Ireland that if they seek for national independence and separate rule, they must struggle for it as the Italians struggled, they must suffer for it as they suffered, and, if necessary, die for it as they died; and then out of that union, out of that struggle, suffering, and death, they have a right to hope for a national resurrection. But if, on the other hand, we have no

heart for such a struggle, let us at least draw a decent cloak over our infirmities ; let us not hawk about our wounds, as mendicants their sores for alms, or stand in the highway of the nations reciting to deaf ears a beggar's petition."

In reply to a challenge to produce a practical scheme, he wrote :

" You quote from my letter a passage in which I recommend the creation of a new popular organisation in Ireland, on the very definite stated hypothesis that there are men in Ireland to work it out. I beg to assure you that that recommendation was neither a figure of speech nor a crude and unconsidered suggestion. I have not, I trust, been found wanting either in sincerity or resolution in any political step I have yet undertaken, but when you ask me to take for granted that the materials for such an organisation are producible at a moment's notice, and call upon me to develop a plan of action for this political postulate, I think I would not deserve the confidence you so generously impose in me if, without very great consideration and circumspection, I were to adopt the course you suggest. The advice to which you refer was not lightly hazarded ; your suggestion in reply has not been lightly considered, and depend upon it the pledge that my original recommendation involves shall not be lightly recalled. I must, however, endeavour to avoid assuming the position so well described as ' fugleman to an imaginary army,' and receiving with the most implicit confidence and patriotism the assurance you give me, that the members of a sound, formidable, popular party—such as I have described them—are forthcoming,

you will, I trust, pardon me if experience and failure have made me enough of a cynic to assume my lantern in a preliminary search for these honest men."

England was at that time seriously alarmed at projects of a French invasion, and the volunteer movement spread rapidly through the country. Tens of thousands of citizens enrolled themselves, and a very extraordinary enthusiasm prevailed. In Ireland the law against the carrying of arms was strictly enforced, and no hope could be entertained that the country would be allowed to arm, except perhaps in face of an actual invasion. Moore considered that the same objection could hardly be enforced against the registration of names willing to bear arms in defence of the country, should the occasion arise. Taking advantage of this state of affairs he drew up the following manifesto and accompanied it with a detailed scheme of action :

FIRST IDEAS FOR IRISH VOLUNTEERS, *February, 1861*

"A few Irishmen, feeling an anxious interest in the national cause of the Irish people, have taken counsel together for the purpose of drawing your attention to some important matters, which they believe to affect the honour and safety of Ireland in the present aspect of Irish affairs.

"It is manifest that the English Government is not without apprehensions, that its present peaceful relations with foreign powers are liable at any time to sudden interruption; it is no less evident that the people of England contemplate something more than a possibility of this Empire being subjected to foreign

invasion. Vast fortifications are in course of construction by the Government to defend the English coasts; and large bodies of English citizens are being armed and marshalled to hold the English soil against all comers. Nothing can be more laudable than the precautions taken by the Government; nothing more admirable than the zeal and patriotism shown by the English people in their resolve to defend their own, and to hold their own in such an extremity. But it is impossible to bestow our admiration upon the patriotic preparations on the others side of the Channel, without a corresponding sense of humiliation at perceiving that, although the coasts of this country are left comparatively without defence, the rights and the honour of Ireland are not protected by the arms of her own citizens. If all these preparations are necessary in England, some of them at least must be expedient in Ireland. The strongest lines of defence may be devoted to that part of the citadel which is esteemed the most valuable, but it is upon the weakest bastion that the enemy opens its fire; and if, while the coasts of England are girdled with ramparts and patrolled by steel-clad navies, to defend the wealth of London and the dignity of the seat of Empire, the fortune of Ireland is left to be decided by the wager of battle, the people of Ireland should be prepared to show that even in such a chance they will hold their own fortune in their own hands, and that for the day that makes Ireland the field of war they will be prepared with a nation of soldiers.

"It is needless to remind you that, for reasons stated by the Government, and which must be taken for what they are worth, the same armed organisation which has been thought worthy of admiration in

England is not sanctioned in this country ; it would be equally superfluous to warn you that any effectual infraction of the law, in this instance, would be impracticable as well as unwise. But no government in a free country professing the faintest respect for constitutional principles, and in the face of the public opinion of Europe, could venture to interfere with the undoubted right of a free people to express their desire and readiness to bear arms for the defence of their country. Equally impossible would it be for any such government to prevent the formal register of such desire and readiness, in such legitimate form as the people may think proper.

ORGANISATION

I

“ A central executive directory composed of a few responsible persons, whose names will be regarded as a guarantee for the honesty, prudence, and manly earnestness of the cause recommended by them. It may be advisable that each of these should undertake the charge of some particular portion of the general duty, but that only as a matter of convenience, as the whole powers, as well as the whole responsibility, will appertain to the whole body. It appears of great necessity that this body should be so few as to prevent parties from springing up among them ; unity of action in such an undertaking being of as much importance as even soundness of judgment.

2

“ A national council composed of men who, whether from position, character, public service, ability or

other contingent advantages, are likely to be able to influence, and influence in a right direction, either public opinion generally or masses of individuals in particular localities. These to be in constant communication with the directing body, to be consulted individually and generally, separately and together, as the emergency or circumstances may require, with a generous resolve in the minds of one party to give every consideration to the opinions of each and all with whom they take counsel, and equally generous determination on the other side to give effect to the final instructions of the directory, for which its members will be responsible.

3

" Local superintendents throughout the country, selected under the best advice that can be procured and the general opinion prevailing in each district, in which the enrolment of volunteers may be set on foot. These districts to be county, barony, or parish subdivisions, as the exigency or expediency of the case in each locality may require; the superintendents in each case honourably engaging (but without oaths or illegal pledges) to comply with the instructions they may receive from the directory, or resign their superintendence.

4

" The volunteers to be enrolled under a declaration to be read to them before their names are subscribed. The declaration to be as follows:

" 'I, A. B., declare my readiness to bear arms in defence of my country should events render such armed defence necessary for the liberties of the Irish people.'

"The directory to enter into communication with Irishmen in America, Australia, and other countries, requesting their advice and assistance in furthering the general objects of the organisation, but without holding themselves in any way responsible for the acts of any men out of Ireland, or regarding any such men as responsible to the Irish directing body for any proceedings they may think fit to adopt in other countries."

No conspiracy can be successful against an alert and resolute government, supported by a certain amount of armed force; rebellion is only dangerous when it is given time to organise, and develop its forces, and gather sufficient strength to resist the first attempt to arrest its leaders. The object of the scheme was to gain that time without alarming the Government, and the occasion selected—when war with France was threatening and the relations with America were very uncertain—seemed most opportune.

This semi-military but unarmed body had an air of legality, and if matters had developed so that there was real danger of invasion, it might have been difficult to repress it. What a power it would have been in the land if steadily supported by a large portion of the population, and directed by wise and able men! Half a million of men might easily have been enrolled, acting under the orders of one directing body, voting as one man, and ready at a moment to fly to arms to support the policy of their leaders if coercion were attempted. No government could have resisted such a force if its demands were

reasonable and just, and were pressed steadily and firmly, but with moderation and skill.

The plan of organisation, and the manifesto with which it was announced, was discussed by all the leading Nationalists ; it was arranged that the central directory should consist of Moore, John Martin, and the O'Donohue.

Mr P. J. Smyth¹ wrote in May :

" I have seen no reason to alter the opinion I expressed regarding your proposal, and I believe it to be in every way suited to the emergency. At the same time I feel that you act judiciously in not committing yourself to any public movement, till you shall have received assurances that the country is prepared heartily, and with unanimity, to support a bold, straightforward, manly line of national policy. I cordially reciprocate your wish to let bygones be bygones. Foreign aid, about which so much that is idle has been spoken, should be kept in reserve—an *arrière-pensée*—if occasion offers."

John Dillon wrote in March :²

" After our conversation I lost no time in communicating with some of my old political friends, and am now able to say that my judgment of them as expressed to you was quite correct. In any plain, straightforward action for getting rid of English power here, you will have them with you, I think, to a man. I have seen Smyth and have received this

¹ 11th March, 1861.

² John Martin, P. J. Smyth, John Mitchell and John Dillon were leaders in the rebellion of 1848; the three first were sent to Penal servitude and transportation; the last escaped in disguise.

assurance from him. Indeed I cannot claim the merit of converting him or anybody else, for I find the views of all of them accord exactly with those expressed by yourself in our late interview. As to John Martin, he differs from you and me only in being more tolerant than either of us. In a letter which I received from him this day, he tells me not only that he has warmly remonstrated with Mitchell for the sinister interpretation he had put upon your letter, but also that he has quarrelled with him for calling O'Neill Daunt 'a fossil repealer.' Now I must confess I think the latter a very fair and happy description of a man who professes 'loyal repeal' principles at this time of day. I take it that a man must be either a drivelling fool or something worse, who seeks to engage the Irish people in an agitation for a repeal of the union, and at the same time avows himself ready to fight for the Queen. However, John Martin will fraternise with any man who will declare himself in favour of Ireland's right to rule herself. He not only answers for himself, but undertakes to write to Mitchell, with whom he has recently spent some weeks in Paris. He says, 'I think we may count on him as an ally, eccentric a little, and quite insubordinate, but still an ally (to compare great things with small) like Garibaldi in the cause of Italy.'

" From all this you will see that from Young Ireland you have nothing to fear, but may hope for everything that they are able to accomplish. Indeed the danger I apprehend is, that the immediate and universal accession of that party will give your organisation too much the appearance of a revival of the Irish Confederation. Young Ireland is still dis-

trusted and disliked by many an earnest Irishman, and it is possible that some of the prominent members of that party could not more effectually serve your contemplated organisation, than by abstaining at the outset from any public participation in it.

"On the whole I am inclined to believe that whenever you raise the standard you will find a numerous party by your side. What will come of it is another question, and that, I think, depends on whether there will be a war in which France and England shall be on opposite sides. If that contingency cannot be reasonably anticipated, my advice to the young men of Ireland would be: 'Such of you as *can* live under English government, stay and assimilate as fast as possible; such as cannot, go away and find a government to which you can be loyal.' "

Mr John Martin fully approved the course to be taken, but was of opinion at first that Moore ought to assert more definitely

"that the common object in view is to make Ireland an independent nation, instead of a British province. I look for and desire no explicit declarations of your patriotic purposes; I am quite content with this: that you are a man of spirit and honour and that you propose to act with me. That is guarantee enough for me. But some Irish Nationalists¹ wish for more definite pledges; they say, 'You are the framer and proposer of this plan. You would be the most active and energetic of the three directors. You would

¹ John Mitchell,

appear to the public to be *the Directory*, and I am bound frankly to tell you that, however able and bold you are known to be, there are several prominent Nationalists who deny that you have ever unequivocally committed yourself to the national cause; and if your plan of organisation comes before the public with an address, from which the words 'independent' and 'self-government' are carefully excluded, and which nowhere distinctly states that this country is under the dominion of England, and wishes to liberate itself, which only alludes to the real and only object of our organisation in the form of a eulogy of the ambition and memory of the volunteers of 1782, I cannot hope that the people will flock round your standard."¹

"But," he writes later, "I am bound to tell you that I have had a letter from Mr Dillon since I wrote to you, in which he speaks of your draft address as clear and explicit enough, and finds no fault in it at all. He also rails at such persons as would insist upon a plainer language in the address; still more at such persons as pretend to doubt what are your intentions as fellows too unreasonable to be treated with. Possibly he may regard me as 'an unpracticable sort of fellow. I wrote to Mr Smith O'Brien² a day or two after having written to you. He mentions having had an invitation before, which he would now like to profit by. As to the scheme of organisation itself, he says that he is not disposed ever again to place himself in a position to be held responsible for what other men say or do.

"I am vexed to see in the *Moniteur* of the last

¹ Martin to Moore, 24th April, 1861.

² Smith O'Brien was a rebel in 1848 and transported.

three or four weeks a manifest animus in favour of England in her relations to Ireland. This is shown in the London correspondence whenever Ireland's name occurs. I begin to fear that the Emperor is determined to maintain the English alliance for his lifetime. His policy in Italy (he seems to think) is aided by this alliance."

Honest and simple-minded John Martin was not deficient in ability, but he had none of the subtlety necessary for a conspirator, or even for a politician, and he was much influenced by Mitchell. Yet it is strange that he could think it possible for even the dullest of governments to allow the establishment of an organisation for the avowed purpose of rebellion. The volunteers of 1782 sprang into existence to repel foreign aggression; but, once established, they employed their strength for other purposes.

Mitchell has influenced Irish opinion by his writings, but his actions were the wildest and most foolish. Patience and caution are the qualities most necessary for conspirators, and for this reason possibly, with the exception of Wolf Tone, Irishmen have been conspicuous failures. In '48 Mitchell proclaimed his treason every week in his newspaper, with the result that the paper was suppressed and all the leaders arrested. The National papers in 1861 were not less eager to inform friends and enemies of the new plan.

“ NATION OFFICE,
“ 21st May, 1861.

“ MY DEAR SIR,—I learned from the O'Donohue, when I was (last week) in London, that he had been in Paris and had seen John Mitchell on the Irish organisation which you have suggested.

"Now, my dear sir, I give you my word that many months ago, when I was considering by what steps we should follow up the *Nation* petition, I contemplated the enrolment of men willing to defend their country; but now that you have elaborated and developed the same idea, I recognise it as entirely yours, and as such we (of the *Nation*) shall treat it.

"The time has, however, come when we must work it—the very time when the people want it, and when, if they do not get it, they will go off on other roads that lead nowhere. Now, then, shall we of the *Nation* broach it? If you do it, you will have the whole fry down on you at once, and they will not fail to damage the movement. If *we* do it we can make it a success in spite of them—in fact, they will scarcely venture to attack it. But we shall, once it has taken root amongst the people, refer it and give the credit of it to you, its rightful author.

"We have not a moment to lose. Shall we open to a certain extent the subject in next Saturday's paper? We would put forward only the broadest and simplest idea of it—in fact, only the very name—and we could then arrange the subsequent proceedings.

"Will you kindly write a single line to say go on, or halt, as soon as you receive this? If there be no time to write, will you telegraph? It is because I feel that the interests of the country require this prompt action that I am so anxious that we lose not another day, which in this matter means at least a week.

"T. D. SULLIVAN."

A day! a week! The plot which had only just been conceived, the details of which had not yet received the sanction of those who were to promulgate it, which must have taken months to develop in secret, and years to carry out to its final conclusion, must, according to these remarkable conspirators, be notified to its opponents without even a day's delay.¹

Moore's reply was a quotation from "Don Quixote," beginning, "Patience . . ." ², but even the week's delay could not be borne, and in that very issue an article on Irish volunteering appeared.

The irritation that ensued was smoothed over through the intervention of mutual friends, but the incident shows how difficult it is to manage men.

"In answer to their complaint of unreasonable delay, I assured them that the fault, if any, did not rest with you, but with others, who I thought were too hard to please. On the whole I trust nothing further will be done by the *Nation*; but what has been done you must try and overlook for the sake of the cause. I trust the O'Donohue has broken silence before this. That national petition stops the way; I wish there was an end of it, but a rupture with the *Nation* folk ought to be avoided if possible."³

Moore attended the national banquet on St Patrick's Day, 1861, in Dublin, and took the oppor-

¹ It is easy enough to discern in the correspondence a very eager desire to make this projected movement the property of the *Nation*. No doubt this is culpable, but the malady seems universal amongst newspaper men, and it is perhaps too much to expect that Mr Sullivan should be entirely free of it, honest man though he was.

² John Martin's letter, 12th June, 1861.

³ Dillon to Moore, 13th June, 1861.

tunity to prepare the way for the scheme he was about to put forward.

" You must know it is no child's play in which you propose to engage, and in no spirit of child's play will I deal in such a subject. I have not risen, therefore, to address myself to your imagination, to excite your passions, to raise your courage, or to appeal to your love of country. Such stimulants are the things of all others of which the Irish people stand least in need, and with such they have already been drugged to intoxication, and to nausea, and torpor, that are the common consequences of moral as well as physical debauch. From all such appeals, from the manipulation of all such topics, it is my intention, for reasons that I will explain to you, studiously to refrain. It is a common opinion that has gone abroad to the world that the Irish people are a nation of talkers, gifted with certain powers of fancy and certain facilities of expression, but utterly failing as men of action. And here, at home, within the sphere of duty chalked out for us by the Government under which we have the happiness to live, the allegation is perhaps too true. But it is true nowhere else. In America, in Austria, in France, in Spain, and in Australia the men that have sprung from the Irish race have been almost exclusively men of action, working their way by brain and sword—the Jacksons, the Nugents, the M'Mahons, the O'Donnells—not wanting in the gift of a bold and ready tongue, the acknowledged heritage of their race, but holding such accomplishments subordinate to the greater energies that govern and subdue mankind. How then is it that here, in our native land,

we have come to be reputed as mere artificers of sentences, wasting our intelligence in barren or abortive utterances that debase our intelligence and shame our manhood? The reason is not difficult to conjecture. In other lands the Irish intellect is attached to the machinery—here it has nothing to do but blow off the steam. If this not very profitable occupation could be merely taken as an evidence that the coals were still alive, and the water hot, we might be inclined to regard it with complacency, rather than with displeasure. Better perhaps that the Irish intellect should hail for something than go out altogether. But, unfortunately, the deep, practical mischief that results from this state of chronic ebullition, venting itself as it does in bubbling boasts and unmeaning menace, is becoming gradually more and more fatal to the national cause. The evils that arise out of this tall talk, as it is called, appear both above and below the surface. First there are the doubt and discredit that arise in minds of other nations when they compare our words and deeds together, and perceive how grievously we miscalculated our own resources and our own energies in the conduct of our cause. Secondly, there is the distrust, not to say suspicion, that is engendered in the minds of the masses of our own people, when they see eloquent and sanguine representations of bright national hopes vanishing in the political swamps, to the very verge of which they have led them. Thirdly, and above all, there is the low standard of public virtue and public heroism that is created amongst us, when we see half-honest politics and half-hearted tactics trumpeted to the skies as glorious efforts of patriotism and valour. So far from endeav-

ouring to excite in your minds that brief and petulant enthusiasm that, like fire struck from a flint, ‘shows a hasty spark and straight is cold again,’ I will address myself exclusively to that reasoning manhood which, I hope, is not yet extinct amongst us ; to that steady and stubborn will, that well-considered and therefore well-constituted resolution that is to the rash passion of the enthusiast what red-hot iron is to straw on fire.”

He believed that after all their adversity

“ the Irish people still hope that they will yet have another great opportunity of vindicating their national honour and their national rights, fairer and more favourable than any that has yet been vouchsafed to them through their fatal history ; an opportunity with which Fate is at this moment in the throes of labour, and yet one that a certain patriotic midwife would counsel us to strangle in its birth.

“ So far I have stated my mind plainly, but I hope no sound-minded man who hears me will arrive at the conclusion, that any body of Irishmen would be justified at the present time in rising in insurrection against their present rulers. To justify an armed insurrection against any government *de facto* in possession of the executive, there are at least two conditions absolutely necessary. First there is the power, and then there is the will on the part of the people to carry out that object. When I say the power, I do not mean absolute and permanent power in the hands of the people, enabling them to seize upon the reins of government without resistance, without danger, without the effusion of a drop of

blood. Those who wait for the forbidden fruit of politics until it drops into their mouths in this fashion will have to wait for a long time. I laugh to scorn the doctrine that has been preached from I know not what pulpit, that no political or social result is worth the shedding of a drop of blood. Unfortunately, no one step has been taken in the path of human progress on which the blood of brave, great, and good men has not been shed; and sure am I that there are many brave men here to-night who, with truth and sincerity, could address their country in the words of the boy poet of my schooldays:

‘Were life-blood but wanting to strengthen the throne,
Why, here is the bosom to pour thee its own.’

“But if the effusion of that brave heart’s blood had no other result than that of rendering the steps of freedom’s steep ascent more slippery than before, in such a case the shedding of blood would be not only a crime, but a fault; in such a case, so far from reaping honour’s glorious harvest, you would be spilling by the roadside—in winter time—the blessed seed that should be husbanded for St Patrick’s Day.

“Believe me, that the life-blood that is now wanting in Ireland is life-blood in vigorous action in Irish hearts, and working Irish brains for national purposes. If the men of Ireland who speak, and perhaps think, so lavishly of the sacrifice of life itself in the service of their country, were willing to sacrifice their prospects in life, their energies, and their means in the same cause, they might bring about an opportunity for the other sacrifice sooner than they suppose.

"In a moral sense no doubt it may be true that

'They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.'

But in a political sense, and in such a cause as this, we cannot be 'in the right with two or three,' nor with two or three thousand. Are the people of Ireland in a condition, can they be raised into a condition to take the advantage of opportunities that may come to their rescue? It is easy to say yes, but you cannot mean that the people of Ireland are now in that condition, for that is certainly not the case; but if you mean that the people can be roused and organised into that condition, the sooner you apply yourself to the process of organisation the better, because the case of Ireland to-day may not be the case of Ireland to-morrow, and the case of Ireland to-morrow might, possibly, be such as to render it desirable that the people of Ireland should be prepared to take their own part in their own quarrel.

"I hope when we meet here again, on the next anniversary of our patron saint, we shall all of us know more of the matter than we know now, and that when we meet we shall have something not to talk about, but to hold our tongues about; something to make the enemies of Ireland wish that we were talkers again."

About 1860 a generation of young men was growing into manhood imbued with feelings of general-dissatisfaction with the political state of the country, and, looking round, as is the wont of young men, for some sort of guidance towards the formation

of their opinions. For a year or two they had been gathering together in little knots in different parts of Ireland, discussing, planning, and dreaming of some better state. At such periods words which seem at the time to have been spoken in vain are really inspiring the hopes of thousands of eager boys, and directing the whole tendency of their lives. It may be a book, or a song, or a speech that rouses them ; the words pass into oblivion, but the idea has been planted, and the world wakes up to find itself among a whole crop of new ideas, and no one knows exactly how they arose, and sometimes—like the fabled dragon's teeth—they spring up into armed men.

One does not know, one can never know exactly, what inspired the young men of those times, but words such as those I have quoted no doubt had considerable effect. At all events these young men soon began to make their presence felt in Irish politics, and Moore, in the course of his investigations, found they were already beginning to conspire against the Government, and were in no humour to wait the initiation of more cautious tactics. They were the very men on whom he relied to form the backbone of his own army. It was impossible to turn them back ; it was equally impossible to found a rival organisation without plunging the country into a faction fight.

Therefore this scheme died stillborn, and we can now only speculate on what might have happened if Irish volunteers had taken the place of Fenianism, which henceforward remained the dominant force in Irish politics, and, as Moore had prophesied, was opposed in vain by the bishops and priests.

Still certain politicians continued their efforts to

raise spasmodic agitations. They were generally rash and ill-considered, and their authors had no definite plan or policy to put forward. The Sullivans and the O'Donohue were the promoters, and were joined by other honest men like Martin and Smyth; the objects were as much to dish the Fenians as to serve Ireland, and Moore kept aloof from the quarrel.

“ NATION OFFICE,
“ 28th November, 1861.

“ MY DEAR MR MOORE,—If *England* is excited and afire about the imminent war with America, as you may see by the startling news of yesterday,¹ *Ireland* (judging from this city) is equally, nay a thousand times more so. The sensation is immense. I implore of you, if we are to do anything at all, to guide the country aright, *come up at once, instantly*. We are calling a ‘mass meeting’ in the Rotunda for Monday evening next, and beg you to come, excusing more formal invitation. The pressure of the crisis won’t allow us time to act more slowly. The conveners (by placard) are P. J. Smyth, James Plunkett, and A. M. Sullivan.

“ A. M. SULLIVAN.”

Moore declined to attend a meeting called in hot haste, the policy or objects of which were not seriously considered by its promoters, nor heard of by anyone else. Knowing the extreme differences of opinion that divided the constitutional and extreme

¹ The confederate envoys to Europe (Mason and Slidell) were taken from an English mail steamer on the Atlantic by Captain Wilkes and brought to Boston. This was a violation of International law, and produced a dangerous situation.

parties, he suspected that it would lead to serious trouble, and as a matter of fact it resulted in incalculable political mischief. At the meeting there was a contest between the moderate and physical force wings of the national party, which soon became as much opposed to each other as to the English Government.¹ He said:

" I am ready to assist in the organisation of a national party out of the *disjecta membra* of nationality scattered throughout the land, for I have faith enough to believe that those dry bones may yet live. I am willing to join in the celebration of such an organisation as soon as it shall be in practical action, but I entirely disapprove of celebrations in which there is nothing worthy to celebrate, and of the political meetings of 'disunited Irishmen.' "

To Mr A. M. Sullivan, who conveyed to him the request of the Bishop and priests of Longford that he should enter Parliament as member for that county, he wrote, 20th February, 1862:

" I have received your kind letter, and have to thank you for your thoughtful consideration of my interests and position in the matter to which you refer. But, after having weighed and considered your very flattering suggestion with the attention it deserved, I have come to the conclusion that, under present circumstances, I have not sufficient motive for availing myself of the ensuing election for Longford to re-enter public life.

¹ See A. M. Sullivan's description of this meeting in "New Ireland," and John O'Leary's in "Fenians and Fenianism" on the other side. This breach lasted for years.

" If the same spirit now shown by the bishops and the clergy in the county of Longford had been manifested by the prelates and priests of Ireland at an earlier period, such public spirit would long before this have borne glorious ' fruit according to its kind,' but the experience I have had of public life in Ireland does not lead me to hope that I can serve the cause of Ireland in Parliament, and I am not disposed to enter Parliament in any other cause.

" G. H. MOORE."

CHAPTER XVII

RACING, 1860-68

THERE was one, however, who, though she may have regretted his political disappointments, could not feel really sorry that he was free at last from the parliamentary business that kept him from home.

In 1851 George Moore had married Mary Blake of Ballinafad, whose parents were near neighbours of the Moores. She was one of a large family, five sons and five daughters, who were brought up in a country house, surrounded by a large park with a little quick-running river close by. Their father had fought in the Peninsula, and his ancestors had lived in Ballinafad for many generations; the obstinate Blakes they were called, for some ancient reason now forgotten.

Mary Moore found the Georgian house by the lake very lonely during her husband's long absences in London. She had, indeed, the companionship of old Mrs Moore, whom she always described as the most witty and agreeable companion in the world; but it is not surprising that a young woman should inwardly rejoice at a change that brought her husband home, and renewed the social life and sporting amusements of the country. Old friends, estranged by political differences, began to gather round him again, and in that beautiful corner of the west life seemed so



MRS. MARY MOORE



pleasant that one wonders it ever should be sacrificed to the struggle and strife of party politics and its mean and dishonest surroundings.

But Mary Moore was wise enough to foresee—perhaps also she was warned by his mother—that he would not long endure an inactive life. No doubt these two discussed together the old wild days of travel and racing, and the dangers and expenses, and they planned in secret committee how they would enthrall him. They noted the vast store of anecdote and story, with which he amused his guests, and how he loved to relate his adventures in the East. “What a book these stories would make!” said one of his friends. “Why does he not write them?” It had been suggested before, but he had been then too busy with his horses.¹

One day his mother brought out all the old letters from the East, tied up in neat parcels with white tape, which she had stored away in an old box in her room; his wife carried them down in her apron on a wet afternoon when he was sitting and dreaming alone over the fire.

“Why not write a book?” she said. “Here are ample materials; it will amuse you I am sure.”

Was it the memories that these letters evoked, or was it a natural distaste for the quiet occupation of

¹ Maria Edgeworth, a great friend and a constant correspondent of Mr and Mrs Moore, writes in 1837:

“I advise your son to publish his travels in the form of letters, I should say his letters in the form of travels. . . . I think he ought to write this book without being prodded or flattered by anyone living. He who could write the letters I have read (and which he said he would not hear read again for a hundred guineas) can write anything he pleases, and might be sure of gaining a hundred, aye hundreds of guineas for any book of travels he might write. If he wishes to make himself famous now is his time.”

literature that repelled him? More probably he felt that the best of the sport is to do the deed and say nothing; for he took the letters and put them packet by packet on the fire, saying he wished never to see them again.

What a pity they were ever taken from their hiding-place! They would have been found years afterwards by the author of this history, and would have cleared up many mysteries, and thrown light on hidden places which he has been unable to explore. He would have been able to entertain his readers with hundreds of amusing anecdotes instead of dry historical facts.

Fortunately, Moore's destructive hands did not extend beyond the papers actually put into them. There is an old lumber-room at Moore Hall into which have been thrown the old papers of successive generations; everything not wanted is sent there and forgotten, because the lumber is too closely packed to be easily explored. These lumber-rooms of old country houses are like the kitchen middens of primeval times, whence all sorts of relics are occasionally exhumed. In this store-room were found, in an old box, some letters, diaries, and records that accidentally escaped the conflagration and enabled this history to be written.

But if he put literature aside, he busied himself with practical subjects, improving his estate and decorating his house. Part of his demesne was covered with scrub, and he set to work to clear it, amusing himself by watching the horses dragging up the hazel and thorn bushes by the roots.

Then with oak, cut upon the estate, and worked by local carpenters, he made an oak-panelled dining-

room, planning and supervising the work himself. But the drawing-room gave him an opportunity to return in imagination to the East; remembering his sketches of pilasters and cornices, he introduced into it Greek ornamentation and the neutral blue and yellow tints which are supposed to have been applied to the Greek temples. This style may seem to us to bring in lines somewhat too hard and formal for a Georgian house, but tastes differ in different ages, and we are all too much inclined to repeat the formulas of the day and condemn the work of our immediate predecessors.

These interests might perhaps have sufficed had not chance thrown other amusements in his way; chance or the devil, it is hard to know which. Or was it his own inclination seizing an opportunity? "*Nous revenons toujours à nos premières amours,*" and these amours have a way of finding us out when opportunity offers and idleness suggests.

Before the famine he had bought a thoroughbred mare called "The Cook," but as she was believed to be barren she was put into a car, and, owing to this chance, was not sold with the other race-horses.

The Cook was bred by Mr Davis of Straw Hall, the Curragh. She was sold to Mr Watts, who found her so good that he named her The Cook, vowing she would cook all the birds¹ at the Curragh; and this she did several times. She was a contemporary of Faugh-a-ballagh,² Micky Free, and Pride of Kildare, to whom she gave 12 lb. In the Queen's Plate of 1843, won by Micky Free, she ran away,

¹ Birdcatcher foals; there are very few thoroughbred horses of the present day, if any, not descended directly or indirectly from Irish Birdcatcher.

² Winner of St Leger.

and was several hundred yards ahead, when she could not be got round the turn and fell into a ditch. Like her sire Birdcatcher, who ran into Newbridge in the Peel Plate, she never recovered the fright.

Well, of course the devil came along, and whispered to try The Cook again "just for amusement," "as an experiment"; and sure enough, the devil intervening perhaps, there was a foal; and then she was sent to Mountain Deer, a son of Touchstone, the great rival of Birdcatcher, and there was another foal, a dark-brown colt with white legs that I remember running about the lawn in 1859.

The little old butler, Joseph Appley, who had been a jockey in the old days, and retained all the mystery and secrecy of a racing man to the end of his life, prophesied wonders for this colt, reminding his admirers that when the oats were brought to the paddock gate he used to leave all the other foals far behind; but he could give many more abstruse reasons, never said above a whisper.

So the colt was put in training "just as an experiment," and then a jockey had to be got, and a horse to lead him in his work. If any of my readers have bought a thoroughbred horse, just as an experiment—not to go any further—they will know how quickly one leads to another. Mares were bought or bred, and a stallion, Fright (by Alarm), a winner of the Cesarewitch; and soon Moore Hall had become a racing establishment with all the attendant expense.

But the little horse was going to pay for it all—so the butler said.

In 1860 the Blue Birdseye reappeared on the turf when Croaghpatrick¹ ran his first race at Howth; he

¹ Named after a high mountain peak in Mayo visible from Moore Hall.

was a June foal and was too backward to show his real form as a two-year-old. Great things were expected from him next year, and he was well backed for the Lincolnshire, in which, however, he was beaten. He was a long, low animal with enormous girth and strength, and required as much work as any two horses. What he sweated off one day was on again next morning, so that he could not be got fit early in the year; but during the spring the big hill at Drimnashinagh was called into requisition, and up this the lazy little rogue had to finish all his gallops, so that when he crossed the Channel towards the end of July he was in very different form.

He was sent from Moore Hall to Cliff's at Hednesford a week before the meeting, and the family moved from Ireland in his train. The owner and his wife went to Goodwood to see him run, but young George, the eldest son, then nine years old, was left with truly Irish carelessness at Cliff's, to amuse himself with the horses and stable-boys and acquire the rudiments of a sporting education.

Before the meeting Croaghpatrick was tried publicly for the Stewards' Cup with the Flying Nutbush, said to be the fastest five-furlong mare ever foaled. All the touts were looking on, and when the mare was beaten there was a universal agreement that the whole affair was a hoax. "Those damned Irish rogues must think we are fools to be put off with flash trials," said the knowing ones, and Croaghpatrick went still further back in the betting.

Such a field never before or since faced the starter; forty-three ran in Joe Miller's year at Chester, but forty-five was and is a record. There was

such a crowd of good horses that the betting fluctuated in the most extraordinary way as the different stables put down their money. There never were so many favourites. Restes was favourite at first, with Nativity and La Vapeur, then Cantab and Vergis-mein-nicht, but before the start there was another revolution, and Croaghpatrick, who had been at 40 to 1, advanced from the outside and became first favourite. That was not wonderful as he was backed to win twenty thousand pounds in the last few minutes, and the ring was staggered; but with horses like Knight of St Patrick, Man at Arms, Vergis-mein-nicht, Thunderbolt, Nutbush, and others, what might not happen in a field of forty-five?

It took three-quarters of an hour to get the field off, the light weights fighting for a start. Croaghpatrick's jockey never actually refused to obey orders, but as soon as he returned to the line, the horse whipped round and was off again with the activity of a kitten. In this way when the flag did fall he got the advantage with Billy Dwindles and Lara, and his stable companion Nutbush was with them. This lot formed the van for the first half-mile, and they went such a cracker that pursuit seemed hopeless, but Man at Arms and La Vapeur and Vergis-mein-nicht were not far off. Nutbush and Lara disappeared from the front, and it seemed to be a match between Croaghpatrick and Man at Arms when suddenly Knight of St Patrick came alongside, so that "Lord Exeter wins!" resounded over the course. But in spite of a game struggle, his heavy weight stopped him in the last fifty yards, and Croaghpatrick won by a head from Man at Arms. It was one of the finest finishes ever seen, even in that

race where there have been many hard tussles.¹ The bookmakers lost heavily but the stable won a dinger.

On the Chesterfield Cup the following Friday there was much speculation. All the horses that had run prominently in the Stewards' Cup started again, and the best judges thought that with seven pounds extra weight and half a mile more to go, Croaghpatrick could not win. Ariadne, Sweetsauce, Man at Arms, and Rising Sun were better favourites, but in truth he had a lot in hand the first race; though his dam was a madcap, he was one of the laziest horses on the turf, and would make a race with a donkey. Man at Arms was nine pounds better in, but Croaghpatrick took up the running at the rails and won easily by half a length from Rising Sun and Man at Arms in a field of twenty-six.

The Chesterfield Cup of that year was a fine equestrian group of Richard Cœur de Lion wounded before the Castle of Chalny.

These two victories at different distances established his reputation as one of the best horses of his year, and he paid the usual penalty of high weights in all the handicaps.

Next year Croaghpatrick was heavily backed by his owner for the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot, but the steep gradient was not suitable to his long, low, rat-like shape, and he was beaten by that good horse Canary (by Orlando), to whom he was conceding two stone.²

¹ Croaghpatrick ran in the name of Mr W. H. Murphy of Mount Merrion, brother-in-law to G. H. Moore.

² He had been so highly tried over the Rowley mile that the result seemed certain, but that easy course was more suitable to his long style of going than the Ascot hill. He ran a close third in a field of thirty-seven starters. We do not see fields like those nowadays.

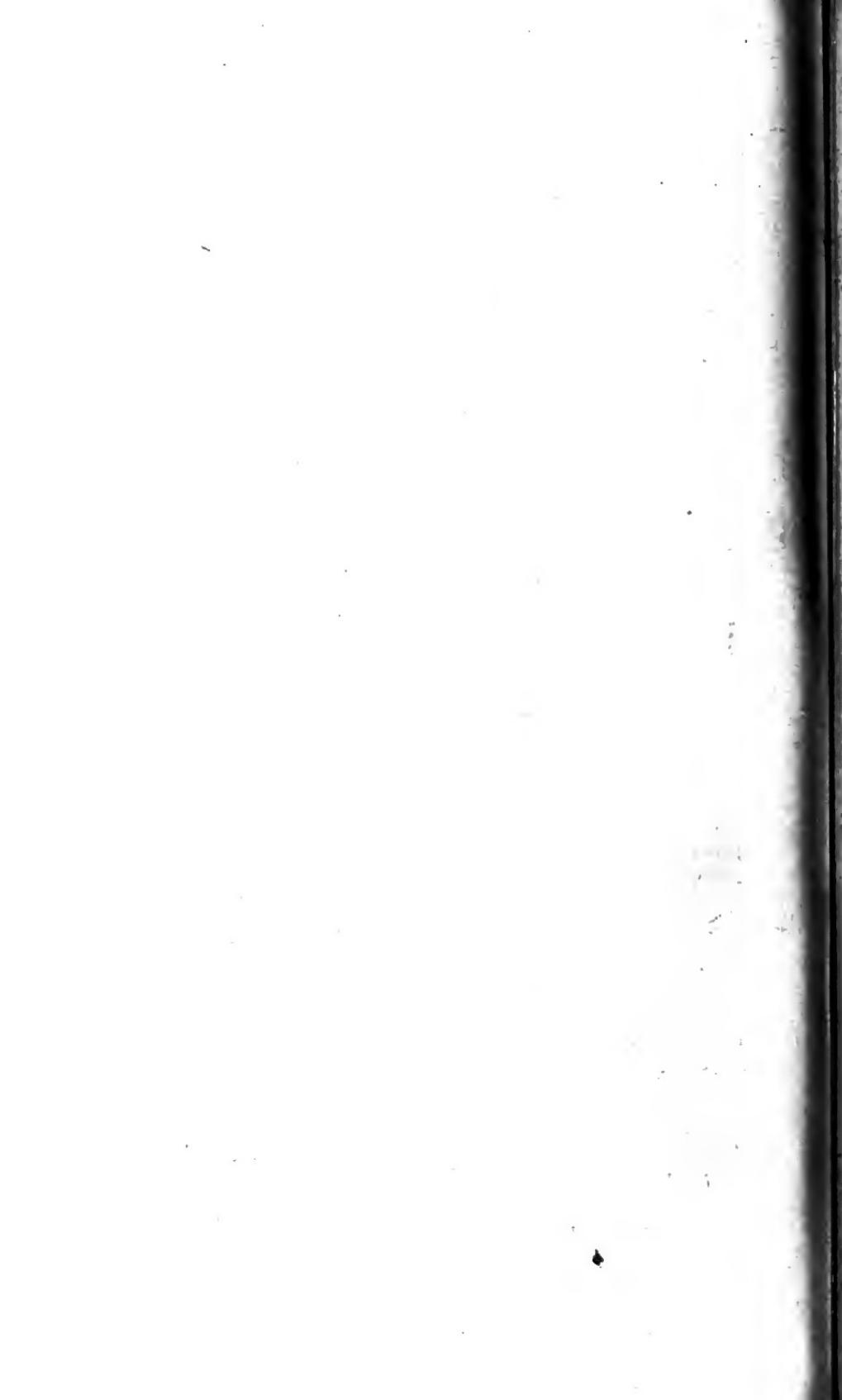
In Ireland he carried all before him, and after winning the Madrids took all the Queen's Plates.

The Curragh Races of that year was the first meeting the writer ever saw. As if it were yesterday it comes back to my mind how I leaned over the rails of the Stewards' stand and saw the little dark-brown horse with white legs canter down to the post. I was only seven years old and felt very heavily the anxiety of the delay at the starting-post, and I hoped, as a child hopes, with ten times the intensity of a grown person, that my playfellow in the paddock at Moore Hall would beat all the other horses; in the innocence of youth it was the honour of victory I thought of, and not of bets or stakes. What could I do to help? It seemed to me quite natural to say a little prayer for his success, and I even ventured to add to the value of my supplication by half kneeling on a chair, hoping shyly that my attitude would not be observed.

To a lover of horses a first race, like a first love to a woman, is an ever tender memory, and it pleases me when I hear again in imagination the warning shout that heralds the coming of the horses, and I seem to see the Blue Birdseye so far ahead that the other horses could hardly be trying, or had given up in despair. I have not forgotten a moment of that glorious day. The champagne lunch with which the winner, by the terms of the race, was bound to entertain the stewards of the Turf Club has been a perpetual refreshment to me; and I still admire the dexterity with which old General Browne, the one-armed Crimean veteran, cut the wire and opened a bottle. I can still see elation on the faces of the



CROAGHPATRICK
STEWARD'S CUP, GOOFWOOD, 1861



winners, and I wondered why there was no sympathy for the losers.

Meanwhile other horses were doing pretty well. Moore was out one day looking at some yearlings at a stud farm, and sat amused as they romped and played like puppies together; sometimes one would irritate his neighbour by biting his back, neck, or leg, and the other might retaliate by standing on his hind legs to get, so to speak, the upper hand, then suddenly one would start off pursued by the others, and twist and turn to escape pursuit. While watching these antics one of the youngsters, making too sharp a turn, slipped and fell on his side, but recovering himself in a moment, sprang to his feet, and was off again like a flash. Attracted by the colt's activity, the breeding was discussed, and then the price. He was by Papageno, and it was thought at twenty pounds he would make at least a nice lady's hack.

But Moore was a shrewd judge of a race-horse, and suspected that the colt might serve a more profitable purpose; moreover he retained all his youthful tricks, and used to throw a jockey nearly every day, bucking and kicking in the most determined way, so that the lady's hack soon found himself doing regular work with the other race-horses. He was named Master George, after the owner's eldest son, and later on he was expected to win the Cambridgeshire, but money was urgently required, and he was allowed to start for the Leicestershire Handicap instead. He justified himself by winning that and five races in succession, so that plenty of money flowed into his owner's pockets.

Success had followed on success, and there was

money for every purpose. The house was re-roofed, election debts paid, and the eldest son was taken out of the racing stable and sent to school. Such are the strange freaks of Fortune, or the devious ways of Providence. Literature in the twentieth century depending on the struggle of a horse or the efforts of a jockey half a century before; who can foresee the ultimate result of what seems the most trivial and transitory incident in his life.

Slieve Carne by Fright out of The Cook was a small horse, and a great stayer, like his ancestor Venison; strangely enough, some years ago, just when notes for these reminiscences were being collected, his name appeared in the *Sporting Times*.

Mr John Corlett wrote:

"Our mind was carried back thirty-three years to the Doncaster Spring Meeting and the vagaries of a handsome little Irish colt called Slieve Carne. The colours of his jockey were bird's-eye blue, and he belonged to Mr G. H. Moore, an Irish gentleman who owned Coranna when he won the Chester Cup, and who would probably have disinherited his son could he have foreseen that he would write such a book as '*Esther Waters*.'¹ Slieve Carne was a competitor for the Chesterfield Handicap, for which he was ridden by a 5 stone 7 lb. boy, and breaking away at the start, we thought he would never leave off galloping. The racing calendar merely mentions that he ran *several times* round the inner course. 'What a Cesarewitch horse he will make!' was our

¹ Many of the characters in "*Esther Waters*" were drawn from the jockeys and racing servants at Moore Hall at this time.

observation. We cannot remember that he ever won a race afterwards, or at least not in this country."¹

Sieve Carne was winning at Baldoyle when he broke down, and this ended his career on the flat, but he won several steeplechases, and fell in the Grand National of 1868, won by that gallant little grey, The Lamb, when poor Chimneysweep was killed.

" SHREWSBURY,
" 6th March.

" MY DEAREST MARY,—Sieve Carne walked over for the steeplechase, but the proceeds, when all is paid, will leave very little residue, as I only get half the forfeits; nothing is added for a walk-over. I shall write to you from London to-morrow."

The fortune of racing was illustrated in this as in every other racing stable. Maurice² by Fright out of Molly Carew—a sister to Croaghpatrick—was thought to be the best horse Moore ever owned. He was entered for the Derby, and as a two-year-old beat the old horse, Master George, in his trial; but an ill-tempered jockey struck him in the eye with a whip; the eye inflamed, and a veterinary surgeon, as ignorant as the boy was brutal, bled him in the neck and seriously injured the throat.

Such are the failures and disappointments of the turf. It is difficult to know which are more treacherous, horses or politics, and if dishonour is rampant in politics, it is not less so on the turf. Just at the time of which I write, Catch-em-alive won the

¹ *Sporting Times*, 22nd July, 1899.

² Named after the author.

Cambridgeshire, but drew short weight at the scales ; the second jockey weighed correctly, and the stewards were going to give him the race, when it was found that the third jockey was also under weight. This caused an examination of the scales, when a piece of lead was discovered attached to one of them. The first horse got the race, but it was never known if the second jockey—who must have ridden overweight—had any cognisance of the trick.

The expenses of a racing stable are heavy and continuous, whereas, at the best, success is ephemeral. A run of bad luck brought difficulty and trouble, and all the worries of financial embarrassment.

We find him writing from Shrewsbury in 1867 :

“ MY DEAREST WIFE,—I had passed a dreadful night of trouble and anxiety when your letter arrived. My eyes were heavy and my heart was bruised ; I could have rendered up my soul willingly to God were it not that I knew that I had duties to perform.

“ In the morning I found the comforter before me, the paraclete of a good woman’s holy spirit, that second message of the dove to the raven. It has consoled me and strengthened me, and I hope enlightened me also. I feel like the grandfather in the ‘ Old Curiosity Shop,’ and you are my little Nell. God bless you and reward you for your goodness.

“ I shall go through Birmingham to see the boys, and shall be in London on Monday. I have written to Lord Sligo that I shall meet him there, as he desired, and shall expect him next week.

“ I was delighted to hear that dear Nina wrote her little letter all by herself. Nothing could be more

charming. I wish I were with you, and hope we shall never be separated for so long again."

But in truth racing was not the original cause of his financial embarrassment; his difficulties began with the famine, which had dried up all the sources of his income for two or three years, and one of his estates had been sold. No doubt if he had lived, like some of his neighbours, a life of retirement and retrenchment, he could in a few years have retrieved his position, but parliamentary life and the necessities of a political agitation did not lend themselves to economy. While during the succeeding years he had fought five contested elections and two petitions, he had steadily refused what others considered the legitimate rewards of their labours and talents.

On the whole Moore probably won more than he lost on the turf during this period, but while racing had occasionally brought in considerable profits, politics never produced a penny to repay the continuous outlay.

CHAPTER XVIII

ELECTION, 1868

IN 1864 John Martin, the O'Donohue, and John Dillon formed the Irish National Association, with a large programme and a lengthy address. The new association was suspected from the beginning, for it was under the patronage of Dr Cullen, and it included in its ranks the men who had betrayed the country twelve years before. Dr MacHale did not support it for these reasons, but a little later an effort was made to bring the two archbishops together.

"*MY DEAR DILLON*,—I lost no time in visiting the Archbishop of Tuam and speaking to him on the subject which we lately considered and discussed.

"I entirely agree with you in thinking that a sincere and cordial understanding between him and the Archbishop of Dublin would be of incalculable advantage to the Irish Church and the Irish people, and I feel convinced that it will not be the fault of the Archbishop of Tuam if such an understanding cannot be effected. How such an understanding may be best brought about, I do not venture to express an opinion, but I can scarcely doubt that in a matter of such vital importance these eminent prelates will find means of communicating with each other should they consider such communication advisable.

" If I could be of any service in effecting so desirable an object, I should consider myself highly honoured, and I beg you to believe that I entertain no feeling towards either of these distinguished prelates, but a wish that both may be equally an honour to their Church and their country.

" G. H. MOORE."

It soon became apparent that the alliance was sought, not as a pledge of a new and better spirit, but as a subtle attempt of the Dublin prelate to entrap the old opponents of Whiggism in a new and disgraceful combination ; and the caution of the above letter was justified when it appeared that the Association's only duty was to manage the general election of 1865 in the Government interest.¹

After the general election Moore wrote :

" 20th July, 1865.

" MY DEAR SULLIVAN,—Was there ever a game so well played, or so audaciously, as the Whig dodge this election? I thank God I was not made a fool of, and I am delighted you kept out of the trap. *Mea virtute me involvo*, and, in the unutterable contempt that I feel for all the knaves and all the donkeys, I confess I feel a cynic's satisfaction.²

" G. H. MOORE."

¹ Dr MacHale referring to 1853 stated in a public letter, 6th Dec., 1864 that "to be deceived once was in no way discreditable ; it argues only a too generous confidence in the faith and integrity of our fellow-men. But to be deceived again by entering into unconditional fellowship with those who were unfaithful to their trust, would render one liable to the reproach of being a willing party to the deception."

² "We (Kickham and the Fenians) said from the first that the National Association was intended to support the Whigs; no one can doubt that we were right. The pass was sold and the Whigs let in everywhere, while the real Independent Opposition candidates were kept

" MOORE HALL,

" 20th July, 1865.

" MY DEAR DUFFY,—I am anxious to see you before you leave Ireland, and to finish our interrupted conversation. Will you come to see me here, as you half promised? Let me hear from you, at all events. I have only just returned from England to find the popular cause in the old Whig rut, out of which with much ado we managed to heave it. Well, it's all one to me, and I am glad I was not made a fool of. Dillon has got his seat in Parliament, and so has Gray. Dr Cullen has a right to chuckle, and I have the right of a cynic and a prophet to snarl and smile.¹

" G. H. MOORE."

" LONDON

" 26th July, 1865.

" MY DEAR MOORE,—This day month I expect to be on the Atlantic, and it will disappoint me much if I have not an opportunity of saying good-bye to you.

" The interval is one of hurry, and I needs must go to Letterkenny for a niece who is in a convent

out, as in Kilkenny and Wexford. The man who should vote for Mr Pope Hennessy was threatened with a visible curse, because Mr Pope Hennessy was not a Whig. But the Association refused to recommend the electors of Dungarvon to abstain from voting for the law adviser of the Castle because he was a Whig. In like manner the Solicitor-General of the Whigs was supported at Mallow."—O'Leary, "Recollections of Fenians and Fenianism," Vol. ii. p. 170.

¹ Moore, Dillon, and A. M. Sullivan attended a farewell banquet to Duffy, 27th July, 1865; Moore stated that he did not believe in a resurrection of Independent Opposition by a party which included the men who had betrayed that policy for places. He said the party was dead and could no more be revived than the old forests of Ireland could be recreated, by erecting the old dead trunks found in the bogs. The ground must be first cleared and made ready for a new crop. Sullivan agreed with him.

school ; I therefore have not a spare day to seek you at Moore Hall. I shall be in Dublin from 2nd to 3rd August, and in London 7th till 20th. I will go to any place within reasonable distance of either to see you for an hour or two.

" Nothing in this island of paradoxes puzzles me more than that you can put your faculties to sleep, except that those upon whose behalf they might be employed acquiesce so tranquilly. If you will not mount the tribune again, write a book ; no man fitter to write one, never to be forgotten, has lived in Ireland in my day.

" C. GAVAN DUFFY."

" GALWAY,

" 17th August, 1865.

" MY DEAR DUFFY,—I have deferred answering your letter to the very last, in the hope of being able to see you and bid you farewell. I confess, however, that my wish to see you before your departure has been prompted entirely by a personal feeling towards yourself individually, without any regard for public questions, or to your position as a public man. My retirement from public life is no paradox, but the natural result of the same circumstances that compelled you to withdraw from a country in which there was nothing to be done that was not shameful, and to seek for refuge in another land in which your intellect could find honest employment. In this country, to a man thinking as I do, 'the post of honour is a private station,' and in that position of negative honour I shall continue to live. Public life in this country is a submission to two despotisms ; the last

imposed the hardest, because the vilest of the two. It has grieved me sorely that the only action you have taken since your return has been to give your countenance to a very low tool of that very low tyranny.¹ God bless you.

“ G. H. MOORE.”

But the time was now arriving when there would be no longer room for the tricks and dodges of political conspirators.

In spite of what ought to have been the evident hopelessness of the Fenian movement, no conspiracy has ever entered into the hearts of the people more thoroughly and sincerely than Fenianism. It was organised and preached by no great leader; it germinated almost simultaneously in different parts of Ireland, and spread silently from one centre to another. It found its leaders more by chance than deliberation, and its plans were formed more by instinct than thought. The rebellion of 1848 rested on the shallowest foundation; it was the inspiration of a few literary gentlemen, poets and writers. But Fenianism was democratic; it was organised by shopboys and artisans, with no help or encouragement from the leaders of public opinion. The bishops and priests used every effort, moral and spiritual, to defeat it, but their influence had waned during the many years they had supported the traitors, and they found their counsels produced no effect. The Young

¹ Absence had softened Duffy's opposition to the traitors of 1853, and he complained that nothing had been forgotten since he had left Ireland. Moore, Sullivan and Dr MacHale protested against any alliance with those men, but Duffy, trusting to his old associate, John Dillon, gave his sanction to the National Association.

Irelanders and the Constitutionalists opposed the physical force party, but their position was difficult, and when some of the Fenians were arrested, they were denounced as "Felon Setters."

As the movement developed almost everyone in Ireland, except the Protestant landowners and the priests, was secretly a Fenian, or sympathised with the objects of the conspirators. Even the Army was seriously infected. Many a long African march was livened by a Fenian song, and treason was often muttered in the barrack-room.

But the leaders were not men of great ability, and their task was impossible. As a fighting force Fenianism failed utterly, but it changed the whole mind of the country. By 1868 the old complacent toleration of schemers and dishonest politicians had vanished, and a sturdy independence had taken its place.

Moore saw that the time had come when he could again be of use to the country, and he did not hesitate a moment. A general election was imminent; he sold his horses and issued his address to the electors of Mayo. The circumstances, to those who did not look below the surface, seemed extremely unfavourable. For ten years the representation of the county had been in the hands of a confederation of Whig and Tory landlords, and it seemed quite impossible to break it. His old friend and ally, Lord Sligo, was one of the parties to the alliance, his brother, Lord John Browne, being one of the members, and Sir Roger Palmer the other. Both of these had resigned, and the landlord clique had resolved to nominate Lord Bingham (son of Lord Lucan) as a Tory, and Mr Valentine Blake, of Tower Hill, as

the Whig representative. The coalition was exceptionally strong, as Mr Blake had always been a good and kind landlord, and was personally popular. He had inclined to the side of the people in previous elections, and was a Repealer with O'Connell, but his political opinions were not very strong, and it was suspected that his efforts would be more directed towards making matters generally smooth and quiet than causing anxiety to the landlords or the English Government.

He could confidently count on the support of the two strongest forces in the constituency—the landlords and the Whigs—and he had reason also to suppose that the majority of the priests would befriend him. It was the universal opinion of the county that a struggle against such forces was hopeless, and Moore was strongly advised by his party not to attempt it. Financial difficulties added very much to the strength of these objections; slow horses and bad luck had pursued him for some time, and he was seriously embarrassed. But he had the confidence in himself that carries men through difficulties; he replied to his friends that his mind was quite made up, and that in a month they would be of a different opinion.

He commenced his canvass in Ballina, because he used to say that Tyrawley was the backbone of Mayo, and that he always went there for support in difficulty and trouble. For six weeks there was not a day he did not speak in some town or village. He travelled from Tyrawley and Erris to Burrishhoole and Gallen, Clanmorres and Costello, and when he had finished there remained no doubt as to the result.

"I shall have the question settled whether one lord shall drive a hundred human souls to the hustings, another fifty, another a score; whether this or that squire shall call twenty or ten or five, as good men as himself, his voters, and send them up with his brand on their back to vote for an omadhaun at his bidding."

Moore was very far from being a democrat. He had no feeling whatever against his own class, and would have much preferred to fight with it than against it, but he believed that until the right of the tenants to their votes and their holdings was admitted, the country could not prosper, and he could not hope to unite all parties in a common interest. For the same reason he was anxious to disestablish the Church of Ireland; not that he desired to confiscate its property, but because it was a badge of the ascendancy of one class over another, and served to keep them apart. He was an Irish Nationalist of the same type as the Young Irelanders and the Fenians; like them he would have wished to see the people led by men of position and property, with aristocratic tastes and associations—the class of men who had made England great, such as Chatham, Pitt, Burke, Fox, Peel, Wellington, or the leaders of the Irish Parliament, such as Grattan, Flood, and Charlemont.

Though he found himself forced to array his party against those who opposed his views, he did it with regret.

"It will be said if the people are no longer constrained by the landlords they will be led by the

priests, and why not, if the people choose them for their leaders? Let those who find fault with the clergy of Ireland for becoming tribunes of the people, calmly consider how it would have fared with the people if the clergy had not become their tribunes. But the landlords have a resource left; let them make themselves more popular than the priests. The people will feel proud of such leaders, and the priests will feel proud that the people are so led, and will hand over to them with joy the keys of the people's hearts, which they have only held in trust until such men should arrive to succour and to save. If the landlords will make common cause with the people, the people will make common cause with them. The priests will make common cause with them also, and their common cause will be that of their country. Then will the landlords and the people grow up together, not as of old—like the ivy strangling the oak in its sterile embrace—but rather like the vine that we have seen in other lands girdling the elm with its graceful and prolific folds, adding value to the noble tree that supports its growth, and rewarding the husbandman for the care of one and the other, with the produce of that which makes glad the heart of man."

In the former elections he differed with some of his friends, but many were on his side, and parties were not so far divided as to cause exasperation and breach of friendship. Now his personal friends were united in political opposition, and he had to fight hard for victory. But, indeed, it must be admitted that he enjoyed fighting. It was perhaps a fault that it amused him to make jokes at the expense of his

opponents, and on every platform he held them up to ridicule.

" In former elections, if the landlords had coerced their tenants, at all events they coerced them to vote for what they believed to be right ; but oppression has become so insolent and overbearing that now they are not content with this. They are ordered to vote for a Tory who is in favour of coercion, and for a Whig who professes to be in favour of conciliation."

And when the candidates denied that they had coalesced, he said :

" Does anyone suppose that two donkeys driven to the fair together ever coalesced for the purpose ? Of course not, but the owners have agreed to drive them there, and a large and powerful party of the landlords have coalesced to drive Lord Bingham and Mr Blake to the fair together, and, what is more, they have coalesced to force the people at the fair to buy them.

" The voters are only trustees for the great bulk of the people who have no votes, and if the landlords insist on forcing their will upon the people, it will certainly lead to riot and bloodshed. Mr Blake may wash his hands like Pontius Pilate and say he is innocent of the blood of this just people, but as the ghost of Pontius Pilate is said still to wander at night round the Sea of Galilee, washing his hands for ever in vain in that sacred wave, so may the perturbed spirit of Valentine Blake be seen in after times, by the scared passers-by, flitting over Lough Carra, washing his hands for ever and ever in a fruitless endeavour to clear himself of the people's blood.

" There is a very old ballad about one Moore of Moore Hall and the dragon of Wantley. The story runs thus :

" At a place called Wantley there was a terrible dragon that lived on the people. It devoured them, knocked down their houses, carried their substance across the seas, and brought misery and desolation wherever it went. At last a man named Moore of Moore Hall promised he would slay the dragon. The ballad said :

' Moore of Moore Hall
With nothing at all
Slew the dragon of Wantley.'

" He went to the battle without either sword or shield, but he was enclosed in impenetrable armour, covered with spikes all over. He found out that the dragon was invulnerable in every spot but one ; where that one was I will not tell, but it was not before. As the dragon jumped Moore of Moore Hall gave him a kick with a spike that was on the top of his boot, and killed that dragon on the spot.

" It appears to me that there is a dragon of Wantley in Mayo, the dragon of tyranny of landlordism, that so long ruled over the country. That dragon, like the other dragon, lived on the people, devoured their industry, carried off their substance over the seas to spend it there, and, like the other dragon, it had knocked down houses without number. But, like my namesake, I am here without either sword or shield ; no money-bags to buy, or soldiers to shoot the people, but I am clad in impenetrable armour—the affections of my countrymen. That

armour is covered all over with three hundred thousand spikes which I believe to be the number of the people of Mayo. I see a great many spikes here, and I hope they will keep themselves ready for the battle with the dragon ; and if they do,

‘Moore of Moore Hall
With nothing at all
Will kill the dragon of Mayo.’

“ In days to come your children and your children’s children will tell the story of the great election of 1868, in which the people of Mayo, men, women, and children, rose up together against their oppressors and cleared the way for the march of a nation.”

For good or evil the landlord power was broken for ever in Mayo. It never tried to assert itself again, and county after county followed the lead of Mayo. Since then almost every great movement has begun there, and it has produced many of the principal leaders and much of the fighting power.¹

But his personal loss was as great as his political success. The men he had conquered, from whom he had snatched the power they had possessed for generations, and which they had considered their inalienable right, were his own personal friends ; it is true he bore no ill-feeling to them, but it was only human nature if they bitterly resented his interference and made the quarrel personal.

One of these in particular had been to him almost as a brother ; they were cousins and had sought each

¹ The Land League and United Irish League were both founded in Mayo ; Davitt and John Dillon were natives of Mayo.

other's advice on every matter of social and family interest, confided to each other every joy and every sorrow, and were now passing together to a period of life when new friendships are rarely made, and can never attain the sanctity and strength of those which have been formed in youth, and continued without a check through the period of middle age. The correspondence showing the gradual alienation between these two men is very pathetic. A few lines here and there of the letters will show the character of the men and how bitterly they felt the separation.

Moore writes to Lord Sligo, 11th August, 1868:

"MY DEAR ALTAMONT,—You told me that I had introduced into Parliament 'a most mischievous bill, and that by introducing that bill I had made myself responsible for all its provisions.' I acknowledged my responsibility for the provisions of the bill in question, but added that Mr Blake was for that bill too, so in that respect there appeared to be no difference between us.

" You immediately replied, ' No, he is not for that bill; on the contrary, he told me he was opposed to it.'

" I said, ' Have I your authority for stating that publicly? '

" Your answer was ' Yes, as publicly as you like.'

" Having taken down the words in my mind at the time, and having kept them in my mind ever since; having repeated them on my return home, and frequently repeated them, I can declare most positively that these were verbatim the exact words you used. I asked your permission to make them public because I regarded our conversation generally as of a confidential character. I asked your brother

John to be present that there might be no misconception between us. He was present, and if he and you deny that the words I quote were used, I can never more have faith in human testimony.

"Either you or I have acted most recklessly in this matter; I leave it to your honour and good faith to take upon yourself your own responsibility whatever it may be, and as I consider my own honour concerned, I hope for a specific answer."

"MY DEAR GEORGE,—I state specifically that I never said, 'He is not for that bill; on the contrary, he is opposed to it,' and my brother's recollection of what passed agrees with mine. I did say that Mr Blake had explained to me in London his views as to Tenant Right, and that though I did not approve of them, I thought them less objectionable than yours. Neither my brother nor I remember that you asked to be allowed to make public any part of our conversation, but I do not feel very certain, nor do I complain of your having done so.

"I say unreservedly that I have never met a man more honest than you; but as you think it necessary to have a third party present at our conversations I suggest that for the future all our business may be transacted in writing."

George Moore wrote:

"You mistake very gravely and I think very unfairly my motives in wishing your brother to be present at our interview, but as you think it right to suggest that our future business may be conducted in writing, I think that it would be an improvement

upon that idea if, in political matters, communication between us may be entirely dispensed with."

" 15th August, 1868.

" My DEAR GEORGE,—I cannot deny—I wish most sincerely that I could—that I, as you, have seen our friendship decaying. I was wrong to be trustee, that has done more mischief than anything, but I do not put politics out of the question either. I suppose that our late correspondence will either be printed or shown to many, and I think they will say that while you were bitter I was very calm and as gentle as a man could be who, convinced of the truth of his statements, owed to an injured man a declaration of that truth. I am not sure that you will not say this yourself hereafter, but if you write the contrary I shall not try to argue it, as we shall only remain of the same opinion.

" It matters little what are the causes; I have never wittingly or willingly done anything unworthy of an honest and manly friendship, and grieve that our old age sees it ending before its more fitting and natural end, which in course of nature cannot be far off.

" At any rate I have not written this in a hurry, but waited through a night, and indite it now at sunrise, or soon after, when I always write what is important, difficult, or needs reflection. To me it certainly is important, but I suppose it cannot be helped, and so it is. It is a great sorrow, and I, as you, have watched the approach of the change.

" Yours ever affectionately,

" SLIGO."

"*Private.*

" MOORE HALL,

" 20th August, 1868.

" MY DEAR ALTAMONT,¹—I have delayed, for more than a night, my answer to your letter, and I have thought over it both by day and night, and given it many hours of painful consideration. I have carefully weighed and considered, written and re-written, every word of this letter, and the result is my deliberate judgment, for better or for worse.

" I wish I could think that pecuniary matters or political matters were the cause, mainly or at all, of the personal estrangement which I have seen for a long time taking possession of your mind. They did not stand in the way in other days, when my political alienations were fresher and wider than they are now; and it is not that personal regard has been poisoned by the gall of politics, but that political feelings have become more intense and acrid, because there is no longer the personal regard as of yore to hold them in check. As you say, 'it matters little what are the causes'; I know what that means in the mouth of man or woman, in friendship or in love. I fully admit—nay, swear—and avow with sincere effusion that you 'never did anything unworthy of an honest and manly friendship' in all your relations with me for many, many years; and whatever you may do or say hereafter nothing can ever alter my feelings towards the most true and loyal friend that ever lived.

" On that subject I will say no more. It is otherwise, however, with respect to the particular differ-

¹ Altamont was Lord Sligo. This letter seems to have been sent later as stated in Moore's next letter.

ences that have just arisen between us, in which you think that common friends 'will say that while I was very bitter you were calm and as gentle as man could be, convinced of the truth of his statements and owing to an injured man a declaration of that truth. You say that 'if I write to the contrary you will not try to argue it, as we should only remain of the same opinion.' I do not want you to argue it, but I wish you to consider my view of the question in order that 'hereafter' the question may be considered by both of us with a feeling in some degree resembling that of heretofore.

" Always yours affectionately,
" G. H. MOORE."

Shortly before the polling, when differences had become very acute, Lord Sligo wrote to his cousin, Miss Anne Browne:

"The agitation goes on to a degree which seems to me rather ruffianly, and I hear that your nephew passed his Sunday abusing me to my tenants.¹ We passed each other this evening without speaking—after thirty years' friendship!

"I shall not know the vote of Dominic Browne, but I don't think, literally, that anyone free from the power of a priest will vote for Moore—no educated person at any rate, I think.

"I will write to you after the election."

In November, after the election, Moore wrote again:

¹ There was no truth in this.

"MY DEAR ALTAMONT,—I send you a copy of part of a letter which I wrote to you more than three months ago, but which I thought it best to postpone until all the issues, arising out of a contested election, could be considered in your mind together.

"The election is now over, and all the issues arising out of it are, happily, at an end.

"In your last letter to me you say, 'I suppose our late correspondence will be printed or shown to many,' and you express your own sense of the opinions that that correspondence would create in the minds of many to whom it might be shown, as well as in my own mind hereafter. The correspondence in question has not been shown to anyone on my part. On your part I have reason to believe that it has been shown to many, and with a different effect from what you anticipated. Since then other issues have arisen in the course of the election, and further impressions, unfavourable to me, would appear to have arisen in your mind.

"I think it only just to me and to yourself that any such questions should now be submitted to the judgment of our common friends; and I can say, most sincerely, that, if they think me in any respect to blame, I shall be ready to express my sorrow and to make every due reparation, private and public, for such errors. If, on the other hand, I should be considered the aggrieved party, all I shall ask you to do is to forget the whole affair as speedily as possible."

Mr Blake retired before the polling day, and Lord Bingham, the Tory, was returned with Moore.

" 25th November, 1868.

" MY DEAR SULLIVAN,—I should feel obliged if you would publish my speech at the nomination in full; you will receive it in the *Mayo Examiner*, probably by this post. I think also you should now give us all a flourish of trumpets, for we have gained a great victory. There was not a man in either camp who thought I had a chance three months ago; and without professional agents, without the expenditure of money, with nothing to rely upon but the inspiring influence of the clergy, acting under the inspiration of the greatest Irishman in the world,¹ and the pluck and resolution of the people, we made our adversaries pass under the Candine forks before the day of nomination.

" The glorious old Archbishop won the admiration of all the landlord party by his gentle vigour of expression, and the uncompromising calm with which he pronounced the ultimatum of the people.

" That ultimatum I am determined to carry out. The landlords must surrender their feudal claims at discretion. We have a different people to fight with now from those of twenty years ago; accept this as a certain fact from

" G. H. MOORE.

" P.S.—I do not know whether I am most elated at Barry being out, or despondent at your not being put in."

¹ Dr MacHale.

CHAPTER XIX

POLITICAL PRISONERS

THERE was one subject that appealed to the sentiment of the people of Ireland with more force than the injustice of a foreign Church or an oppressive form of land tenure. The leaders of the people had been thrown into prison, not by ones or twos but by dozens during the Fenian Conspiracy, and many of them had already spent five years in penal servitude. Whatever may have been the faults and follies of these men, they had worked with honesty and single-minded devotion for the good of their country, and in the time of their strength they had used their power with singular moderation and honour. They were men of education and high feeling, but they had been treated with ruthless severity and even brutality in English prisons. While Mr Gladstone had been descanting on the hardships of Neapolitan prisoners, and the English people had, as usual, been eulogising foreign rebels and anathematising foreign tyranny, the Irish political prisoners had been herded with felons, working on the treadmill and picking oakum in company with murderers and thieves; with the lowest and most degraded members of English manufacturing towns. Hitherto the country had been too depressed by defeat to protest against

this treatment, but Moore brought before Parliament the case of a man who had been thrown into prison without trial, on the Lord-Lieutenant's warrant.

Mr O'Sullivan was a large and respectable trader in Kilmallock and agent for several English firms. He owned a hotel and a considerable farm at the time of the Fenian outbreak, and was arrested under the Lord-Lieutenant's warrant in virtue of a coercion act recently passed. No charge was made against him, and he was never brought to trial, nor was his conduct even investigated before a magistrate.

Moore did not enter into the question of guilt, or even the still more open question as to whether an untried man should be detained in prison, if it were considered to be necessary for the safety of the State, but denied the justice or expediency of treating such a man as a common felon. He recalled how he had lost much popularity twenty years before, for supporting the grant of exceptional powers to the Government, but he had done so under the supposition that men arrested without trial should be treated with consideration. He did not believe that anyone would support such a demand if it were known that men arrested under such a warrant would be made to suffer the cruel indignities inflicted on Mr O'Sullivan. He had been stripped naked for the purpose of searching; he had been given a bed that a felon had fouled. He had been pointed out to strangers like a wild beast, and had been obliged to stand with his arms by his side, and to take off his hat to every common warder in the prison. He had been left shivering night after night for want of sufficient

covering, and had been placed on bread and water by an insolent turnkey for venturing to smile. A state of penal discipline which had frightened four untried and uncharged prisoners into a state of lunacy, and four more into suicide, is terrible to contemplate. It is one of those fictions on which Englishmen are apt to plume themselves when criticising foreign nations, that every man is considered innocent until he is proved to be guilty; but that principle has never ruled their conduct in dealing with Irishmen.

"*3rd June, 1869.*

"**M**Y DEAR SULLIVAN,¹—I brought on O'Sullivan's case yesterday. It excited more sympathy than was openly expressed, but, as the Conservatives were involved, and the Whigs stood by them, there was not much chance in a division.

" My motion for the political prisoners came up first on the ballot yesterday, and stands first for Tuesday, 29th June. I will do all my best, and rely upon information and suggestions from all friends of the cause in Ireland.

" The national Press ought to call to account all those members who were absent from the division of yesterday night, particularly Major O'Reilly, who voted with the Government against an inquiry into the treatment of his own countrymen.

" I intend to write a public letter in some shape or other, in the endeavour to invoke public opinion to the question of the political prisoners, etc.

¹ Mr A. M. Sullivan, editor of the *Nation*, afterwards M.P., and brother to the veteran patriot and poet T. D. Sullivan.

"This letter you will regard as only a private suggestion from

"G. H. MOORE.

"P.S.—Johnstone¹ voted with us—a significant fact, and I hope an omen."

On 29th June he submitted the whole case of the Fenian prisoners to Parliament, and asked for an amnesty. Seven deaths, he said, had occurred within two years; four men had gone mad, and four committed suicide. Official reports had shown that they had been deprived of proper clothing and beds in the depth of winter; that they were fed scantily, and subjected to solitary confinement for a great part of each day.

Dr M'Donnel, a Government official—the medical visiting officer of Mountjoy Prison, strongly condemned this treatment, and urged that if a relaxation of its severity were not effected, the most appalling results would follow. He stated that several of the prisoners had already exhibited symptoms of insanity, and that it was impossible human existence could be preserved for any considerable term under the accumulation of horrors to which they were exposed. In June and July, 1868, O'Donovan Rossa was confined at Chatham with his hands secured behind his back for thirty-seven days, during the greater part of each day.² The handcuffs were only removed to enable him to take his meals.

¹ Mr W. Johnstone of Ballykilbeg was a noted Orange Member of Parliament. Moore hoped this was a sign of a true Irish feeling springing up among the Orangemen.

² Rossa, under great provocation, had committed an assault, but even for so serious a breach of discipline, the punishment was horrible and most excessive.

“ 39 ALFRED PLACE WEST,
“ SOUTH KENSINGTON,
“ 6th July, 1869.

“ MY DEAR SULLIVAN,—Your kind communications came too late for use, but I yet hope to make them available. I think this matter, along with others, might be made the basis of a new and healthy agitation of the public mind in Ireland. You have no conception of the state into which the Irish representation has fallen.

“ G. H. MOORE.”

It did not suit the Government to hold any public inquiries of the sort, so the proposal was rejected by 171 to 31.

The country rapidly took fire on hearing of such terrible cruelties, and meeting after meeting was called in every part of Ireland. During the autumn and winter even the coming Land Bill did not stir the hearts of the people to the same extent.

It is strange that one phrase has often more effect than ten speeches; it may be that the ten speeches are not read, or are soon forgotten, whereas the phrase is repeated from mouth to mouth. At Castlebar, Moore, speaking of the government by England of Ireland, said:

“ Her sceptre has been the sword, her diadem the black cap, and her throne the gallows during the seven hundred years of her fatal rule.”

This roused the whole English Press, and the *Times* dared him to repeat it in England, a challenge he soon met in Trafalgar Square, to the

still greater irritation of the Press. About this time Mr Gladstone began to show the usual uneasiness, that with him succeeded loud and boisterous agitation, and indications were noticed of a change of policy in the Government.

Hitherto Moore's accounts of the prisoners' sufferings had been burked by the Press, but he took advantage of the criticisms that followed his speech to bring them into public notice. He replied to the *Times*:

"I have always admitted that it was the duty of every government to repress and punish all resistance to its authority, but I earnestly protest against the doctrine you lay down that the only question to be considered is 'the amount of punishment that will serve as an example to restrain other attempts.' That is the theory upon which tyrants have justified their reign of terror in all ages. King Bomba himself could not desire a better exposition of his theory of government. To effect your object among the Irish people, the massacres, confiscations, and tortures of ages have not been found sufficient. Such punishments will never 'serve as an example to restrain other attempts' among any of the members of that great race from which Greek and Roman, Celt and Saxon, are alike descended, and for whom their common father, far back in the dim dawn of human history, won the divine fire of independent thought, in spite of the vulture and the rack! We must wipe away from our minds the bloody mystifications of savage centuries, and devise other means to restrain the undying resistance to oppression among the sons of Japhet. In estimating the amount of

punishment that may be due to political offences, it is the duty and the privilege of every just and enlightened government to consider what grounds of discontent its own conduct may have created, what disturbance of the public peace the insurrection may have caused, and what has been the conduct of the insurgents themselves in their resistance to the law. It would be idle to deny that in the judgment of the civilised world British government in Ireland has given good cause of discontent to the people of that country. The discontent of wise and moderate men in every country is the disaffection of the impatient, and the sedition of the rash and misguided; and the same standard of conduct which England has so freely applied in meting out judgment to other rulers ought not to be disregarded in measuring the duties and responsibilities of her own rule. It would be equally contrary to the spirit of our laws to administer punishment solely according to the intention of the offenders, without any regard to the amount of injury that intention may have inflicted, and without any consideration of the acts of the offenders in the commission of the offence. It would be unreasonable and cruel to apply the judgment that might be pronounced upon an insurrection which had deluged a country with blood, and which had been characterised by every circumstance of atrocity, to a visionary revolution which had scarcely disturbed the surface of society, and in which the insurgents had shown every disposition to mercy and self-restraint. Considered in that point of view, the Fenian insurrection would not appear to call for cruel punishment, except at the hands of cowards; and with regard to the

conduct of the insurgents, I will content myself with quoting the language of the *Times*, applied to them before thay were down, and which ought not to be forgotten to them, after years of penal servitude that, ‘whenever these men came to be judged, it ought to be always remembered, that they themselves had shown mercy when mercy could scarcely be expected from them.’

“And what is the mercy that has been extended to these men who ‘showed mercy when mercy could scarcely be expected from them’? They have been subjected for years to a system of penal discipline, from which four of them were driven to take refuge in suicide, and four others, untried and unimpeached, have lost their senses. . . .

“Thus, while burglars and convicts of almost every degree are returned upon society, under tickets of leave, a body of misguided men—representing the traditional resentments of a cruelly oppressed people, are still exposed to contemptuous cruelties, of which, I confess, I cannot speak in terms of fitting moderation. You speak of ‘threats’ and ‘dictatorial’ claims. God help us poor Irishmen! If we are capable of still uttering expressions of dictatorial menace, we are indeed a bold and sanguine people! But there are dangers that are more formidable to brave men than threats of physical force, and if the English Government continue to hold my countrymen in penal torture, they must expect their conduct to be thoroughly sifted and examined. I can speak French as well as English, and in Paris and New York, as well as in Ireland, I shall find a sympathising audience. If my countrymen are to pass the next winter in chains,

I shall occupy that time in delivering a series of discourses in which the Government of England, and its mode of repressing resistance to its misrule—in Canada as long as it governed that country, in the Ionian Islands as long as it possessed them, in India, in Jamaica, and in Ireland—will be fully and specifically stated. To France and to America I will carry the appeal of my countrymen and my country.

“ But we are told in certain journals that this language is very ‘imprudent,’ that if it were not for the intemperate expressions of their friends these prisoners would be released immediately. It is dictatorial violence that prevents the Government from granting their release. Now, these whining deprecations, whether uttered in England or in Ireland, mean one of two things:

“ Either that the English Government, believing that these men have already been sufficiently punished, will nevertheless continue to retain them in penal servitude because an intemperate egotist—like myself—‘uninvited and almost unknown to the prisoners, has, for the purpose of gaining political capital, uttered seditious nonsense in Mayo and Trafalgar Square’;

“ Or that the Government, resolving to keep them in confinement, and inflict additional cruelties upon them, makes my language an excuse for their own atrocity.

“ I do not know which hypothesis contains the most disgraceful charge against the Government. I believe that the Government would repudiate both with the scorn they deserve.”¹

¹ Dated London, 1st Oct., 1869.

The amnesty agitation culminated in the greatest meeting known in Ireland since the Repeal meetings held by O'Connell.

The meeting was not allowed to be held within Dublin city, and a procession was forbidden by the police. These regulations were submitted to without protest, but the trades assembled and formed into ranks outside the boundaries, and tens of thousands of people flocking through the streets to the appointed rendezvous at Cabra, formed more mighty processions than could be organised by the most skilful leaders. Almost every town in Ireland sent its contingent to swell the gathering, five thousand coming from Drogheda alone. Two hundred and fifty thousand people were said to have attended the meeting, and Mr Butt, who had defended the Fenians at their trials, took the chair. Moore's popularity was now unbounded. All sections of the people, Fenians and constitutional agitators, clergy¹ and Young Irelanders, were unanimous in his support.

"I have been accused of assailing the English people; never was there an accusation more reckless or more false. There are no people on earth for whom I have more respect than for the English people; I make no exception in favour of my own countrymen. I love my country and my countrymen as much as any Irishman alive, but I am bound to tell you that if Irishmen were animated by the same stubborn resolve to assert their own rights and liberties that have made the English people what they are, Irishmen would not be obliged to petition

¹ Except Cardinal Cullen and his immediate following of priests.

an English minister for mercy or for justice. When I say ‘God save Ireland’¹—as I do with all my heart—I say God save the English people; God save them from every civil, and every wrong, and God save them—above all other things—from the wrongs and the evils of foreign rule. May God deliver the Irish people from the same, and God send that Englishmen and Irishmen may one day live together really united, each people self-governed in its native land.”²

He wrote to his wife:

“The great Dublin amnesty meeting at Cabra took place here to-day; over two hundred and fifty thousand people were present, and no words can give you any idea of its number or its character. I will send you the *Freeman’s Journal* of to-morrow, which will perhaps tell the story better than I could. For myself, I am quite bewildered; I think there were as many people as at the Derby. Nothing could apparently exceed my popularity. Immense crowds followed or rather accompanied me all the way back to Dublin, cheering me all the way. Everyone was respectably dressed, and all wore green cockades and ribbons. It was a most magnificent demonstration.

“I will write to you again to-morrow as soon as I have made up my mind what I shall do. Up to this I have seen none of my friends except the people.”³

¹ This phrase had become a watchword of revolution since it was uttered by Allen Larken and O’Brien on the scaffold.

² Dublin (Cabra) meeting, 10th Oct., 1869.

³ Dublin, 10th Oct., 1869.

Writing to the Home Secretary, he said:

"During the last session of Parliament you were kind enough to give me permission to see Messrs Luby, Dowling, and Mulcahy, then and still confined for political offences.

"As some unpleasant issues were raised by me with regard to the treatment of these prisoners, I did not then think fit to make use of those orders, nor do I think it right now to present them without renewal. I therefore venture to request that you will be good enough to give me fresh orders to see the gentlemen in question; and I also wish to see Col. Burke and Mr Charles M. O'Connell if you will give me permission."

But meanwhile another prisoner, Col. Richard Burke had become insane, and yet another was stated to be showing symptoms of the same affection. The Government, which had hitherto denied, on the faith of the prison officials, all charges of cruelty, now resolved to grant no such permits. Probably the Government faith in official reports was somewhat shaken, and an effort was made to suppress evidence.

During the winter the agitation continued, and the American and French Press began to quote these terrible statistics of death, suicide, and madness. At this time the French Imperial Government had given an amnesty to all political crimes, and every country in Europe except England and Russia had followed her example. It was pointed out that, after one of the most desperate civil wars that had ever devastated a country, the Northern States of America

had given a free pardon to all rebels, whereas England was inflicting the most horrible tortures on conspirators who had never fired a shot or committed a single outrage or crime, whose conspiracy was confined to secret swearing and public writing, which had not cost a single life.

About this time Mr O'Donovan Rossa, who was still in prison, was elected member for the county of Tipperary by a considerable majority; in February the brutal treatment of American citizens was brought before Congress, and the committee of foreign affairs presented a resolution demanding immediate intervention.

Mr Gladstone, finding himself faced with a rising agitation in Ireland and general condemnation abroad, as usual began to flinch from the stern determination he had originally professed. On 18th March he agreed to grant Moore's proposal for a public inquiry into the treatment of the political prisoners, and promised, at the same time, that as soon as the agrarian outrages, which were at that time disturbing Ireland, had ceased, he would release all the prisoners who were not connected with crimes of violence.¹

As the Clerkenwell conspirators had been hanged, there were very few who came under this heading, so the submission was almost complete; but he had held out long enough to excite the country and raise an agitation which was now ready to be turned to other purposes.

"MY DEAR SULLIVAN,—I have received your letter, and will attend to your suggestions. I spoke

¹ They were nearly all liberated soon after.

yesterday, not only against the bill,¹ but against the Government, which they care a great deal more for. My speech was reported very fairly by the *Times*, although not exactly; but all the cheers and laughter with which my taunts against the Government were received by the Opposition have been studiously omitted.

“ I intend to propose an amendment on the motion for going into committee, declaring that it is not advisable to associate agrarian and political offences. This is my line, and with my usual impractical obstinacy, I think every other line is wrong.

“ You see that Mr Gladstone has, at last, declared explicitly (for him) that the political prisoners will be released under certain conditions of time and circumstances.

“ Those who think the conduct of bodies of servant boys, going about the country at night, serving ‘ notices ’ on landlords—and tenants also—is to be sustained or defended or permitted either by law or public opinion, must of course hold those opinions and proclaim them; but those who see that there is an end to these things, had better, I think, hasten that end by reasonable counsel.

“ G. H. MOORE.”

The agitation was not brought to this point without his being thrown into direct conflict with other prominent men. The O'Donohue, whom he had himself introduced into political life,² had soon proved himself incapable of taking the leading part into which he had been thrust. He dallied with

¹ The Coercion Bill.

² The O'Donohue was Moore's candidate for Tipperary in 1859.

Fenianism and Constitutionalism, and was by this time thoroughly distrusted by men of both parties. His former extravagances had placed him in financial difficulties, and he was already seeking for Government appointments. Moore took to task those who complained that the agitation aimed at coercing the Government, and in answer at Navan to a cry for "name," said sarcastically:

"Well, he calls himself 'the O'Donohue,' just as I might call myself 'the Rajah of Seringapatam,' and I do not care to call him by any other name."¹

The O'Donohue took offence at these words, and sent a hostile message, naming Mr P. J. Smyth as his second. Duelling had long gone out of vogue in England, and such a thing had not been heard of for years, so he probably expected that bluff would bring an apology and withdrawal that would reinstate his rather tattered character. He had, however, mistaken his man; the challenge was accepted, and Major P. Crean Lynch, of Clogher, a near neighbour of Moore in Mayo, accepted the position of second. All preliminaries were arranged, and pistols bought, but when Moore and his second arrived at Waterloo Station on the way to Boulogne, they were met by a request that the difficulty should be settled amicably and without fighting. Under these circumstances the challenge was withdrawn and an arrangement made.

This adventure caused some amusement at the time, and was the subject of sport among the comic papers. The O'Donohue gradually sank in public

¹ There was more point in this than appears at first glance; hence the sting.

estimation, and finally accepted office from Mr Gladstone; but that Minister retiring before the nomination could be confirmed, he lost both his place and his seat together.

It may have been about this time that Moore joined the Fenian brotherhood and took the oath.¹ Though he had sympathised with the objects of the Fenians, he had formerly refused to join them in a hopeless rebellion, under leaders in whom he placed no confidence, and whose actions he could not influence. Now the leaders were scattered and the rebellion suppressed, he hoped perhaps to guide the members in more reasonable ways, somewhat on the lines of the Irish Volunteers described in Chapter XVI.

The Fenian organisation was still very strong in Ireland. It cannot be doubted that if it had been reconstituted on the basis of the programme of 1861 it would have proved a formidable weapon in the hands of a bold and prudent leader. It would have made the Home Rule movement of the following years a very different affair from the nerveless demands of Mr Butt, which had no driving force to make them imperative, and, based on national aspirations, it would not have been degraded by the agrarian crimes which hampered and delayed the Parnellite agitation.

Moore perceived, as Parnell recognised after-

¹ I first heard my mother in after years speaking of it with regret; she did not approve of such a danger, and had not much confidence in the reliability of his associates. Mr O'Donovan Rossa published an account of a meeting with Moore, and wrote that the latter had taken the Fenian oath. A few years ago I wrote to Mr John O'Leary to verify the fact, and after inquiry he replied that he found it to be correct, and promised to give me further information when we met. Unfortunately that never happened. The oath was taken I believe much later than O'Donovan Rossa stated, but I am not certain of the date.

wards, that the influence of the most honest and determined men in Ireland was necessary to stiffen the agitation he was fomenting. No doubt the personal danger of the course he took was very great; it might lead to imprisonment or penal servitude, but danger never influenced his views when he saw wisdom in the course to be pursued; he was always inclined to bold and vigorous action.

CHAPTER XX

HOME RULE

IN 1846 Moore was of opinion that the Repeal agitation was not opportune, and events proved this view to be correct. In 1860,¹ when he was planning a scheme of Irish Volunteers, and the Fenian conspiracy was beginning to brew, he wrote:

“I, for one, unequivocally protest against a senseless and useless national compromise, which has done more to enervate and emasculate public opinion in Ireland than the act of union itself. I tell the people of Ireland that they have as little chance—that they have *less* chance—of obtaining a separate legislature from an English Parliament than of achieving a separate government by their own national strength; and that the introduction of this sterile hybrid aspiration into the National Councils has been mainly the cause of the decline and degeneracy of all natural action on the part of an oppressed people.”

During these years Federalism, which O’Connell had sometimes regarded as an alternative to Repeal, had been forgotten; but Moore, relying on the improved condition of the public spirit, determined

¹ 18th Dec., 1860.

to revive it. To this idea he made everything subservient; every word he uttered and every measure he advocated was directed towards this end.

He endeavoured by every means to conciliate those on whose honour he could rely for honest support, and among them there were none truer or better than the remains of the Young Ireland Party. John Martin was a candidate for Longford, and Moore gave him his support, but he could not overcome the ancient hostility of the priests against those who were supposed to be the enemies of O'Connell; they combined against him with the most uncompromising zeal, and succeeded in returning a Whig.

There had been some misunderstanding with Mr P. J. Smyth,¹ but that was now smoothed over.

"DEAR MR MOORE,—After our last interview I wrote to Mr Smyth about the misunderstanding to which you referred; I did so on my individual responsibility, asking him to authorise me to say the matter was forgotten.

"I told him that what I desired was neither an apology nor a retraction of anything that had passed, but simply an expression of a desire that all misunderstandings should be forgotten, in view of the necessity for united action. I believe that this will meet your expressed views in the matter.

"In reply Mr Smyth says: 'It is true that a misunderstanding has existed, but all that sort of thing

¹ P. J. Smyth was The O'Donohue's second

must be forgotten, and in proof of my *bona fides* I am ready to place in his (Mr Moore's) hands, or in those of a mutual friend, the correspondence which passed between us, in order that it may be destroyed.'

" You will see by this that Mr Smyth is ready to co-operate cordially with you, and I need hardly say how much I desire that you will permit me to assure him of a similar feeling on your part.

" I shall be anxious until I know what progress you are making; no time should be lost getting affairs into working order.

" JOHN MARTIN."

Mr Butt had hitherto been a Tory, but had nevertheless been imbued with a true Irish spirit, and twenty years earlier Moore had prophesied that he would one day join the National ranks. He had defended both the Young Irelanders and the Fenians with eloquence and ability, and, like many other good Irishmen, he had begun to regard the failures of English Government as inherent to its constitution.

Moore found no difficulty in persuading Mr Butt to adopt the reasonable mean between independence and centralisation, and to adopt the Federal idea. They were by this time firm allies, and adopted the same programme for the release of the political prisoners, though the violence of the agitation was due to Moore, and was somewhat at variance with Mr Butt's legal mind and temperate nature.

He endeavoured to obtain a seat for him in the House of Commons.

" DUBLIN,

" 10th October, 1869.

" MY DEAREST MARY,—I think Munster's¹ candidature for Tipperary quite hopeless; his unpopularity is very great, and he does his best to increase it every day. I came up here last night to see whether Butt, who is the choice of the county, would consent to stand, and if not, whether he would be Munster's counsel and assist his candidature for a high fee.

" He refused to assist Munster at any price, but I do not know yet whether he will stand himself. Under these circumstances I think Munster would be only throwing away money in attempting Tipperary, and I am going to tell him so. G. H. M."

Moore hoped that the disestablishment of the Irish Church would remove a standing cause of quarrel and dislike between Catholic and Protestant; and that a Land Bill, by satisfying the tenants without robbing the landlords, would re-establish harmony between the different classes in Ireland, and that all creeds and classes might then unite for a truly national object.

Mr Gladstone had proposed that the glebes should be handed over to the clergy on payment, but Moore supported Disraeli's motion that this sum should be remitted in full, because he saw a distinct difference between these glebes and other endowments.

" They are the old homes of the Protestant clergy of Ireland, and we ought to acknowledge the prescriptive right of occupation, though it be an occupation

¹ Mr Munster was a very rich and talented, but eccentric Englishman, who had been enlisted in the cause, and whose wealth would have been of great service. He was elected for Cashel, but unseated on petition for bribery.

of only three hundred years, and even though these three hundred years may have been years of spoliation and oppression. The Catholics of Ireland have never been wanting in consideration and goodwill to the Protestant clergy, whenever these have shown consideration and goodwill to the Catholics; and now I hope my fellow-countrymen will show them consideration and goodwill in the period of their trial. If I have no consideration for the Protestant faith, I have every sympathy with the Protestants, and I intend to show it. Whatever bills are passed the Protestant clergy will be richer than the Catholic priests, but if this concession would tend to produce an equality of charity towards each other, then it would be a great boon for Ireland."

A very bitter feeling had been growing up between Irish Protestants and the English Government; it was on this occasion that an Orange clergyman declared that the men of Ulster would kick the Queen's crown into the Boyne. Moore hoped to turn these feelings to the advantage of a united Ireland, and to show by generosity and sympathy that no section of any people is well advised in separating itself from its fellow-countrymen, and allying itself with aliens or foreigners.

Some Catholics did not understand his support of the Protestant clergy. He wrote a private explanation to one of these—a priest in his own constituency:

" You say you ' cannot comprehend how I could separate myself from all the other Catholic members, and vote with Mr Disraeli and his party against that great statesman at the head of the Government, who was the first Minister that had the courage

and honesty to undertake to remove the monster grievance of the Protestant Established Church, a grievance which I was myself in the habit of denouncing in such eloquent language.'

"I beg to say that I was in the habit of denouncing that monster grievance of Ireland when the great statesman you allude to held office, by devoting all his eloquence to its support, and when the rest of the Catholic members were selling that question to the Government for patronage and place; and I shall continue to denounce that monster grievance, now that flexible statesmen and venal Irishmen are assailing it for the very same motives they sustained it and sold it before. I owe no allegiance whatever to Mr Gladstone, nor to Mr Disraeli; I pay no deference whatever to the opinions of other Catholic members. I shall vote on every question as my honour and my conscience may prompt me, and I shall leave the issue with confidence to the justice and consideration of my constituents—to none with more confidence than to you—and to the people of Gallen. I do not intend to be dictated to by Cardinal Cullen, or the *Dublin Evening Post*; by a despot or a hireling. I utterly repudiate the notion that to vote at the beck of an English Minister, or to follow in the herd of 'the other Catholic members,' is the test of political virtue. In objecting to do that I am certainly right, even though I should be occasionally wrong in the opinion through which I may assert my liberty of action."

After explaining in detail the reasons for his vote, he maintained that no true believer in the principle of Tenant Right could do otherwise, and continued:

" It is said, and said truly, that the Irish Protestant clergy have no claim for consideration on their Catholic fellow-countrymen; they have certainly never shown consideration or justice to us. But there are higher considerations of justice than those that are based on the principle of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth ; and I think in such a case as this Irish Catholics would have shown a higher morality, and a nobler equity, in returning good for evil, and in proving to the world that, like the negro girl whose story is told by Sterne, ' we had suffered and learnt mercy.' "

Early in 1870 Mr Gladstone brought forward his first Land Bill, and great hopes and expectations were held out to the people. Moore supported it, not because he thought it sufficient, but because he thought it to be founded on right principles, and to be as good as could be hoped for in the then state of the public mind, in and out of Parliament.

" But principally because he believed that a settlement of the land question would dissolve the fatal spell that had hitherto fascinated and paralysed the national will of the Irish people. Wrangling over their own bone of contention, landlords and tenants in Ireland had devoted themselves to a system of internecine warfare, scarcely less detestable than the feudal oppressions and popular jacqueries of the Middle Ages. Engaged in these barbarous social altercations, they did not seem to see that the industry, the trade, the wealth, and the intelligence of their people were drifting away from that fatal land, where industry appeared to have no

home, and neither bodily nor intellectual labour could find a market. The proprietors had become absentees, the best of the people were already exiles, and by way of solving this disastrous problem, the tenant farmers were asking Parliament, in the name of justice, to dispossess the proprietors; and the landlords were beseeching the executive, in the name of humanity, to shoot the people. It appeared to him as if the legislature and the executive were inclined to doubt whether it might not be well to attend to both these suggestions; and such a result would be an appropriate consummation of a policy which had alternately assailed and exasperated all parties, without conciliating any. He hoped now that the people of Ireland would apply themselves to the one object, by the attainment of which they might be able to regenerate industry, to restore trade, to revive commercial enterprise, to recall property and labour alike to their several duties, and, above all, to win back the fancy, the manhood, and the fire of their race to the loyal service of the only nation that had a right to command the energies of the Irish people."

But the *Times* and other English organs were as usual astonished and indignant that Ireland was not completely satisfied with the "generosity" of the proposed legislation. The election of O'Donovan Rossa, which betokened "the revival of the Fenian spirit in Ireland, without any visible cause or favouring circumstances, is just one of those Irish paradoxes which Englishmen find it hard to understand."

Moore in a letter recorded the history of Irish

legislation, from the refusal of Free Trade to Ireland in 1780 till, as Burke wrote, it was extorted by forty thousand armed volunteers.

"A sudden light broke in upon us all. It broke in, not through well-contrived and well-disposed windows, but through flaws and breaches, through yawning chasms of ruin. We were taught wisdom by humiliation; no town in England presumed to have a prejudice or dared to mutter a petition.

"So also, after the Parliament which we had won in the moment of our virtue had been wrested from us in the hour of our weakness, Catholic emancipation was denied, till the danger of civil war induced the legislature and the people to surrender at discretion. It is unnecessary to go through the long struggle between the two nations' invariable denial of right and invariable surrender to strength.

"Since the failure of the Tenant League in 1853, we have lost all faith in self-seeking friends, as well as in selfish enemies, and trust in nothing but 'God and our right'; to nothing but the resources of our own manhood, and the opportunities that Providence and circumstances may place at our disposal. Out of a true faith in the one, and a false calculation in the other, the Fenian insurrection was brought forth, and died stillborn. In the same true faith, and in a convinced reliance on the justice of its cause and the strength of its opportunities, the national organisation that now reigns in Ireland will work out the destiny of the nation. It has no fears of the vigorous measures you threaten; no hope in the remedial measures you propose. It has no connection with agrarian oppression or agrarian resist-

ance, with the tumbling of houses or the tumbling of landlords. The hopes of the Nationalist party are set upon other and larger objects than these. You complain that although one of the admitted grievances of Ireland is redressed, and the redress of another is promised, the utterances of what you call treason command ‘it may be more general assent than before.’ The fact is that the utterance of disaffection in Ireland is no longer treason; it is the expression of the long-considered and matured judgment of the whole nation.

“The experiment of Imperial legislation set on foot in 1800 has signally and notoriously failed; failed by the general admission of all thinking men in Ireland, and, indeed, of the select few in England who think for themselves. It is not that this or that notorious grievance has remained too long unredressed, but that the British Parliament has for seventy years shown no capacity and no disposition to redress the grievances or advance the prosperity of this country; has never done anything in that direction as ‘the salutary provisions of wisdom and foresight,’ but as ‘things wrung from it by the cruel grip of rigid necessity.’ But that is not all. The incidental evils of bad government may be remedied; the inherent and organic disease of foreign rule is beyond cure. A conviction has been gradually growing upwards—from the starving to the needy, from the needy to the struggling classes, from the struggling classes to all above those who are still left in Ireland—that the Government under which we live is a very bad Government for our country. Lord Macaulay, in considering the historical hypothesis of the Plantagenets succeeding

in the annexation of France under their government, thus points out the evil consequences that would befall England in the event of such a union:

“ ‘England would never have had an independent existence. Her princes, her lords, her prelates, would have been men differing in race and language from the mere tillers of the earth. The revenues of the great proprietors would have been spent in festivities on the banks of the Seine. . . . No man of English extraction would have risen to eminence, except by becoming in speech and in habits a Frenchman.’

“ If these be the evil results of the expatriation of a conquering people, what would be the spectacle presented by the absenteeism of the conquered? What but the spectacle that Ireland at present presents to the eyes of a wondering world? It is not only that ‘the revenues of her great proprietors are spent in festivities on the banks of the Thames or the Seine,’ but that the strength, the skill, and the intelligence of the country follow the wealth that stimulates and supports them. Every man that can do anything worth doing is drifted away into the great social and commercial vortex. It is not only that by this process something like one hundred millions of money are drained away from Ireland every twenty years, never to return, but that everything that makes money, or that money buys, is following in their wake.

“ Ireland cannot long survive this fatal drain, and she is resolved to live, with all the vigorous vitality of her indestructible race. The organisation of a nation for a nation’s life bids defiance to the resources of a tyrannical power. The people of

Ireland have no intention of ‘drifting into a guerilla outbreak,’ and anyone who incites them to such a course deserves to be punished, not only as a traitor, but as a fool. The whole constitution is in their hands, and they will use it for their own purposes. The election of O’Donovan Rossa for Tipperary, as you rightly observe, ‘is absolutely void,’ and of no value except as the ‘shadows that coming events cast before them.’ That those events will be of a serious character accept my assurance. Prepare the people of England for them, not by threatening a reign of terror—which you cannot enforce—but by urging the necessity of timely concessions; ‘the salutary provisions of wisdom and experience,’ and not ‘things wrung from you by the cruel grip of a rigid necessity.’ Imperial legislation stands self-condemned; nothing will satisfy the people of Ireland but self-government. Let Parliament take care that even this concession, like so many others, be not made too late. Glance your eye along America and France, and say whether the time be not fast approaching when England might prefer the alliance of a nation of soldiers to the internal dangers of a rebel garrison. There is a critical moment in the history of all States when those who are weak to contribute to your prosperity may be strong enough to complete your ruin.”¹

It is not now sufficiently realised how nearly the Home Rule movement in its early days went towards conciliating the Irish Protestants. Whether a permanent alliance could ever have been formed between the two parties in Ireland it is impossible to decide

¹ *Times*, 1st Dec., 1869.

with certainty ; but there is no doubt that, after the passing of the Church Bill, they were nearer together than ever before, nearer than during the early days of the Tenant League, nearer than they have ever been since. Formerly the Church establishment stood as a sign of ascendancy, to which one side could never bow, and to which the other would never willingly surrender ; and since then agrarian crimes and intimidation have driven them farther asunder.

As an instance of this drawing together may be mentioned a meeting of Irish members in March, 1870, to consider their attitude on the Land Bill.

It was attended by many of the Ulster members, and a resolution was proposed by George Henry Moore, and seconded by Mr William Johnstone, the Orange member for Belfast ; and at the end of the same month a motion with regard to party emblems was made in the House of Commons by Mr William Johnstone, and seconded by G. H. Moore.

"At that time people could not assert their religious rights without fighting for them, and it is the happiest consummation of the present day that no man could now more degrade his own religion than by evincing his disposition to fight for it. I believe that Orangemen are now coming to the same conclusion as other men. Twenty years ago the Orangemen of the north seemed to have forgotten the real spirit of their ancient traditions ; they seemed to have forgotten that William of Orange—whose memory they justly venerated—was as much in advance of the opinions of his own day as they were behind theirs. But I rejoice to see there are now growing up in the north of Ireland men of a

totally different description: Orangemen in whom the real mind of William of Orange lives again, and who have found heart and voice in my hon. friend, the member for Belfast. The Orangemen of the north are beginning to see that their favourite fruit is likely to flourish best amid the green leaves in which Nature had placed it; and, if it is not a strained conceit to pursue the metaphor further, I think I can already perceive in the Irish orange tree what I have often seen in other lands—the fragrant blossoms of another crop filling the air with the perfume of promise.”¹

Moore had but little fear of not being able to convert Mr Gladstone to the desirability of a federal arrangement. He was convinced of the flexibility of that gentleman’s opinions, and knew from long experience that it required only sufficient pressure from without to bring him to the point of investigation. That process once begun, the result would be certain. Mr Gladstone’s investigations were always carried to their logical conclusions; the only difficulty was the motive-power required for the start. The agitation and excitement in the country supplied this to some extent; it required only a firm will and a skilful hand to direct the pressure the right way, and on the right spot, and Mr Gladstone’s conversion would be accomplished. Had he not already stated that he intended “to compete for popular approval in Ireland with the hon. member for Mayo”?

Such confidence was felt in the result that the selection of a Home Rule Lord-Lieutenant was not only projected but seriously considered.

¹ Moore’s speech, *Freeman*, 1st April 1869.

“ MARINO,
“ FAIRVIEW,
“ DUBLIN,
“ 9th December.

“ MY DEAR MR MOORE,—You saw the first letter in yesterday's *Times*? My Lord and Monck favourites! What more can we do? I am sure you have done wonders. Could we get at Gladstone himself? I had (private this) a letter from Villiers¹ last night in which he says, ‘Agitation *loud* here would do it for us. Gladstone would mind *that* immensely; the cry must come from Ireland, and it should be *loud*. What people say in private is really not worth a straw; they should proclaim a thing of that kind on high.’

“ A very kind letter came from Chichester Fortescue.² He says he is sure he and C. (Lord Charlemont) would hit it off well together, but he sees that Gladstone's difficulties are immense. *Pressure* and we win; and I make my entrée dressed in green!

“ Very truly yours,
“ E. C. (Lady Charlemont).”

Mr Gladstone was not slow to perceive how matters were moving, and into what difficulties they would lead the Ministry. The usual method employed by Government to quiet parliamentary disturbers, when they become strong enough to embarrass the Government, is to appoint them to some office more or less lucrative, according to the

¹ Villiers, the proposer of Free Trade and the oldest member of the House of Commons.

² Then Chief Secretary for Ireland, afterwards Lord Carlingford.

power to cause annoyance; but Moore's character was well enough known to forbid the hope that he would yield to a coarse bait. Government resources are of an infinite variety, and however suspicious the fish, however delicate the taste, some tiny and almost invisible hook will be covered by an irresistibly dainty morsel.¹ And never before was the device more subtle than that employed by Mr Gladstone on this occasion.

A dispute had arisen between the Governments of England and America, as to the aid given by British subjects to the Southern States during the War of Secession, and heavy claims had been made for damage done by the Alabama. This dispute was referred to arbitration, and Moore was asked to represent the British Government. The position was one of high honour and great trust, and was, besides, one of the most lucrative in the gifts of the Government.²

It was argued that his honour would be in no way affected; that his acceptance of it would not, as in the case of a Ministerial office, bind him in any way to the Government, and that he would be as free as ever to oppose it when he considered it necessary. It was pointed out that the high respect in which he was held by a great portion of the American people would facilitate the work of the Commission, and that he would be performing a patriotic act by removing the cause of dispute between two nations.

That the Government should offer such a post to one of its most determined opponents—one, indeed,

¹ It will be remembered that in 1852 Moore was tempted with the offer of the Chief Secretaryship of Ireland.

² Emoluments £10,000 a year and probably a peerage.

who might be said to be an enemy, not only of the Ministry, but of the English Government, and who was considered by many Englishmen to be almost a Fenian and a rebel—was so high a compliment to his integrity as to seem almost irresistible. His finances also were in an embarrassed condition, and relief to them would not only have been a benefit to his family, but by freeing him from many private troubles would have enabled him to devote more time to his political labours.

Many a man of sound honesty would have deluded himself as to his duty, but Moore saw through these specious sophistries; he knew that this was meant to be but the first step in temptation, and that it was offered to him for no honest purpose. Besides, even if the proposition were an honourable one, and he could trust himself not to be seduced any farther down the slippery path, could he expect other Irishmen of his future party to discriminate so nicely? He therefore declined the offer without hesitation.

Opinion had by this time moved far enough, and the ground had been sufficiently prepared to make a move in Parliament. Moore gave notice that he would, on the 3rd May, 1870, "call attention to the state of Ireland under the Government which the union had established, and move a resolution thereon."¹ For thirty-six years the union had not once been called in question in the House of Commons, but the motion then recorded was destined to be the greatest disturbing force in English politics for forty years, and who will prophesy for how much

¹ The *Mail*, the Orange organ, warned the Irish Conservative members that the union had inflicted great sufferings on Ireland, and the motion must not be opposed.

longer? It has dissolved the old party ties and conquered one party in the State; it has been searching only for an efficient leader, and may yet perhaps revolutionise the Empire.

George Moore, during his political career, had come into conflict with three great forces which seemed to impede the progress of Ireland towards freedom and prosperity. He attacked successively political corruption, ecclesiastical tyranny, and landlord domination, and though the struggle was long and severe, though he had, in each case, met with some reverses of fortune, he had now surmounted all these difficulties, and the field seemed clear for a fight against foreign misgovernment.

At Easter, 1870, he was called to Ireland on important private business, and, stopping in Dublin on the way, arranged with Mr A. M. Sullivan to make a journey together to the south, there to confer with some of the priests and local leaders, and to make arrangements for furthering the project in Munster. It was intended to hold a conference in Dublin afterwards, to make arrangements for the coming debate, and to render it effective as an indication of the opinions and determination of the party.

But a mightier power intervened to divert for a time the course of history into another channel.

CHAPTER XXI

DEATH

AFTER the downfall of Fenianism the local ribbon societies, whose object has always been agrarian, took fresh roots in many parts of Ireland. These societies are not bound together by any common bond, and seem to spring up spontaneously according as circumstances favour their growth. Sometimes, but not always, they are caused by the acts of some ill-advised or tyrannical landlord, whose estate becomes the centre of disaffection; sometimes on account of some one or two discontented and evil-disposed persons, who obtain an influence over a number of wild and foolish young men in their neighbourhood. These local leaders, village ruffians as Mr Foster called them, are generally men of unsettled temperaments, who dislike and neglect the daily work which is a necessity of country life, and finding that they are becoming gradually impoverished, imagine themselves to have grievances against someone. They are rarely men in the lowest ranks, but generally the sons of men of intelligence, who have pushed themselves on in the world and established flourishing farms and comfortable houses. Very often they are the sons of bailiffs or stewards, who have been employed for a long time by a land-

lord, and, being in a comparatively good position, have escaped the toil of the spade and the plough, and cannot readily adapt themselves to altered circumstances. The sons of bailiffs have generally received a fair education, and being raised somewhat above the mass of the peasants, expect and receive a sort of deference from their neighbours. They become frequenters of public-houses and talkers of politics; the time that should be spent in work is devoted to reading newspapers, and they give forth as their own every crude scheme and wild phrase that meets their eyes.

In Mayo, during and after the famine, many of the landlords had made a complete clearance of their tenants and turned their holdings into grazing farms. These, after the first troubles of eviction were over, found themselves in the happy position of having no small tenants who might remember past grievances and combine against them. Others had taken less sweeping measures, and while evicting a few left a great number on their estates, who bore bitter memories, and recounted the evils of the famine and the clearances to the younger generation.

Moore had never evicted a tenant in his life, but had generously, if unwisely, taken in a number of those who had been turned out by his neighbours, and divided among them grass farms, on which no people had ever been settled before.

Among this dense population one of these ribbon societies was established at Ballintubber, directed, not against himself in the first instance, but against his evicting neighbours. Soon, however, personal greed and dishonesty began to spread, propagated by the very man who was a bailiff when that estate

was in the hands of a receiver, who had fed his cattle on the landlords' farms, and sold government meal during the famine with false weights to a starving people, whom Moore was endeavouring to support.

These men, knowing the position in which Moore was placed, and that, while advocating the cause of the people in Parliament it would be a great embarrassment to be in antagonism to his own tenants, demanded a considerable reduction of rents on the Ballintubber estate.

The first demand of this sort arose in 1868, before the election. Moore at once decided to refer the matter to the arbitration of men well known as friends of the tenants:

“ MOORE HALL,
“ 18th January, 1868.

“ My DEAR SULLIVAN,—A charge has been brought against me which I leave to be decided by you, John Martin, Father Tom O’Shea, and Father Lavelle.

“ It is necessary that you should come down here to investigate it, and I shall expect you on Thursday by mail train. I shall have a carriage waiting for you, and you will have to remain with me till Thursday morning, and I hope you will stay as much longer as you can.

“ I depend upon your kindness in this matter; it affects me much, and I am resolved to act as my friends advise.

“ Please to address properly, and send enclosed to Father Tom O’Shea by first post available. If

you cannot come, I wish T. D. S.¹ would come in your place. He would be equally welcome.

"G. H. MOORE."

The arbitrators examined the farms, heard the statements of the tenants, and fixed what they considered a fair rent in each case. The rents were paid that year, but the next year trouble again began, and in 1870 matters had come to a serious crisis.

" 39 ALFRED PLACE, WEST,
" SOUTH KENSINGTON,
" 4th February, 1870.

" MY DEAR FATHER LAVELLE,²—I have just received the enclosed. If it is supposed that, because I advocate the rights of the tenants, I am to surrender my own rights as a landlord; if it is suspected that I am so enamoured of a seat in Parliament that I am ready to abandon my own self-respect rather than imperil its possession; if it is hoped that because I alone of all the landlords in the parish of Ballintubber have not cleared my estate of the people, the people are to send me to jail—those who count upon taking this base advantage of my political position will find that they have mistaken their man.

" I did not seek a seat in Parliament for my own personal advantage, and I do not wish to retain it a day longer than I can do so with advantage to the people and honour to myself. I am determined to vindicate my own rights without fear or flinching, and

¹ T. D. Sullivan, brother to A. M. Sullivan, afterwards Nationalist M.P.

² A young and popular priest who was an extreme advocate of the people, and author of a book which Mr Davitt said first made him a Tenant Righter.

if it be necessary to evict every tenant who refuses to pay his rent in full—whatever be the consequences—I will take that course.

“ If, for the sake of these misguided men, you interpose your influence in this matter, you will do a most charitable act ; you will save them from a great calamity, and I shall appreciate your courage and devotion as it deserves. But I will make no compromise in such a case as this ; I am sure you would be the last to advise me to do so. Those who choose to remain must pay their rents in full without demur or delay, but, as God liveth, those who do not must abide the consequences which will certainly follow their refusal.

“ I place the matter in your hands as the first and most honourable resort. If I am driven to the *ultima ratio* of an injured man I shall be found as unbending as I have ever been in the path of right. I hope to receive a letter from you in reply as soon as may be. My course must be taken at once, and once taken it will be hard to turn me from it.

“ G. H. MOORE.”

(*Enclosure in red ink.*)

IMPORTANT.

CAUTION.

Notice is hereby given that any person who pays rents to landlords, agents, or bailiffs above the ordnance valuation will at his peril mark the consequences.

By order,
(*Signed*) RORY.

TO THE TENANTS OF MR MOORE'S PROPERTY AND
WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

This was the private business that brought George Henry Moore to Moore Hall on Good Friday, 1870, in the very midst of his public engagements, when practically single-handed he was fighting in Parliament the cause of his country, and struggling to create in Ireland an organisation that would make head against the English Ministry.

“ MOORE HALL,
“ Saturday, 16th April, 1870.

“ MY DEAREST MARY,—I arrived yesterday and found the place looking well, considering that the trees are not yet in leaf. The climate and air are delicious, and it seems to me as if it were ‘good for us to be here,’ and that if we could build tabernacles for ourselves in this world we could find a paradise for ourselves here.

“ I shall send a telegraph message to you on Monday if I leave then. If you do not receive a message from me, come over by Monday evening’s train; there will be a great deal to be done.

“ God bless you; give my love to the children, and believe me always,

“ Your affectionate and attached husband,

“ G H. MOORE.”

He had driven thirty-five miles on Friday, and had written to his agent to meet him on Monday at Moore Hall, in order that they might go over together to Ballintubber and see the tenants.

“ MOORE HALL,
“ *Tuesday, 19th April, 1870.*

“ MY DEAR MR SULLIVAN,—Alas, alas! George Henry Moore is no more. He died a while ago at 1.30 p.m., attended by me.

“ Our poor country! How badly you could spare your son at this juncture!

“ I'll let you know the date of the funeral. I have telegraphed for Mrs Moore, but have not told her all.

“ He died of cerus apoplexy—heartbreak I call it. My presence at his last hour was providential.

“ R.I.P.

“ Yours,
“ P. LAVELLE.

“ To A. M. SULLIVAN, Esq.,
“ NATION OFFICE.”

Father Peter Conway's letter from Moore Hall, on 22nd April, to Sir John Gray, gives the following account of the end:

“ Mr Moore arrived at his own house on Friday night. On Saturday he walked about his grounds; on Easter Sunday he went to the parochial church at Carnacon to Mass; about midday on Monday he went to bed and desired his valet to call him early next morning. The servant did so, but seeing him asleep he left the room and returned in half an hour. Finding him still asleep, and not wishing to disturb him as he seemed to enjoy his sleep, he left him again. Calling him soon after, and getting no reply, he went to the agent, who was staying in the house, and asked him to come and see him. He said, ‘He is unwell, send for the doctor.’ A messenger was

sent for the doctor, who was fortunately near the house, and as soon as he saw the patient he said, ‘Mr Moore has an attack of apoplexy, such as statesmen very often get.’ He then sent for another doctor, and though everything was done for him that medical skill could do, he gave up his soul to God about two o’clock p.m. on Tuesday, 19th April, 1870.

“ May his soul rest in peace, and may you live to see accomplished the great works and objects for which he sacrificed his life, namely—civil and religious liberty, and a national government for his country.”

The Irish papers came out next day with black borders, and all—friends and enemies—mourned his loss. Even the English newspapers paid tribute to his talents and his integrity.

The people of Dublin wished to give him a public funeral in Glasnevin, but his family desired that he should rest in the burial-place at Moore Hall, and after a stormy life he lies in Kiltoome, close to the shore of Lough Carra, within sound of the waves, and under the shade of tall firs and graceful larches.



EPILOGUE

It may be remembered that the first political action of George Henry Moore was the last in which O'Connell was engaged; so also it was one of his last acts that brought forward his successor, Isaac Butt, as a Nationalist politician. Mr Butt had always been a Conservative, but as a lawyer he had defended the Young Irelanders and the Fenians, and he joined Moore in his agitation for the release of the latter. He was not then in Parliament, but he was one of a band of Protestant intellectuals, who, about this time, were converted to the idea of self-government for Ireland, and it may not be superfluous to quote some passages of the funeral oration, as a not unworthy memorial of two successive leaders of the Irish people.

The Trades and the people of Dublin having met at Harold's Cross,¹ and passed a resolution expressing the grief with which Ireland mourned over her departed son, Mr Butt said :

“ It is not an occasion for much speaking, but I am aware that you wish and expect me, in closing our proceedings, to say a few words upon the sad and solemn occasion which has assembled us. I could have earnestly wished that this duty had been entrusted to someone who had the privilege of inti-

¹ At the request of the family no procession was formed in Dublin.

mate personal friendship with the true-hearted Irishman whose memory we deplore—someone who could have told you from personal experience of those qualities which I know made him loved in his inner circle, as much as he was respected and admired in public life; and yet by a strange accident the very first acquaintance I had with him enables me to speak of some of those qualities. Nearly twenty years ago I met him for the first time under circumstances I can never forget. It was the occasion on which we were opponents, and when I sought the honour of being his colleague in the representation of Mayo. I was opposed by those who were his friends and was led into using his name without his authority, as I afterwards discovered. I was in the wrong, and he had the opportunity, which common minds would have seized, of putting an opponent, and one who had written angrily to him, in a wrong and a humiliating position. He came to me, a perfect stranger—I did not even know him when he came—and instead of taking advantage of my mishap, as he might fairly have done, he said to me: ‘I know you have been led astray; let us sit down together and see how you can remedy your mistake without placing yourself in any wrong position.’ I never can forget the manly generosity with which he acted; I felt what it was to be in the hands of a high-minded, generous Irish gentleman.

“Perhaps I may speak from personal experience of another subject upon which I do not think the public have ever done him justice—perhaps he never did justice to himself. To speak of his general ability, of his power as an orator, is superfluous, and all his friends bear testimony to the high culture of

his mind and to the exquisite refinement of his artistic taste ; but I am bold to say they have not appreciated the scientific strength of his intellect. In the little intercourse I had with him, community of taste had turned our conversation on some of those scientific subjects in which he had, in his early years, earned distinction. I formed the opinion that if he had devoted himself to those metaphysical studies in which Irishmen are said generally not to excel, even though the roll is illuminated by the splendour of Berkeley's genius, he would have written a name of which Ireland would be proud. His path in life was another one. It is, after all, as a politician that we honour him, and though this is an occasion on which we may well keep aloof from political controversy, it would be vain to say that it is not a political demonstration. We have met to do honour to his memory because he was a politician, and because our sympathies are with his political opinions. He was an Irish Nationalist, and I mean by this that he believed that Ireland has a separate nationality which has never been merged, and which can never be destroyed, and which will, one day or other, assert its right to separate existence.

" There was something very solemn and startling in the circumstances of his death. He had been attending the British Parliament, and one of his latest acts in that assembly was to protest against the Coercion Bill, of which this is not the occasion to speak as it deserves. But he had placed upon the papers of the House of Commons a very remarkable notice—' To inquire into the effects of the Union upon the Irish nation.' For six-and-thirty years that question had not been agitated within the walls of

Parliament, but this motion was something very different from the revival of an old agitation. All thoughtful men feel and know that the cause of Irish nationality is entering on a new phase ; new influences are silently moving which before many months will produce results, and by the motion he had given he had intended to elicit, to mould and to guide the new sentiments and thoughts which are pervading Irish opinion. He had many advantages in attempting such a task ; allied by birth with the aristocracy of both countries, and by property classed among the landed proprietors, he had some advantage in addressing those classes. But, above all, and for every class of Irishmen, he had the inestimable advantage of being free from every taint of sectarian prejudice, from every thought and feeling which could have interfered with his combining all creeds and classes of Irishmen in the cause of their common country, forgetting the feuds and the distractions which have lowered and divided us.

“ Whether he would have succeeded in the noble enterprise he essayed, no human judgment can now foresee ; whether the time were indeed come for a movement such as he proposed to inaugurate, no one now can tell ; but he entered on it with a passionate earnestness which of itself was the best omen of success. Leaving in London his family, whom he was fated never to join again, he came over to Ireland to take counsel with friends, to gather information and advice, to organise opinion in favour of his intended movement. There is every reason to believe that the illness which has taken him from us was at least accelerated by the mental labour and excitement which was involved in these preparations

for his motion, and we may say with truth that he died in his country's service. Had he been less earnest in his private and almost hidden labours we would not mourn over his premature loss to-day."

Butt here pointed out the grave of Davis, whose last illness had been brought on by the toil which he devoted by the midnight lamp, when no eye witnessed his labours to the cause of Irish nationality.

"The men who die thus from intellectual toil are martyrs in their country's cause—martyrs as truly as if they had died on the scaffold or on the battlefield; and among those martyrs we may, with Thomas Davis, count George Henry Moore. It was an end not inconsistent with his life, and his highest praise is that he went to his grave without office or title or government rewards. With all the advantages of his position, and they were many; with his abilities, and they were great; he could easily have won for himself the emoluments and dignity of official station if he had walked in subserviency to British party.

"But Ireland now pours over his grave a tribute of respectful sorrow which would be denied to the successful intriguer for rank and station. These are the occasions in which we feel that the whole existence of man is not centred in his worldly life. The honour that Ireland pays to his memory to-day forms part of the true and real life of George Henry Moore, although he is cold and silent in his grave; and there is not a true heart in this assemblage that, if the choice were given him, would not now prefer the prospect of such a tribute of a nation's sorrow, to all

the wealth and station that could be purchased by the betrayal of a nation's cause."

We are in a better position for judging, after forty years of agitation, led first by Mr Butt himself, and then by Mr Parnell and his successors; and yet in such a speculation we ought not to be guided solely by the subsequent course of history. There were especial reasons why George Henry Moore might have succeeded where others failed.

Mr Butt was a lawyer, and believing that he could persuade Parliament of the justness of his cause, he attempted to effect a revolution by argument; he does not seem to have understood that in the House of Commons, full of skilful debaters, one argument can always be met by another equally cogent, and that parties are no more affected by logic and eloquence than the rocks of the shore by the waves that seem for a moment to overwhelm them. Parnell appreciated the situation more correctly, but he was hampered by the crimes that clung round the Land League, and by the opposition of the landlords, naturally exasperated by attacks on their property.

One can perceive from a perusal of this history that the agitation for self-government would have been conducted by Moore, on a plan different from that adopted by either Butt or Parnell; there would have been "no tumbling of houses or tumbling of landlords," but he would have pursued his object with the same fierce, implacable, farseeing spirit as Mr Parnell.

When he died Ireland seemed more fit for self-government than it has ever been since: landlords and tenants were not on unfriendly terms; and

the Protestants, alienated from England by Mr Gladstone's Disestablishment policy, were in a frame of mind for conciliation.

If such a consummation were indeed possible, and if Providence had so directed, how much of anger and crime and misfortune might have been avoided!

1000.

8-20-1974

After 10 days at 20°C, the seeds germinated
completely. The seedlings had developed a
thin root system and a small cotyledon.
The leaves were very small and tightly folded.
The plants were about 1 cm tall.

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